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DAYS NEAR ROME

TWO VOLS.—I.

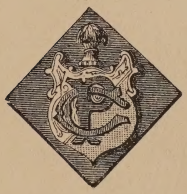
DAYS NEAR ROME.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE,

AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN ROME," "MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE, ETC.

With Illustrations.

TWO VOLUMES.—I.



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PREFACE.

IN submitting these volumes to the public, I would earnestly apologize to my readers for their imperfections. The ground, in many instances, had been almost untrodden ; several of the places described are difficult of access, and have never before been visited by foreigners ; and, in most cases, published descriptions either do not exist at all already, or are so inaccurate and untrustworthy as to be only misguiding. A great field for discovery still remains, even within a day's journey of Rome ; and if, in opening the way to others, I lead them to enjoy half the pleasure I have received from my own researches, I shall be more than rewarded.

Some of the chapters of this book have already appeared, in a condensed form, as Magazine Articles in "Good Words."

The illustrations of buildings and scenery are

from my own sketches, taken on the spot; the figures I owe to the kindness of friends; for their transference to wood I am indebted to the skill of Mr. T. Sulman. The subjects chosen are purposely selected where verbal descriptions may fail to delineate the character of the places visited.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

Holmhurst, Sept., 1874.

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THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY.

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INTRODUCTORY.

ONLY about one traveller in five hundred of those who cross the Alps ever sees Italy. Those who go to Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, and who stay at the hotels of New York, Washington, Brighton, Paris, or Londres, dining daily on a well-cooked English or French dinner, at hot *tables d'hôte* amid a vociferous throng of their own countrymen, attended by obsequious waiters who talk bad English; visiting hackneyed sights, led in tow by haughty couriers or ignorant *ciceroni;* driving out to meets in the Campagna, making parties for illuminations in the Coliseum, or devouring chickens and champagne on the slopes at Veii:—these do not see Italy. They lead a pleasant life and pass very agreeable days; but the life they are leading is not Italian, the land which they allow to be doled out for them, or dole out for themselves, is not Italy: and as regards the real, true, un-Anglicized, un-Americanized country, they might just as well, on their return home, have been attending an admirable series of panoramas and dioramas in Leicester Square.

In order, however, to enjoy the Eden of sights which couriers guard with their two-edged swords, a very different

line of conduct, a very different phase of character, must be assumed by our countrymen, to those which they usually indulge in. It is no use to look for French cookery in the Abruzzi, or to hope to find tea and toast amid the sepulchral cities of Etruria, neither need any one expect to be treated with great deference, to be placed on a mental pedestal and regarded as a superior being, in these unconventional places. Travellers will certainly meet with nothing of the kind. They will learn that the only way to have what you like, is to like what you have; they will find that they are treated with just as much courtesy and deference as they are willing to bestow; that if they regard the natives as their equals, are genial, frank, modest, and unsuspicious, they will receive a boundless amount of small kindnesses in return, and that if they are only open-hearted, their being open-handed is a matter of comparative indifference. There is no greater mistake than that of supposing the Italian character to be extortionate and avaricious; except in the old kingdom of Naples, it is neither. In the beaten track, couriers have raised the prices, or travellers have done it for themselves, to an English and American standard, and the constant habit of bargaining recommended in guide-books, has led to extortionate demands, and thus become a necessity; but in *Italian* inns, any overcharge is exceedingly unusual, and is only suggested by suspicion. The more distant the place and the more difficult of attainment, the greater is usually the attention shown to strangers, and the warmer a disinterested welcome. Their wants are sometimes little understood, often a cause of great surprise and amusement, but every effort is made to supply them, and little is expected from those whom some misfor-

tune alone, it is supposed, can have driven from the delights of the capital into such desolate places. But if travellers give themselves airs, if they are too exacting in their demands, heedless of passing salutations, especially of the Abruzzi peasant, who always meets you with, "May God accompany you—may your return be happy:" above all, if they always act in the inns as if they were being cheated, and chatter in the churches during mass as if they were at a London party, they must expect to be laughed at, despised, insulted, and occasionally robbed. "Non sono Cristiani, come noi altri," is the national comment upon strangers who do not know how to behave themselves, and they are sure to be treated with contempt for they deserve nothing better.

It is strange how wonderfully little the country around Rome has been investigated, even by those who are not usually daunted by little difficulties and discomforts. Such attention as has not been expended upon the interest of the capital, has been almost entirely devoted to the "Campagna" in its narrowest sense of the plain girdled in by the hills which may be seen from the walls of Rome, but into, and beyond those hills, travellers scarcely ever penetrate, and they generally have not an idea of the glories which lie concealed there. It is, therefore, as an invitation and a companion into these unknown regions that these volumes are intended.

"The country which is described by the name of the Roman Campagna, has a narrower or a wider circumference, in proportion as one regards its geographical limits. Taken in the narrower sense, the Campagna is that grand and desolate district, which spreads around the walls of Rome, and is enclosed by the Tiber and the Anio. Its circumference might be marked by a series of well-known points: Civita

Vecchia, Tolfa, Ronciglione, Soracte, Tivoli, Palestrina, Albano, and Ostia. But in its wider sense the Campagna extends almost to the former kingdom of Naples and its boundary is the Liris or Garigliano.

"The Campagna of Rome is nothing else than the land of Latium, which is separated from Tuscany by the Tiber. From the time of Constantine the Great the name of Latium has fallen into disuse, and that of Campania has been used in its place, and in the middle ages this name indicated a great part of the so-called 'Ducatus Romanus.'

"Since the middle ages this district has been divided into two parts, the Campagna, which comprises the inland district, and the Maritima, which extends along the sea-coast as far as Terracina. Nature herself has separated it by mountains and plains into distinct compartments. It is divided into three plains; first, the Campagna around the city, watered by the Tiber and the Anio, and hemmed in by the Alban and Sabine mountains, the hills above Ronciglione, and the sea-coast: secondly, the great plain in which the Pontine Marshes are situated, bounded on one side by the Alban and Volscian Hills and on the other by the sea; and lastly, the valley of the Sacco which runs between the Volscian and the Equian and Hernican Hills, and falls into the Liris near Isoletta below Ceprano."—*Gregorovius.*

The more distant excursions described in these volumes are perhaps the most interesting, but cannot generally be recommended for aged or delicate persons. There are, however, some even of these which may be undertaken without the slightest inconvenience or discomfort, and which form a delightful change from Rome in the Spring. The most advisable of these easy tours is that by the southern railway, making the excursions (separately) to Cori and Ninfa from Velletri, ascending the valley of the Liris from Rocca Secca to Sora, and, while there, visiting Arpino and its neighbourhood, and staying at the inn at S. Germano and thence seeing Aquino. Subiaco, Olevano, and Palestrina may be comfortably visited from Rome in a carriage. Orvieto is now easily accessible by railway. The neighbourhood of the Pontine Marshes always presents a certain amount of risk from fevers. The Abruzzi will only delight those who

can enjoy the savagest moods of nature. In the Ciminian Hills, which, combined with Caprarola, afford in Spring perhaps the most delightful of the excursions from Rome, the accommodation is indifferent, though much may be seen in drives from Viterbo, a central situation, where a week may be passed most agreeably.

There is no town in the world whence such a *variety* of excursions may be made as from Rome. They are so entirely different from one another. The phase of the scenery, the architecture of the towns, the costume, the habits, the songs (and this means so much to Italian peasants), even the language, is changed, according to the direction you take on leaving the capital. And whether tourists confine themselves to the inner circle of sights usually known to strangers and roughly indicated in "Murray's Handbook," which is hemmed in by the hills which encircle the Campagna; or whether they are induced to penetrate into the glorious heights of the Volscian and Hernican Mountains, the deep recesses of the Sabina, or amid the lost cities of Etruria, they will find that the small disagreeables and the occasional difficulties, which must frequently be endured at the time, weigh as nothing in the balance against the store of beautiful mental pictures, of instructive recollections of people and character, and of heart-stirring associations, which will be laid up for the rest of life. And they will come to feel that it is just because there were *not* good roads, *not* easy carriages, *not* comfortable inns, that it was all so interesting, because thus, not only the places themselves remained the same, but the simple poetical character of the people was unspoilt.

The comparative stagnation of life under the Papal govern-

ment did even more to preserve the mediæval character of the distant towns in the Papal States than of Rome itself. And in Rome now the ancient characteristics have entirely perished, having been swept away in three years in a manner which sounds incredible, and which would have seemed impossible beforehand. And, while acknowledging certain beneficial changes introduced by the present Government, it is not only the artist who will recognize that much of the interest, and as much as possible of the beauty, of the "Eternal City" has been destroyed. Not only has all trace of costume perished, together with the mediæval figures and splendid dresses which belonged to the Papal Court, and walked in the footsteps of crimson cardinals; but all the gorgeous religious ceremonies, all the processions, and benedictions, and sermons preached by the shrines of martyrs, have ceased to exist. Even the time-honoured *Pifferari* have been chased from Rome by the present Government as a public nuisance. The closing of so many convents and the robbery of the dowries of so many nuns (given on their entrance in the same sense in which a marriage portion is given), has not only been an act of crying injustice in itself, which even the strongest Protestant must feel, but while it has flooded the streets with starving, helpless, or infirm persons, who subsisted on the daily convent dole of coarse bread and soup, it has thrown thousands of helpless ladies, who believed themselves provided for during their lives (and by their own families), into a state of utter destitution, for the relief of which the miserable and irregularly paid pension of a few pence a day appointed by the Government sounds merely like a mockery. Many famous antiquarian memorials have disappeared, together

with other well-known buildings, of which the interest was confined to Papal times. The Agger of Servius Tullius and the ruined Ponte Salara have been swept away. The incomparable view from the Ponte Rotto has been blocked out, the trees on the Aventine and the woods of Monte Mario have been cut down. The Villa Negroni-Massimo, the most beautiful of Roman gardens, with the grandest of old orange avenues, and glorious groves of cypresses amid which Horace was buried,—a villa whose terraces dated from the time when it belonged to Mæcenas, and which was replete with recollections of the romantic story of Vittoria Accorambuoni, of Donna Camilla Perretti, and of Alfieri, has been ruthlessly and utterly ploughed up, so that not a trace of it is left. Even this, however, is as nothing compared with the entire destruction of the beauty and charm of the grandest of the buildings which remain. The Baths of Caracalla, stripped of all their verdure and shrubs, and deprived alike of the tufted foliage amid which Shelley wrote, and of the flowery carpet which so greatly enhanced their lonely solemnity, are now a series of bare featureless walls standing in a gravelly waste, and possess no more attraction than the ruins of a London warehouse. The Coliseum, no longer "a garlanded ring," is bereaved of everything which made it so lovely and so picturesque, while botanists must for ever deplore the incomparable and strangely unique "Flora of the Coliseum," which Signor Rosa has caused to be carefully annihilated, even the roots of the shrubs having been extracted by the firemen, though, in pulling them out, more of the building has come down than five hundred years of time would have injured. In the Basilica Constantine, the whole of the beautiful covering of shrub

with which Nature had protected the vast arches, has been removed, and the rain, soaking into the unprotected upper surface, will soon bring them down. Nor has the work of the destroyer been confined to the Pagan antiquities; the early Christian porches of S. Prassede and S. Pudenziana, with their valuable terra-cotta ornaments, have been so smeared with paint and yellow-wash as to be irrecognisable; many smaller but precious Christian antiquities, such as the lion of the Santi Apostoli, have disappeared altogether. And in return for these destructions and abductions, Rome has been given . . what? Quantities of hideous false rock-work painted brown in all the public gardens; a Swiss cottage and a clock which goes by water forced in amid the statues and sarcophagi of the Pincio; and the having the passages of the Capitol painted all over with the most flaring scarlet and blue, so as utterly to destroy the repose and splendour of its ancient statues.

Should the present state of things continue much longer, and especially should Signor Rosa remain in power, the whole beauty of Rome will have disappeared, except that which the Princes guard in their villas, and that which the everlasting hills and the glowing Campagna can never fail to display. It is to the environs that poets must turn for their inspiration and artists for their pictures, and as the destroying hand advances, they must wander further away, for though the Villa Adriana, which was like a historical Idyll of Nature, has already fallen, and the amphitheatre of Sutri is threatened, Cori and Ninfa, Alatri and Anagni, Aquino, Subiaco, Narni, Soracte, and Caprarola must long remain unspoilt.

On the immediate neighbourhood of Rome much has

already been written. Sir William Gell's "Topography of Rome and its Vicinity" is a mine of antiquarian information. Some slight sketches of different points of interest, especially of the monasteries in the neighbourhood, may be found in the different works of Hemans. The author would especially express his constant debt of gratitude to "Cramer's Ancient Italy," and to many of the wonderfully accurate articles in "Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography." Story's charming "Roba di Roma," and several admirable novels, especially "The Marble Faun" (foolishly called "Transformation" in England), "Barbara's History," and more especially George Sand's "Daniella," abound in charming word-pictures of the Campagna and the nearer places on the hills. But for more distant excursions, the English books of reference are easily exhausted, with one great exception,—"Dennis' Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria." In studying this delightful work, and even in the few extracts given in these volumes, the reader who knows Rome will seem to feel again the fresh breeze from the Sabine and Alban hills sweeping over the Campagna, laden with a scent of sweet basil and thyme, and he will enjoy again in their remembrance that glow of enthusiasm which the real scenes brought into them. The great volumes of Dennis are too large to be companions on the excursions themselves, but in preparation for them will be charming fireside companions for Roman winter evenings. German scholars will delight in the charming volumes of Gregorovius, and especially in his "Lateinische Sommer," than which no descriptive book is more pictorial or more interesting. The best and most accurate Hand-books of Italy which have yet been published are also in German—those of Dr. Th.

Gsell-fels, assisted by admirable maps, and though they are exceedingly unequal, as if the author had only visited in person a portion of the district he describes, in some places they are almost exhaustive. The small Hand-books of Bædeker are very convenient and practical, and are generally very carefully corrected.

It must necessarily be with the present work as with the many which have preceded it. Some who follow in the paths it indicates will think its descriptions exaggerated, others will find them not sufficiently glowing. For Rome, more than any other place, produces different impressions on different minds. The Campagna in its ruin and desolation will be described as "dismal and monotonous," or "solemn and beautiful," according to the feelings of those who traverse it. Some will only be impressed with the dirt, the poverty, the ruinousness of the mountain-towns; others with their picturesqueness and colour. It is necessary to real enjoyment of these mountain places to cast out all the black motes which too often obscure our vision. When this is done, what a store of sunny memories may be laid up.

"Yea, from the very soil of silent Rome
You shall grow wise; and walking, live again
The lives of buried peoples, and become
A child by right of that eternal home,
Cradle and grave of empires, on whose walls
The sun himself subdued to reverence falls."—*J. A. S.*

Rome is unlike other towns in having scarcely any suburbs; on nearly every side one is in the country almost directly.

"St. John describes Rome, in the Apocalypse, as sitting upon her seven hills in the wilderness. And a wilderness indeed it is. First, in every direction that leads into the Campagna, you pass the inhabited streets; then comes a belt of vineyards and villas, fading off into

desolation as you proceed; then come the grand old walls, stretching away, with their richly-coloured brickwork and flanking towers. You pass out through a stately gate, through which legions have gone out and in fifteen hundred years ago, and you are in the Campagna. There it is before you, mile after mile, brownish green in the foreground, red in the middle distance, melting away into purple and blue in the farther distance, and bounded by a glorious bank of mountains, of colours not to be attempted by pen or pencil. Hardly a human habitation is visible, save where, on the Alban Hills to your right, the villages gleam out, sprinkling their gorgeous sides with spots of pearl. Ancient towers and tombs are cast at random about the waste. Flat it is not, but full of the most picturesque undulations, and even lines of low cliffs and winding streams. Endless are its varieties of beauty, in outline, in grouping, and above all, in colour. For miles and miles the ancient and modern aqueducts bridge it with their countless arches—haunts of all the lovely hues of the bow of heaven. Watch them in the yellow and orange of the morning and noonday sun; watch them mellowing off as the westering beam slopes on them, turning their gold to copper, then casting that copper into the glow of the furnace, then cooling it down into the dull iridescence of parting evening; watch them till the green grey of the fading light has subdued them into the sober mass of undistinguished plain and mountain; then wrap your cloak double round you, and stride away through the chilled streets and the thronging Corso to your steep open staircase, and your snug log fire, and meditate on as fair and heavenly a sight as ever blessed a day on this varied earth.

"Rome itself is a place of never-dying and ever-varying interest; but the Campagna of Rome is a pure source of unfailing delight."—*Dean Alford.*

Yet without its varied mountain distances, without the glorious climate to illuminate it, it is almost impossible to say how ugly the Campagna would be. As it is it is perfectly beautiful. For so vast an expanse there are few marked features; only, here and there, the aqueducts, sometimes striding across the plain in mighty lines of arches garlanded against the sky with ivy and smilax, sometimes merely marked by a white line in the grass or a succession of miniature round towers over their openings. Between the aqueducts, run the roads, often following the course of

the ancient Roman highways, and, as in the case of the Via Tiburtina, still paved with the blocks of black lava, laid down two thousand years ago, over which the wine-carts rattle with their revolving hoods (*capote*), shelters alike against sun and shower,—often drawn by grand, meek-eyed oxen. Hard by, the black crosses, sprinkled along the dusty wayside amongst the thistles, keep their dismal record of accidents or murders; and refuges of hurdles, erected at intervals, attest the ferocity of the Campagna buffaloes and the necessity of escape from them.

In the winter the plain is crimson and gold with the decaying vegetation; but, as spring advances, it changes so rapidly to green, that it is as if it were suddenly touched with phosphoric light; and, as summer advances, the growth becomes coarse and rampagious to a degree—Virgins thistle, breast-high; rank anchusas; hemlock; huge resedas; acres covered with the tall and stately but poisonous asphodel, here and there a low bush of hawthorn, and a band of green osiers marking where the Anio meanders through a cleft. Almost every building is mediæval, except those which are classical. The most conspicuous are the tall towers of brick and stone, relics for the most part of Orsini and Colonna feuds, and erected as a refuge for the shepherds of one of the great proprietors, against the inroads of his neighbours. Besides these, there are the huts built of reeds, such as Virgil describes, and the rifled tombs, now used as houses, in the doors of which we so often see the shepherd-wives, with folded *panni* shading their withered faces, seated spinning like the pictures of the Fates, while the shepherds themselves, dressed in goat-skins, watch their flocks on the neighbouring turfy hillocks.

"Next to the picturesquely conspicuous towers the most frequent landmarks are the conical shepherds' huts, usually on the higher grounds, inhabited during about half the year by a race of men so cut off from all social and civilizing influences that one might expect to find the lowest brutality, and all the fiercest passions, in a moral soil thus neglected. The shepherd of these parts, in his broad-brimmed black hat, long loose jacket and leggings, both alike of unshorn sheep or goat-skin, might seem the original type whence an idealizing dream devised the mythologic satyr. His temporary dwelling is made of branches of the yellow-flowering Spanish broom, and is open at the pointed apex for the escape of smoke from the wood-fire lit in the middle, around which are ranged beds, something like berths in a ship, and usually for several people, as this hut is inhabited by many inmates, besides dogs or pigs, and at times sheep or goats, also privileged to enjoy its warmth and shelter. Here (it may be within sight of St. Peter's and the Lateran basilica) does this rude servant of the soil spend the long seasons of his monotonous existence, till the summer-sultriness obliges him to migrate with his dogs and sheep. The usual food of these outcast-looking beings is black bread and *ricotta* (ewe's-milk cheese). Yet, despite his wild and savage aspect, this shepherd, on near approach, proves a harmless creature; will sometimes beg in the humblest tone; and has the reputation of being consistently devout, his religion standing him in the stead of knowledge and ideas."—*Heman's Story of Monuments in Rome.*

"Vous apercevez çà et là quelques bouts de voies romaines dans des lieux où il ne passe plus personne, quelques traces desséchées des torrents de l'hiver, qui, vues de loin, ont elles-mêmes l'air de chemins battus et fréquentés, et qui ne sont que le lit d'une onde orageuse, qui s'est écoulée comme le peuple romain. A peine découvrez-vous quelques arbres, mais vous voyez partout des ruines d'aqueducs et de tombeaux qui semblent être les forêts et les plantes indigènes d'une terre composée de la poussière des morts et des débris des empires; souvent, dans une grande plaine, j'ai cru voir de riches moissons; je m'en approchais, et ce n'étaient que des herbes flétries qui avaient trompé mon œil. Sous ces moissons arides, on distingue quelquefois les traces d'une ancienne culture. Point d'oiseaux, point de mugissements de troupeaux, point de villages; un petit nombre de fermes délabrées se montrent sur la nudité des champs; les fenêtres et les portes en sont fermées, il n'en sort ni fumée, ni bruit, ni habitants. Une espèce de sauvage, presque nu, pâle et miné par la fièvre, garde seulement ces tristes chaumières, comme ces spectres qui, dans nos histoires gothiques, défendent l'entrée des châteaux abandonnées. . . .

Vous croiriez peut-être, d'après cette description, qu'il n'y a rien de plus affreux que les campagnes romaines ; vous vous tromperiez beaucoup : elles ont une inconcevable grandeur."—*Chateaubriand.*

In this vast undulating plain, generally occupying some green knoll, washed by a brook at its base, are the sites of many an ancient Latin town which was alternately the enemy and the ally of Rome. Sometimes, as in the case of Ostia, a whole city, with its paved streets, its narrow shops, and its equally miniature temples, has been laid bare. Sometimes, as at Veii, Gabii, and Tusculum, only a fragment of ruin, rising here and there above-ground, marks one of the principal buildings—a theatre or a temple. Often, as at Antemnæ, Fidenæ, Crustumerium, and Collatia, only the undulations of the turf attest where the city has been.

As we advance into the hills, where they were more easily protected, the ancient cities are far more perfect; at Tivoli are beautiful miniature temples of the ancient Tibur; at Sutri is its wonderful rock-hewn amphitheatre; at Aquino are noble remains both of arches and temples; at Cori are the threefold walls which gird, and the rock temples which crown, its hill top.

Further still from the capital, where the classical buildings were always less magnificent, glorious mediæval remains attest the presence of Popes who made the hill-towns the fortified residence of their troubled reigns. The massive remains of the Papal palaces of Anagni, Viterbo, and Orvieto, with the glorious churches of those towns; the gothic palace of Cardinal Vitelleschi at Corneto; the convents of Monte Cassino, Subiaco, Farfa, Grotta Ferrata, Trisulti, Casamari, and Fossanuova; the castles and towers of Tivoli, Bracciano, Ostia, Celano, Avezzano, Borghetto, and

Bolsena; the walls of Civita Lavinia and Nepi,—attest the love and knowledge of art and beauty which flourished in those dark ages.

As we go further from Rome, too, new interests are suggested by the pelasgic and cyclopean remains at Palestrina, Cori, Norba, Segni, Alatri, and Arpino, or by the marvellous Etruscan discoveries of Cervetri, Corneto, Vulci, Norchia, and Bieda.

"The excursions in the neighbourhood of Rome are charming, and would be full of interest if it were only for the changing views they afford of the wild Campagna. But every inch of ground, in every direction, is rich in associations, and in natural beauties. There is Albano, with its lovely lake and wooded shore, and with its wine, that certainly has not improved since the days of Horace, and in these times hardly justifies his panegyric. There is squalid Tivoli, with the river Anio, diverted from its course, and plunging down, headlong, some eighty feet in search of it. With its picturesque Temple of the Sibyl, perched high on a crag; its minor waterfalls glancing and sparkling in the sun; and one good cavern yawning darkly, where the river takes a fearful plunge and shoots on, low down under beetling rocks. There, too, is the Villa d'Este, deserted and decaying among groves of melancholy pine and cypress trees, where it seems to lie in state. Then, there is Frascati, and, on the steep above it, the ruins of Tusculum, where Cicero lived, and wrote, and adorned his favourite house (some fragments of it may yet be seen there), and where Cato was born. We saw its ruined amphitheatre on a grey dull day, when a shrill March wind was blowing, and when the scattered stones of the old city lay strewn about the lonely eminence, as desolate and dead as the ashes of a long-extinguished fire."—*Dickens.*

"Nothing can be more rich and varied, with every kind of beauty, than the Campagna of Rome—sometimes, as around Ostia, flat as an American prairie, with miles of *canni* and reeds rustling in the wind, fields of exquisite feathery grasses waving to and fro, and forests of tall golden-trunked stone-pines poising their spreading umbrellas of rich green high in the air, and weaving a murmurous roof against the sun; sometimes drear, mysterious, and melancholy, as in the desolate stretches between Civita Vecchia and Rome, with lonely hollows and hills without a habitation, where sheep and oxen feed, and the wind roams over treeless and deserted slopes, and silence makes its home; sometimes

rolling like an inland sea whose waves have suddenly been checked and stiffened, green with grass, golden with grain, and gracious with myriads of wild flowers, where scarlet poppies blaze over acres and acres, and pink-frilled daisies cover the vast meadows, and pendant vines shroud the picturesque ruins of antique villas, aqueducts, and tombs, or droop from mediæval towers and fortresses.

"Such is the aspect of the Agro Romano, or southern portion of the Campagna extending between Rome and Albano. It is a picture wherever you go. The land, which is of deep rich loam that repays a hundred-fold the least toil of the farmer, does not wait for the help of man, but bursts into spontaneous vegetation and everywhere laughs into flowers. Here is pasturage for millions of cattle, and grain fields for a continent, that now in wild untutored beauty bask in the Italian sun, crying shame on their neglectful owners. Over these long unfenced slopes one may gallop on horseback for miles without let or hindrance, through meadows of green smoothness on fire with scarlet poppies—over hills crowned with ruins that insist on being painted, so exquisite are they in form and colour, with their background of purple mountains—down valleys of pastoral quiet, where great *tufa* caves open into subterranean galleries leading beyond human ken; or one may linger in lovely secluded groves of ilexes and pines, or track the course of swift streams overhung by dipping willows, and swerving here and there through broken arches of antique bridges smothered in green; or wander through hedges heaped and toppling over with rich luxuriant foliage, twined together by wild vetches, honeysuckles, morning-glories, and every species of flowering vine; or sit beneath the sun-looped shadows of ivy-covered aqueducts, listening to the song of hundreds of larks far up in the air, and gazing through the lofty arches into wondrous deeps of violet-hued distances, or lazily watching flocks of white sheep as they cross the smooth slopes guarded by the faithful watch-dog. Everywhere are deep brown banks of *pozzolana* earth which makes the strong Roman cement, and quarries of tufa and travertine with unexplored galleries and catacombs honey-combing for miles the whole Campagna. Dead generations lie under your feet wherever you tread. The place is haunted by ghosts that outnumber by myriads the living, and the air is filled with a tender sentiment and sadness which makes the beauty of the world about you more touching. You pick up among the ruins on every slope fragments of rich marbles that once encased the walls of luxurious villas. The *contadino* or shepherd offers you an old worn coin, on which you read the name of Cæsar, or a *scarabæus* which once adorned the finger of an Etruscan king, in whose dust he now grows his beans, or the broken head of an ancient jar in marble or terra-cotta, or a lacrymatory

of a martyred Christian, or a vase with the Etrurian red that now is lost, or an *intaglio* that perhaps has sealed a love-letter a thousand years ago."—*Story's Roba di Roma*, i. 313.

From the unenclosed nature of the Campagna and the paucity of inhabitants, all the ancient land-marks are more easily traced here than in other parts of Italy.

"The hills of Rome are such as we rarely see in England, low in height but with steep and rocky sides. In early times the natural wood still remained in patches amidst the buildings, as at this day it still grows here and there on the green sides of the Monte Testaccio. Across the Tiber the ground rises to a greater height than that of the Roman hills, but its summit is a level unbroken line, while the heights, which opposite to Rome itself rise immediately from the river, under the names of Janiculus and Vaticanus, then sweep away to some distance from it, and return in their highest and boldest form at the Monte Mario, just above the Milvian bridge and the Flaminian road. Thus to the west the view is immediately bounded; but to the north and north-east the eye ranges over the low ground of the Campagna to the nearest line of Apennines, which closes up, as with a gigantic wall, all the Sabine, Latin, and Volscian lowlands, while over it are still distinctly to be seen the high summits of the central Apennines, covered with snow, even at this day, for more than six months in the year. South and south-west lies the wide plain of the Campagna; its level line succeeded by the equally level line of the sea, which can only be distinguished from it by the brighter light reflected from its waters. Eastward, after ten miles of plain, the view is bounded by the Alban Hills, a cluster of high bold points rising out of the Campagna, like Arran from the sea, on the highest of which, at nearly the same height with the summit of Helvellyn, stood the Temple of Jupiter Latiaris, the scene of the common worship of all the people of the Latin name. Immediately under this highest point lies the crater-like basin of the Alban lake; and on its nearer rim might be seen the trees of the grove of Ferentia, where the Latins held the great civil assemblies of their nation. Further to the north, on the edge of the Alban Hills looking towards Rome, was the town and citadel of Tusculum; and beyond this, a lower summit crowned with the walls and towers of Labicum seems to connect the Alban hills with the line of the Apennines just at the spot where the citadel of Præneste, high up on the mountain side, marks the opening into the country of the Hernicans, and into the valleys of the streams that feed the Liris.

"Returning nearer to Rome, the lowland country of the Campagna is broken by long green swelling ridges, the ground rising and falling, as in the heath country of Surrey and Berkshire. The streams are dull and sluggish, but the hill-sides above them constantly break away into little rocky cliffs, where on every ledge the wild fig now strikes out its branches, and tufts of broom are clustering, but which in old times formed the natural strength of the citadels of the numerous cities of Latium. Except in these narrow dells, the present aspect of the country is all bare and desolate, with no trees nor any human habitation. But anciently, in the time of the early kings of Rome, it was full of independent cities, and in its population and the careful cultivation of its little garden-like farms, must have resembled the most flourishing parts of Normandy or the Netherlands."—*Arnold's Hist. of Rome*, vol. i., ch. iii.

Excursions from Rome have hitherto been usually limited to the Alban Hills and Tivoli, or at most Subiaco. Thus foreigners have lost not only enjoyment of much that is worth seeing, but the benefit of occasional draughts of pure mountain air, which would do much to keep off the fevers to which too many, who strictly confine themselves to the city-sights, are apt to fall victims.

You enter the Campagna and "the ancient dust and mouldiness of Rome, the dead atmosphere in which so many months are wasted, the hard pavements, the smell of ruin and decaying generations, the chill palaces, the convent bells, the heavy incense of altars, the life led in the dark narrow streets, among priests, soldiers, nobles, artists, and women; all the sense of these things rises from the consciousness like a cloud which has imperceptibly darkened over it."—*Hawthorne.*

In the Campagna, taken in its narrower sense, the Malaria is always sufficiently alarming to make it desirable to avoid lingering on its damp grass, and especially to hesitate about sketching in the sunset. Its growth is most mysterious, but it is certainly in no way due, as is often stated, to the misgovernment of the Popes.

"'Latifundia perdidere Italiam' (large farms were the ruin of Italy) is the expression of the elder Pliny; and in reference to this later period

does Strabo particularize the sites on the Campagna notoriously dangerous to inhabit :—Ardea, Sætia (now Sezza), Terracina, &c. In reference to this does Cicero complain of the fevers prevailing in its low districts ; and Livy laments the fate of the retired soldiers doomed to reside on this soil—'Se militando fessos in pestilenti atque arido, circa urbem, solo luctari.' Horace also observes of the month of August in the city 'Adducit febres et testamenta resignat.'"—*Hemans' Story of Monuments in Rome.*

Even in the villas at Tivoli, as in those nearer Rome, malaria is greatly to be feared towards sunset.

"What the flaming sword was to the first Eden, such is the malaria to these sweet gardens and groves. We may wander through them of an afternoon, it is true, but they cannot be made a home and a reality, and to sleep among them is death. They are but illusions, therefore, like the show of gleaming waters and shadowy foliage in the desert."—*Transformation.*

But malaria does not penetrate into the hills, and nothing can be more healthy and invigorating than the air in the more distant mountain towns.

The middle of winter should be devoted to the city, and to the nearer Campagna drives, so as to leave many spring days for the hill-excursions, which will then have a charm none who have not felt them can realize.

"About your feet the myrtles will be set,
Grey rosemary, and thyme, and tender blue
Of love-pale labyrinthine violet ;
Flame-born anemones will glitter through
Dark aisles of roofing pine-trees ; and for you
The golden jonquil and starred asphodel
And hyacinth their speechless tales will tell.

The nightingales for you their tremulous song
Shall pour amid the snowy scented bloom
Of wild acacia bowers, and all night long
Through starlight-flooded spheres of purple gloom
Still lemon-boughs shall spread their faint perfume,
Soothing your sense with odours sweet as sleep,
While wind-stirred cypresses low music keep."—*J. A. S.*

"The spring came; the languid, fragrant, joyous Italian spring, all sunshine and perfume, and singing of birds and blossoming of flowers. The Easter festivals were past, and the strangers dispersed and gone. The snow had faded from the summit of Soracte. The Coliseum hung out its banners of fresh green. The Campagna glowed under the midday sun, like a Persian carpet—one wilderness of poppies and harebells, buttercups, daisies, wild convolvuli, and purple hyacinths. Every crumbling ruin burst into blossom, like a garden. Every cultivated patch within the city walls ran over, as it were, spontaneously, with the delicious products of the spring. Every stall at the shady corner of every quiet piazza was piled high with early fruits: and the flower-girls sat all day long on the steps of the Trinità de' Monti. Even the sullen pulses of the Tiber seemed stirred by a more genial current, as they eddied round the broken piers of the Ponte Rotto. Even the solemn sepulchres of the Appian Way put forth long feathery grasses from each mouldering cranny, and the wild eglantine struck root among the shattered urns of the roadside columbarium. Now, too, the transparent nights, all spangled with fire-flies, were even more balmy than the days. And now the moon shone down on troops of field-labourers encamped under the open sky against the city walls; and the nightingales sang as if inspired, among the shadowy cypresses of the Protestant burial-ground."—*Barbara's History.*

The spring in Italy is the time for active, the summer for passive enjoyment.

"You know not yet the enchantment of an Italian summer amid Italian hills! You know not what it is to breathe the perfume of the orange-gardens—to lie at noon in the deep shadow of an ilex-grove, listening to the ripple of a legendary spring, older than history—to stroll among ruins in the purple twilight! Then up there, far from the sultry city and the unhealthy plains, we have such sunrises and sunsets as you, artists though you be, have never dreamt of—there, where the cool airs linger longest, and the very moon and stars look more golden than elsewhere."—*Barbara's History.*

In the mountain towns, living is exceedingly economical. Even at the hotels there are few places where the charges for *pension* including everything would be more than 4½, or at most 5 francs a day, while in lodgings one may live quite handsomely for 25 francs a week. All prices are proportion-

ately small. For instance, in the Abruzzi a whole day's journey by diligence seldom costs more than 6 or 8 francs. Of course this tariff does not apply to Albano, where the price of everything has been raised by foreign interference, but rather to places which are not much frequented, or which are resorted to by Italians of the lower-upper or *mezzo-ceto* classes, who would simply laugh down any overcharge. In some of these places there are charming, happy summer colonies, which migrate to the fresher air like the swallows, as regularly as the hot months come round. To L'Ariccia especially the artists flock forth, and there and at Olevano they make their summer societies, leading an innocent, merry life enough, and, while rivals in their art, filled with simple kindnesses for one another; the companionship and good-fellowship of the Via Margutta being carried on in these country villages.

"The life of the student in Rome should be one of unblended enjoyment. If he loves his work, or, what is the same, if he throws himself conscientiously into it, it is sweetened to him as it can be nowhere else. His very relaxations become at once subsidiary to it, yet most delightfully recreative. His daily walks may be through the field of art, his resting-place in some seat of the muses, his wanderings along the stream of time bordered by precious monuments. He can never be alone; a thousand memories, a thousand associations accompany him, rise up at every step, bear him along. There is no real loneliness in Rome now any more than of old, when a thoughtful man could say that 'he was never less alone than when alone.'"—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

He who lives long in one of these country places will have an experience of Italian character which no town residence will give; and will be astonished at the amount of quaint folk lore and historical tradition which is handed down orally in a population which can seldom read, and is utterly ignorant of the most notorious principles of modern

information. They seldom go beyond the limits of their own *castelli*, except that all have probably paid one visit to Rome in their lifetime, to receive the Easter Benediction from the Holy Father. Their animals are generally like friends to them, and are often trained in a wonderfully human way—especially their pigs, which generally live in the houses, and are the companions of their daily life. A pig at Subiaco danced the tarantella like a human being. If an Italian peasant were told that there was no future state for his domestic animals he would be very incredulous. "Sant' Antonio abbia pietà dell' anima sua," cried Madame de Stael's Italian coachman, as his horse fell down dead; and the *Intendente* of the Duke of Sermoneta, writing lately to announce that a number of his pigs had died in the country, said simply, "Sono andati in Paradiso."

The men are generally far more instructed than the women, whose ideas are for the most part confined to what they hear in the churches, and to the stories of their own village or of the saints.

"Among us, and in many places, the *contadina* is neither more nor less than the wife, the female of the *contadino*, as the hen is the female of the cock; with which, except in sex, it has life, nourishment, habits, all in common. This equality, on the contrary, in certain places becomes destruction and loss to the poor woman. Here, for example, if a faggot of wood and a bunch of chickens have to be carried down to the shore from one of the villages half-way up the mountain, the labour is thus distributed in the family; the wife loads herself with the faggot of wood which weighs half a hundred-weight, and the husband will take the chickens which weigh a mere nothing. In mountainous places it is generally thus. It is curious to hear the *contadini*, when they are trying to lift a weight, if they find it heavy, say, as they quickly put it down again, 'It is woman's work!'"—*Massimo d'Azeglio.*

"From a people so original and so ignorant we may expect many quaint superstitions. Accordingly besides ghosts and haunted houses we hear of the *lupo-manaro*, a kind of were-wolf, most dangerous on rainy

nights; of witches whom you may keep out of the house by hanging a broom at the window. The Roman witch seizes eagerly on her favourite steed, and with the muttered charm,

'Sopr' acqua e sopra vento
Portami alla noce di Benevento,'

she is off in a trice to join her Samnite sisters. If a Roman housewife has lost anything, she will repeat Psalm xci., '*Qui habitat*,' quite sure that at the words 'from the snare of the hunter' ('*de laqueo venantium*'—she reads it '*acqua di Venanzio*') the truant will re-appear. Then she has her famous '*Rimedii Simpatici*.' To cure a wart you must tie the finger round with crimson silk ribbon: for a sty, pretend to sew it up with needle and thread: for a boil, get a poor neighbour to beat a frying-pan at your door. Their faith in the lottery and the *libro deli' arte* is too well known for comment; a similar reverence is paid to the weather-prophecies of the almanac. The book must be true, they argue, for it has the *Imprimatur*."—*Claude Delaval Cobham*, "*Essay on Belli*."

In spite of the richness of the land, and in spite of the fact that most of the peasants are themselves land-owners on a very small scale, the most terrible poverty frequently prevails, but this is greater in the Hernican and Equian than in the Alban Hills.

"Can we believe that amid the abundant produce of the land the peasants are poor? Looking at the region, it appears to be an Eldorado of happy inhabitants; but living with them in the paradise of Nature we meet too often with starvation. All these fruits (twenty figs or twenty walnuts may be bought here for one bajocco, and in good years a bottle of wine for the same price) do not feed the peasant; he would starve if he had not the meal of the Turkish corn, which is his only food. The fault of this incongruity lies in the agrarian condition. To begin with, you must know that the possessor of land here owes the fourth part of the produce as rent to the lord of the soil. It is the old curse of the latifundia to sink the people in poverty. There are indeed few peasants who do not possess a small vineyard, but it is not sufficient to maintain the family. Usury is unlimited; even from the poorest ten per cent. is taken. The smallest misfortune, or a bad harvest, brings him into debt. If he borrows money or grain the interest burdens him; the avaricious rich man watches for the time of want to wrest the land from the small proprietor for a nominal price. Barons and monasteries grow rich, the

peasant-farmer becomes their vassal and vine-dresser. As a rule the transaction takes place thus,—the debtor only sells the soil ; the trees (*gli alberi*, which includes the vines) remain his, he continues to cultivate the vineyard, and retains for himself half or three-quarters of the produce. Scarcely a year passes, and the same vine-owner appears before the purchaser of his land and offers him the trees for sale. Now he becomes farmer for his master, inhabits the vineyard with his family, and continues to cultivate it, receiving a portion of the produce. This may equal or even exceed that of the present proprietor, but yet he will find himself more and more in debt, and have to make over to his master no small proportion of his gains in advance."—*Gregorovius.*

The simple religious faith which exists amongst the mountain peasantry is most touching and instructive. The sound of the angelus bell will collect the whole population of one of the small Abruzzi towns in its churches, and the priests, unlike the spectres which haunt ultra-Protestant story-books, are more frequently simple gentle fathers of their people, consulted by them in every anxiety, and trusted in every difficulty. The open-air life in many of these villages, where all the spinning, lace-making, and other avocations are carried on in the street, brings the people wonderfully together, and unites their interests and associations as those of one great family, and if a poor person dies, it is not unusual to see the whole town attend the funeral, while orphans who have been born in the place, become regarded as universal property, and receive a share of the attentions and care of all. On a summer's evening, when crowds of the inhabitants of a mountain town are sitting out in the shady street at their work, it is not unusual for one of them to take up one of the long melancholy never-ending songs which are handed down here for generations, and for the whole people to join in the choruses. These songs are inexhaustible, varying from the short lively catches

in two lines called *stornelli*, to long ballads which sometimes succeed one another in more than a hundred verses. A curious collection of the latter, giving their variations according to the different towns and patois in which they are sung, are being published, under the name of "Canti e Racconti del Popolo Italiano," collected by D. Comparetti and A. D'Ancona. But no more complete picture of the manners and characteristics of the lower classes in Rome and its neighbourhood can be found than that which is given in the two thousand three hundred sonnets of Belli (1791—1863), who, himself one of "the people," wrote with the very essence of their feeling. There is a charming volume on "The Folklore of Rome," by R. H. Busk.

Riding is the best means of seeing the Campagna immediately around Rome; indeed there are many interesting places, such as Rustica on the Anio, which cannot be reached in a carriage. But for the longer excursions it is far best to adopt whatever is the usual means of locomotion in the district, generally some high-slung *Baroccino*. In the Abruzzi, diligences are universally used, and, where the distances are so great between one town and another, they are quite a necessity. In some places these are of the most primitive construction, and in mountainous districts are always drawn by oxen placed in front of the horses, while the harness of the latter, thickly adorned with bells, feathers, and little brass figures of saints, is quite an artistic study. Diligence life is a phase of Italian existence which no one should omit trying at least once, or rather that of the public carriages which ply slowly between the different surrounding towns and the capital. In a vehicle of this kind one cannot fail to be thrown into the closest juxtaposition with

one's neighbours, and nowhere is the universal national bonhommie and good fellowship more conspicuous. Suppose you are at Tivoli and wish to go to Rome. The diligence starts in the middle of the day. You walk to it from your inn, with a porter carrying your portmanteau. You find it under a dark archway; a lumbering vehicle, something like a heavy though very dilapidated fly, with three lean unkempt horses attached to it by ropes. The company is already assembled and greet you as if you were an old acquaintance. There is a fat monk in a brown habit which does not smell very good, a woman in *panno* and large gold ear-rings, a young office clerk, a girl of sixteen, and a little child of two. The young man sits by the driver, all the rest go inside. There is endless delay in starting, for when you are just going off, the rope-harness gives way and has to be mended. You begin to feel impatient, but find nobody cares in the least, so you think it is not worth while. You get in, and find the interior very mouldy, with tattered sides, and dirty straw on the floor. The most unimaginable baggage is being packed on the roof. The gossippy *conduttore* leans against the portico smoking cigarettes, and regaling Tivoli with the scandal of Rome. An important *stalliere* in rags stands by and demands his fee of one *soldo*. At last the company are desired to mount. The diligence is moving: it is an immense excitement: there is quite a rush of children down the street to see it. The vehicle creaks and groans. Surely the ropes are going to break again; but no, they actually hold firm this time and the carriage starts, rocking from side to side of the rugged pavement, amid the remonstrances of the woman in the ear-rings, whose daughter has not been able to embrace her,

and who shrieks out of the window, "Ma, Nino, Nino, non ho baciato la figlia mia."

You do not get far before the fleas become active and a universal scratching begins. The child squeals. Then the monk gives it a lollypop and begins a long story about an image in his convent which winked twice—*ringraziamo Dio* —actually *twice*, on the eve of Ascension Day. You can hardly hear, for you are going down a hill and the carriage rocks so, and the bells make such a noise. Suddenly there is a regular outcry, "Oh, Madonna Santissima!" the young girl is taken worse. . . . "Oh, povera piccina!" You stop for a little while, and are glad to escape even for a minute from the overwhelming smell of cheese and garlic which rises from a basket your next neighbour has placed at your feet. All is perfect good humour, the invalid recovers, you mount once more, the driver sings *stornelli* in a loud ringing voice: the monk hands round his snuff-box: you sneeze, and all the company say "Felicita"—and so on, till, when you reach the walls of Rome, you are all the greatest friends in the world, and you shake hands all round when you part, amid a chorus of "a rivederla Signore!"

It is melancholy to think how many people are deterred from the great enjoyment which is to be obtained from these Italian mountain excursions by imaginary fears of brigands. Of course it is just within the bounds of possibility that a casualty might occur, but, except perhaps in the neighbourhood of Palestrina or the Pontine Marshes, the chances are exceedingly remote, and as a general rule the more distant places are the safest. Those who stay amongst the cordial, frank, friendly people of most of the mountain towns, or who visit the beautiful prosperous valley of the Liris, would smile

at the very idea of an adventure; and, in the nearer Campagna, the buffaloes, and still more the shepherd dogs, are far more to be dreaded by lonely pedestrians than the inhabitants. Tourists who are content to travel simply to live with and like the people they are amongst, and especially who can sign "*pittore*" to the description of their profession required in strangers' books at the inns, are not only likely to be unmolested, but cordially welcomed and kindly treated, however savage the aspect of nature may be in the country in which they are wandering. The times are quite passed when picturesque groups surrounded every carriage which appeared in a remote place, and commanded its occupants to "*saltar fuora*," as the expression was. The brigand stories of the last century are preserved in English country houses, and served up for the benefit of any member of the family who may be travelling south, as if they were events of to-day. But those who entertain these fears do not realize how *very* small the proportion of robberies and murders is in Italy compared to that of their own country—and do not know that no well-authenticated case can be ascertained of a foreigner having been either murdered or carried off by brigands, north of the old Neapolitan states, since the time of railways. Events which would curdle the blood of every Italian throughout the country pass almost unnoticed in England. For instance, what detail of old Italian brigandage was ever half so horrible as the sentence which was appended to the account of the dreadful railway accident at Merthyr Tydvil (May, 1874) in the *Times*:—"We regret to say that the poor women most injured were robbed of their purses even before they could be extricated from the ruins of the carriages!" Or, what tale of Italian ferocity ever equalled

that of the Liverpool "roughs" (August, 1874), who, when a respectable citizen refused to give up his money, deliberately kicked him to death, in the presence of his wife and brother, who were themselves terribly injured in endeavouring to defend him. Even from brigands, if they are Italian, a woman would be almost certain to meet with nothing but personal kindness and respect, and a suffering woman could not be sufficiently commiserated or assisted.

An equally false impression exists in England as to middle and upper classes in Central Italy, who are generally represented and believed to be little better than well-dressed clowns, selfish, egotistical, frivolous, uneducated, ground down by superstition, devoid of all the habits of cleanly and civilized life. Such misconceptions will soon vanish from the minds of those who are at the pains to furnish themselves with introductions to the resident gentry on their mountain excursions, and who enjoy the friendly cordial hospitality of the many happy family homes, in which generation after generation have lived honoured and beloved, while in the sons and daughters of the country-houses, as well as in those of many of the Roman palaces, the same cultivation and accomplishments will be found which exist in a similar class in England, illuminated by that native grace and natural quickness and brilliancy which is seldom seen out of Italy.

"Any one who has been at the pains to seek a friendship, and has been lucky enough to find one, among the sons of modern Rome, will not be slow in doing justice to their charms; the faithfulness, warmth, tact, good humour, the grace of manner, the courage and tenderness, and that dignity of manhood which is so well reflected in the strong straight limbs, bright skin, rippling hair, and sunny faces, so well known to the loungers in the Corso, or on the Pincian hill. Let us not judge the Roman harshly. His history has been strangely chequered, and his energies may have varied with his fortunes. Sometimes, like

Rienzi, he may still mistake memories for hopes, idle visions of past greatness for that inspiration which is the earnest of future glory :

'At non omnia perdidit, neque omnes.'"

Claude Delaval Cobham.

With regard to the best seasons for the excursions from Rome, those who reach Central Italy in October will find that month far the best for a tour in the Abruzzi, before the winter snows have set in. Subiaco and its surroundings are gloriously beautiful in November, and are greatly enhanced by the tints of the decaying vegetation, the absence of which is much felt in spring when the valley between Subiaco and Tivoli looks bare and colourless.

During the winter months many of the shorter excursions may be pleasantly made from Rome in a carriage or on horseback, and a tramontana, if not too severe, will be found most agreeable by pedestrians in the valleys of Veii, or on the heights of Tusculum. The railway to Frascati opens many delightful and short excursions, and may always give a perfect country change of a few hours. In March, Alatri, Anagni, Cori, and Segni may be visited, with many other places in that district, but March is an uncertain month because "Marzo è pazzo," for it is the time, say Italians, "when men did kill God."

"A reverend meteorologist accounted for the cold in Lent, by saying that it was a mortification peculiar to the holy season, and would continue till Easter, because it was cold when Peter sate at the High Priest's fire on the eve of the Crucifixion."—*Forsyth.*

But April is the pleasantest month of all, and then should be made the enchanting excursion to Soracte, Caprarola, and the Ciminian Hills—which may be extended to Orvieto, whence those who do not wish to return to Rome may continue their journey northwards.

CHAPTER I.

OSTIA AND CASTEL FUSANO.

(This excursion can easily be managed in the day. Provisions must be taken, as there is no inn at Ostia, and visitors to Castel Fusano must provide themselves the day before with an order (given on presenting a card with a request, at the Chigi Palace in the Corso) to put up their horses there. Two hours suffice to see Ostia, but as much time as possible should be given to Castel Fusano.)

IT was in the freshness of an early morning of most brilliant sunshine, that we drove out of the old crumbling Ostian gate now called Porta San Paolo, which Belisarius built, and where Totila and Genseric entered Rome, and passed beneath the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, which for nineteen hundred years has cast its pointed shadow over the turfy slopes, where foreign Christians, gathered from so many distant lands, now sleep in Christ. This pyramid St. Paul looked upon as he was led out to execution beyond the city walls, and it may be considered as "the sole surviving witness of his martyrdom." A little further and we pass the "Chapel of the Farewell," which marks the site of his legendary leave-taking with St. Peter, and is adorned with a bas-relief of the two aged martyrs embracing for the last time, and inscriptions of the words they are reported to have spoken to one another. Then we reach the great basilica, once surrounded by the flourishing fortified village of Joanopolis, but now standing alone in

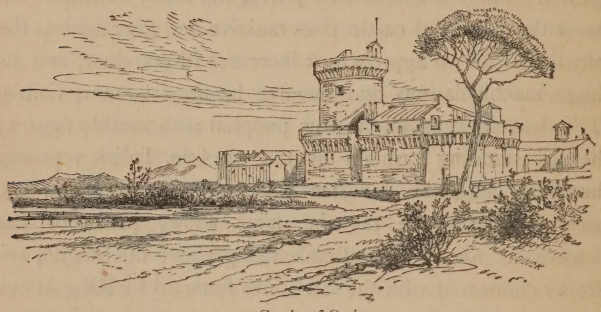
solitary abandonment, even the monks, who scantily occupy its adjoining convent, being obliged to fly into the town before the summer malaria. Outside, the restored church has no features of age or grandeur, but within, as the eye passes down its unbroken lines of grey columns, surmounted by a complete series of papal portraits, it may rest upon the magnificent mosaics of the tribune, and the grand triumphal arch of Galla Placidia, relics of the venerable basilica which perished by fire on the night of the 15th of July, 1823, on which Pius VII. lay dying, who had long been a monk within its walls, and to whom the watchers by his death-bed never ventured to tell the great catastrophe with which the sky was red, though as his last moments approached, he is believed to have seen it in a troubled vision.

Beyond San Paolo, and indeed all the way from thence to Ostia, the road was once bordered with villas, but now there are only three cottages in the whole distance, which is bare or solemn as the feelings of those who visit it. It leads through the monotonous valley of the Tiber, where buffaloes and grand slow-moving *bovi* feed amid the rank pastures which are white with narcissus. Here and there a bit of tufa rock crops up crested with ilex and laurestinus. A small Roman bridge called Ponte della Refolta is passed. At length, on mounting a slight hill, we come upon a wide view over the pale-blue death-bearing marshes of the Maremma, here called *Campo-morto*, to the dazzling sea, and almost immediately enter a forest of brushwood, chiefly myrtle and phillyrea, from which we only emerge as we reach the narrow singular causeway leading to Ostia itself. It is a strange scene, not unlike the approach to Mantua

upon a small scale. On either side stretch the still waters of the pestiferous lagoon, called the Stagno, waving with tall reeds which rustle mournfully in the wind, and white with floating ranunculus. To the left, a serrated outline of huge pine-tops marks the forest of Fusano; to the right we see the grey towers of Porto, the cathedral of Hippolytus, and the tall campanile which watches over the Isola Sacra, where, with a feeling fitting the mysterious sadness of the place, Dante makes souls wait to be ferried over into purgatory. Large sea-birds swoop over the reedy expanse. In front the mediæval castle rises massive and grey against the sky-line. As we approach, it increases in grandeur, and its huge machicolations and massive bastions become visible. The desolate causeway is now peopled with marble figures; heroes standing armless by the wayside, ladies reposing headless amid the luxuriant thistle-growth. Across the gleaming water we see the faint snowy peaks of the Leonessa. On each sandbank, rising above the Stagno, are works connected with the salt mines founded by King Ancus Martius, twenty-five centuries ago, and working still. They have always been important, as is evidenced by the name of one of the gates of Rome, the Porta Salara, through which the inhabitants of the Sabina passed with their purchases of Ostian salt.

Every artist will sketch the Castle of Ostia, and will remember as he works, that Raphael sketched it long ago, and that, from his sketch, Giovanni da Udine painted it in the background of his grand fresco of the victory over the Saracens, in the Stanza of the Incendio del Borgo in the Vatican, for here the enemy who had totally destroyed the ancient town in the fifth century, were as totally defeated in

the reign of Leo IV. (A.D. 847—856). Procopius in the sixth century wrote of Ostia as "a city nearly overthrown." The present town is but a fortified hamlet, built by Gregory IV., and originally called by him Gregoriopolis. It was strengthened by Nicholas I. in 858. In the fifteenth century Cardinal d'Estouteville employed Sangallo, who lived here for two years, in building the castle, and Giuliano della Rovere, afterwards Pope Julius II. and then cardinal bishop of Ostia, continued the work. Here he took refuge



Castle of Ostia.

for two years from the persecution of Alexander VI. Afterwards he imprisoned Cæsar Borgia here in 1513, whose escape was connived at by Cardinal Carbajal, to whose care he was intrusted. Nothing remains of the internal decorations but some mouldering frescoes executed by Baldassare Peruzzi and Cesare da Sesto for Cardinal della Rovere, but the outer walls are so covered with the escutcheons of their different papal owners as "to form a veritable chapter of pontifical heraldry." Conspicuous amongst these grand coats of arms are the oak-tree (Robur) of the Della Rovere, and the wreathed column of the

Colonna. On the battlements above, masses of the blue-green wormwood, which is a lover of salt air and scanty soil, wave in the wind. Artists will all regret the destruction of the tall pine, so well known till lately in pictures of Ostia, which stood beside the tower, till it died in 1870.

The tiny town, huddled into the narrow fortified space, which forms as it were an outer bastion of the castle, contains the small semi-Gothic cathedral, a work of Baccio Pintelli, with a rose-window, but scarcely larger than a chapel, and seeming out of keeping with the historical recollections which we have of many mighty cardinal bishops. Some accounts state that this most ancient see was founded by the apostles themselves; others consider that Pope Urban I. (A.D. 222) was its founder, and announce St. Ciriacus as its first bishop. It is the bishop of Ostia who has always been called upon to ordain a pope who has not been in priests' orders at the time of his election, and he bears the title of "Dean of the Sacred College."*

A quarter of a mile beyond the mediæval town we enter upon the ancient city. It is like Pompeii. The long entrance street, now quite unearthed, is paved with great blocks of lava closely dovetailed into one another, and is lined with the low ruins of small houses and shops, chiefly built of brick, set in *opus reticulatum*. Here and there a tall grey sarcophagus stands erect; but no building remains perfect in the whole of the great town, which once contained eighty thousand inhabitants. Thistles flourish everywhere, and snakes and lizards abound, and glide in and out of the hot unshaded stones. After a time we turn into other and

* The towns of Ostia, Portus, Silva Candida, Sabina, Præneste, Tusculum, and Albanum, were the sees of seven suffragan bishops, afterwards called cardinal bishops, of whom the Bishop of Rome was in a special sense the Metropolitan.

smaller streets, in some of which there are evident remains of pillared porticoes. A temple of Mithras, supposed to be of the date of the Antonines, has been identified by the inscription on its pavement, "Soli Invict. Mit. D. D. L. Agrius Calendio." Three statues of Mithraic priests were found near its altar. Baths, richly decorated with mosaics, have also been discovered.

In the streets, the marks, the deep ruts of the chariot-wheels—obliged by the narrow space to run always in the same groove, remain in the pavement. The ground is littered with pieces of coloured marble, and of ancient glass tinted with all the hues of a peacock's tail by its long interment. The banks are filled with fragments of pottery, and here and there of human bones. The whole scene is melancholy and strange beyond description. Emerging from the narrow, almost oppressive confinement of the ruined streets, upon higher ground still unexcavated, which stretches away in ashy reaches to the mouths of the Tiber and the sea, we find a massive quadrangular building of brick, which is more stately and perfect than anything else, and is supposed to have been a temple of Jupiter. It contains its ancient altar.

Ancus Martius was the original founder of Ostia, which then stood upon the sea-shore, and for hundreds of years it was the place where the great Roman expeditions were embarked for the subjugation of the provinces. Chief among these were the expedition of Scipio Africanus to Spain, and that of Claudius to Britain. It was in the time of Claudius that the town obtained its chief importance. He dearly loved his sea-port, often stayed here, and it was from hence that he was summoned to Rome by the news of the

iniquities which led to the death of Messalina. In his time the sand was already beginning to accumulate at the mouth of the Tiber, and Ostia was soon after ruined, paling before the prosperity of Porto. In consequence of the changes in the mouth of the Tiber, which has no longer the graceful course and the woody banks described by Virgil, it is difficult to ascertain the site of the ancient harbour. It is even disputed through how many channels the river entered the sea; Dionysius, in his "Periegesis," declares that it had only one; Ovid alludes to two.

> "Ostia contigerat, qua se Tiberinus in altum
> Dividit, et campo liberiore natat."—*Fast.* iv. 291.

> "Fluminis ad flexum veniunt; Tiberina priores
> Ostia dixerunt, unde sinister abit."—*Fast.* iv. 329.

But from these classical recollections the Christian pilgrim will turn with enthusiasm to later memories, as precious and beautiful as any that the Campagna of Rome can afford, and he will see Augustine, with his holy mother, Monica, sitting, as in Ary Scheffer's picture, at "a curtain window," discoursing alone, together, very sweetly, and, "forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth to those things which are before," inquiring in the presence of the Truth of what sort the eternal life of the saints was to be, and "gasping with the mouths of their hearts" after the heavenly streams of the fountain of life. Then, as the world and all its delights become contemptible in the nearness into which their converse draws them to the unseen, he will hear the calm voice of Monica in the twilight telling her son that her earthly hopes and mission are fulfilled, and that she is only waiting to depart, "since that is accomplished for which she had desired to linger awhile in this life, that she

might see him a Catholic Christian before she died." He will remember that five days after this conversation, Monica lay in Ostia upon her death-bed, and waking from a long swoon, and looking fixedly on her two sons standing by her, "with grief amazed," said to Augustine, "Here thou shalt bury thy mother;" and that to those who asked whether she was not afraid to leave her body so far from her own city, she replied, "Nothing is far to God; nor is it to be feared lest at the end of the world He should not recognize whence to raise me up." And here "on the ninth day of her sickness, and the fifty-sixth year of her age, was that religious and holy soul freed from the body." The bones of Monica were moved afterwards to Rome, to the church which was dedicated to her son's memory; but it is Ostia which will always be connected with the last scenes of that most holy life, and at Ostia that Augustine describes the "mighty sorrow which flowed into his heart," the tears and outcries of "the boy Adeodatus,"* as the beloved mother sank into her last sleep; how Euodius calmed their grief by taking up the Psalter, and how all the mourning household sang the psalm, "I will sing of mercy and judgment to thee, O Lord," around the silent corpse; and lastly, how the body was carried to the burial, and they "went and returned without tears—for the bitterness of sorrow could not exude out of the heart."

With these recollections in our minds, let us leave Ostia. It is a curious and deeply interesting, but not a beautiful place, and it is a strange contrast, when we have returned once more to the old fortress, and, turning sharply round its walls, traversed the two miles of desolate campagna between

* The son of Augustine.

it and the pine-wood, to find in Castel Fusano an absolute climax of poetical loveliness. The peasants do all their field labour here in gangs, men and women together, and most picturesque they look, for the costumes which are dying out in Rome are universally worn here, and all the women have their heads shaded by white *panni*, and are dressed in bright pink and blue petticoats and laced bodices. They have hard work to fight against the deep-rooted asphodels, which overrun whole pastures and destroy the grass, and they have also the constantly recurring malaria to struggle against, borne up every night by the poisonous vapours of the marsh, which renders Ostia almost uninhabitable even to the natives in summer, and death to the stranger who attempts to pass the night there.

Approach to Castel Fusano.

A bridge, decorated with the arms of the Chigis, takes us across the last arm of the Stagno, with a huge avenue of pines ending on a green lawn, in the midst of which stands the mysterious, desolate Chigi palace, occupying the site of the beloved Laurentine villa of Pliny. No road, no path

even, leads to its portal; but all around is green turf, and it looks like the house where the enchanted princess went to sleep with all her attendants for five hundred years, and where she must be asleep still. Round the house, at intervals, stand gigantic red vases, like Morgiana's oil-jars, filled with yuccas and aloes. Over the parapet wall stone figures look down, set there to scare away the Saracens, it is said, but for centuries they have seen nothing but a few stranger tourists or sportsmen, and the wains of beautiful meek-eyed oxen drawing timber from the forest. All beyond is a vast expanse of wood, huge pines stretching out their immense green umbrellas over the lower trees; stupendous ilexes contorted by time into a thousand strange vagaries; bay-trees bowed with age, and cork-trees grey with lichen—patriarchs even in this patriarchal forest. And beneath these greater potentates such a wealth of beautiful shrubs as is almost indescribable—arbutus, lentisc, phillyrea; tall Mediterranean heath, waving vast plumes of white blossom far overhead, sweet daphne, scenting all around with its pale pink blossoms; myrtle growing in thickets of its own; smilax and honeysuckle, leaping from tree to tree, and forming themselves into a thousand lovely wreaths, and, beneath all, such a carpet of pink cyclamen, that the air is heavy with its perfume, and we may sit down and fill our hands and baskets with the flowers without moving from a single spot. A road, a mile long, paved with blocks of lava plundered from the Via Severiana, leads from the back of the palace to the sea, and we must follow it, partly to see the famous rosemary which Pliny describes, and which still grows close to the shore in such abundance, and partly for the sake of a glimpse of the grand Mediterranean itself (so

refreshing after the close air of Roman streets), which rolls in here with long waves upon a heavy sandy shore, where a few fishermen have their huts, built of myrtle from the wood, and bound together with the reeds of the Stagno. But all the forest is delightful, and one cannot wander enough into its deep recesses, where some giant of the wood is reflected in a solitary pool, or where the trees reach overhead into long aisles like a vast cathedral of Nature. If time can be given, it is well worth while to follow on horseback the heavy road which leads continuously through the forest to Porto d'Anzio, by Ardea and Pratica ; but in this case it will be necessary to have permission to sleep at Castel Fusano. Such an excursion will give leisure to dwell upon the beauties which are generally seen so hurriedly. Virgil should be taken as a companion, who describes the very pines, which cast such long shadows, in his "Æneid,"—

"Evertunt actas ad sidera pinus," *

and with the poet as a fellow-traveller, perhaps the very desertion and solitude will act as a charm, and the intense silence, only broken by the songs of the birds and the chirp of the cicala.

* xi. 136.

CHAPTER II.

ALBANO AND LARICCIA.

(The Hotel de Paris (occupying an old palace) at Albano, is perhaps the best, and is comfortable. The Albergo della Posta, belonging to the same landlord, is an old-established inn in the Italian style, and has a few pleasant rooms towards the Campagna. The Hotel de Rome, on the other side of the street, nearer Lariccia and the country, is comfortable and well-furnished: the upper floor is very cold in winter. The Hotel de Russie, near the Roman gate and the Villa Doria, is an old-fashioned inn, with less pretensions. At all the hotels at Albano the charges are very high in comparison with other places near Rome, and quite unreasonably so. It is necessary *on arriving* to make a fixed bargain at all of them, and for *everything*. The charges for carriages are most extortionate and ought to be universally resisted. If no bargain is made at the railway-station, travellers are liable to a charge of 10 or even 15 francs for a carriage to take them to their hotel. Places in the open omnibus, without luggage, cost one franc each. It is far more economical as well as pleasanter for a party of people to take a carriage from Rome to Albano (costing 20 francs), than to go by the railway and be at the mercy of the Albano carriages on arriving. Those who stay long in the place will find it much less expensive to walk across the viaduct to Lariccia and take a carriage from thence, or even to order one from Genzano. Donkeys cost four francs by the day, the donkeyman four francs, and the guide seven francs: these prices include the whole excursion by Monte Cavo and Nemi.)

LOOKING across the level reaches of the Campagna as it is seen above the walls of the city from the Porta Maggiore to the Porta S. Paolo, the horizon is bounded by a chain of hills, or rather very low mountains, so varied in out-

line, so soft and beautiful in the tender hues of their ever-changing colour, that the eye is always returning to rest upon them, and they soon assume the aspect of loved and familiar friends, equally charming in the sapphire and amethyst hues of autumn, under the occasional snow-mantle of mid-winter, or when bursting afresh into light and life, from the luxuriant green of early spring. Where they break away from the plain, the buttresses of the hills are clothed with woods of olives or with fruit-trees, then great purple hollows vary their slopes, and towns and villages on the projecting heights gleam and glitter in the sun, towns, each with a name so historical as to awaken a thousand associations. And these centre most of all round the white building on the highest and steepest crest of the chain, which marks the summit of the Alban Mount, and the site of the great temple of Jupiter Latiaris —the famous—the beloved sanctuary of the Latin tribes.

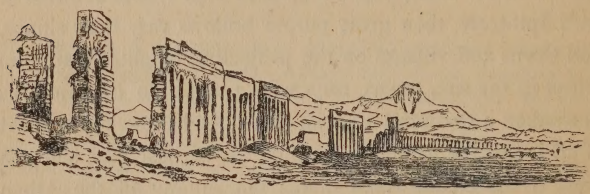
"For those who have not been at Rome I will say, that on looking south-east from the gate of S. John Lateran, after a slightly undulating plain of eleven miles, unbroken by any tree, but only by tombs and broken aqueducts, there rises in the mist of beautiful days, a line of blue hills of noble forms, which, leaving the Sabine country, go leaping on in various and graceful shapes, till they reach the highest point of all, called the Monte Cavo. Hence the chain descends afresh, and with moderate declension, and a line long drawn out, reaches the plain, and is lost there not very far from the sea."—*Massimo d'Azeglio.*

"Alba, thou findest me still, and, Alba, thou findest me ever,
Now from the Capitol steps, now over Titus's Arch,
Here from the large grassy spaces that spread from the Lateran portal,
Towering o'er aqueduct lines lost in perspective between,
Or from a Vatican window, or bridge, or the high Coliseum,
Clear by the garlanded line cut of the Flavian ring.
Beautiful can I not call thee, and yet thou hast power to o'ermaster,
Power of mere beauty ; in dreams, Alba, thou hauntest me still."

A. H. Clough.

Pedestrians will do well to take the old Appian Way in

going to Albano (see *Walks in Rome*, vol. i.), every step of which is full of interest; but carriages will usually follow the Via Appia Nuova, which emerges from the city walls by the Porta S. Giovanni, and after crossing the Via Latina (*Walks in Rome*, i. 124), runs between the stately arches of the Claudian Aqueduct on the left, and the ruined tombs of the Appian Way on the right.



Claudian Aqueduct.

"L'aqueduc et la voie d'Appius marquent un moment d'une grande importance dans la destinée de Rome, ils sont comme une magnifique vignette entre le premier alinéa de l'histoire de la république et les suivants."—*Ampère, Hist. Rom.*, iv. 49.

"Passing out by the San Giovanni gate, you enter upon those broad wastes that lie to the south-east of the city. Going forward thence, with the aqueducts to your left, and the old Appian Way, lined with crumbling sepulchres, reaching for miles in one unswerving line on your far right, you soon leave Rome behind. Faint patches of vegetation gleam here and there, like streaks of light; and nameless ruins lie scattered broadcast over the bleak slopes of this most desolate region. Sometimes you come upon a primitive bullock-waggon, or a peasant driving an ass laden with green boughs; but these signs of life are rare. Presently you pass the remains of a square temple, with Corinthian pilasters—then a drove of shaggy ponies—then a little truck with a tiny pent-house reared on one side of the seat, to keep the driver from the sun—then a flock of rusty sheep—a stagnant pool—a clump of stunted trees—a conical thatched hut—a round sepulchre, half buried in the soil of ages—a fragment of broken arch; and so on, for miles and miles across the barren plain. By and by you see a drove of buffaloes scouring along towards the aqueducts, followed by a mounted herdsman, buskined and brown, with his lance in his hand, his blue cloak

floating behind him, and his sombrero down upon his brow—the very picture of a Mexican hunter."—*Miss Edwards, Barbara's History.*

Eleven miles from Rome the Via Appia Nova joins the Via Appia Vecchia at *Le Frattocchie.* The view from hence, looking down the avenue of mouldering sepulchres, is most desolate and striking. The use of the popular term Strada del Diavolo, which we constantly meet with here as applied to the Via Appia, will call to mind the name of the Devil's Dyke as applied to a well-known Roman work in England.

"One day we walked out, a little party of three, to Albano, fourteen miles distant; possessed by a great desire to go there by the ancient Appian Way, long since ruined and overgrown. We started at half-past seven in the morning, and within an hour or so were out upon the open Campagna. For twelve miles we went climbing on, over an unbroken succession of mounds, and heaps, and hills, of ruin. Tombs and temples, overthrown and prostrate; small fragments of columns, friezes, pediments; great blocks of granite and marble; mouldering arches, grass-grown and decayed; ruin enough to build a spacious city from, lay strewn about us. Sometimes loose walls, built up from these fragments by the shepherds, came across our path; sometimes a ditch, between two mounds of broken stones, obstructed our progress; sometimes the fragments themselves, rolling from beneath our feet, made it a toilsome matter to advance; but it was always ruin. Now, we tracked a piece of the old road above the ground; now traced it underneath a grassy covering, as if that were its grave; but all the way was ruin. In the distance, ruined aqueducts went stalking on their giant course along the plain; and every breath of wind that swept towards us stirred early flowers and grasses, springing up, spontaneously, on miles of ruin. The unseen larks above us, who alone disturbed the awful silence, had their nests in ruin; and the fierce herdsmen, clad in sheepskins, who now and then scowled upon us from their sleeping nooks, were housed in ruin. The aspect of the desolate Campagna in one direction, where it was most level, reminded me of an American prairie; but what is the solitude of a region where men have never dwelt, to that of a Desert where a mighty race have left their foot-prints in the earth from which they have vanished; where the resting-places of their Dead have fallen like their Dead; and the broken hour-glass of Time is but a heap of idle dust!

Returning, by the road, at sunset; and looking, from the distance, on the course we had taken in the morning, I almost felt as if the sun would never rise again, but look its last, that night, upon a ruined world."—*Dickens.*

Le Frattocchie itself was the scene of the fatal meeting (Jan. 20th, B.C. 52) between Clodius and Milo.

"Clodius était allé à Aricia pour une affaire. Le lendemain, il s'était arrêté dans sa villa, voisine du mont Albain, où il devait coucher. La nouvelle de la mort de son architecte le fit partir assez tard. A peine avait-il commencé à suivre la voie Appienne, qu'il se croisa près de Boville avec Milon; Milon se rendait à Lanuvium, d'où il était originaire, pour y installer dans sa charge un prêtre de la déesse du lieu, Junon Sospita.

"Je crois que les deux ennemis ne s'attendaient pas à se rencontrer. Milon était en voiture avec sa femme; escorté par ses esclaves, parmi lesquels se trouvaient deux gladiateurs renommés. Dans la situation où il se trouvait vis-à-vis de Clodius, cette escorte n'avait rien d'extraordinaire.

"Clodius était à cheval, suivi de trois amis, et d'une trentaine d'esclaves. Les deux ennemis s'étaient dépassés sans se rien dire. Une querelle s'engagea entre ceux qui formaient leur suite.

"Selon Cicéron, un grand nombre des gens de Clodius attaquèrent Milon d'un lieu qui dominait la route. Son cocher fut tué. Milon sauta à terre pour se défendre; les gens de Clodius coururent vers la voiture pour attaquer Milon, et commencèrent à frapper ses esclaves à coups d'épée. Ce fut alors que le gladiateur Birra, attaquant Clodius par derrière, lui perça l'épaule.

"Les serviteurs de Clodius, beaucoup moins nombreux, s'enfuirent et emportèrent leur maître dans une hôtellerie; l'hôtellerie fut assiégée par les hommes de Milon, l'hôte tué. Clodius, arraché de cet asile, fut ramené sur la route, et là percé de coups. Milon ne fit rien pour l'empêcher. On dit plus tard qu'après le meurtre il était allé dans la villa de son ennemi, qui était tout proche, pour chercher son enfant et l'égorger; que, ne le trouvant pas, il avait torturé ses esclaves; mais ces accusations n'ont aucune vraisemblance.

"La suite de Clodius s'était dispersée. Un sénateur qui passait par là trouva son corps gisant sur la route et le fit reporter dans sa maison du Palatin."—*Ampère, Hist. Rom.*, iv. 577.

Some ruins at a short distance to the left are supposed to

mark the site of the city of *Appiola*, destroyed by Tarquin, who used its spoil to erect the Circus Maximus.

A little to the right are the ruins of *Bovillæ*, whose foundation is attributed to Latinus Silvius of Alba. The remains consist of insignificant fragments of the circus and theatre. Bovillæ was the first station on the Appian Way :—

> "Et cum currere debeas Bovillas,
> Interjungere quæris ad Camœnas."
>
> *Martial.* ii., *Ep.* 6.

The title of Suburbanæ distinguished it from another town of the same name :—

> "Orta suburbanis quædam fuit Anna Bovillis,
> Pauper, sed multæ sedulitatis, anus."
>
> *Ovid. Fast.* iii. 667.

> "Quidve suburbanæ parva minus urbe Bovillæ."
>
> *Propertius*, iv., *Eleg.* i.

Florus speaks of Bovillæ as one of the first towns subdued by the Romans : Plutarch tells how it was taken and plundered by Marcus Coriolanus. In the time of Cicero, who speaks of it as a "municipium," it was already almost deserted.* The Julian Gens had a chapel here, where their images were preserved, and games were performed in their honour. Here the body of the Emperor Augustus rested for a month as it was being brought from Nola, and here the knights assembled to conduct it to the city. The position of Bovillæ receives an additional identification from the description which Cicero gives of the circumstances which led to the murder of Clodius, when he speaks of it as "Pugna Bovillana."†

Beyond Le Frattocchie the Via Appia ascends continuously.

* Orat. pro Plancio. † Ad Atticum. v. 15.

"Now the Campagna is left behind, and Albano stands straight before you, on the summit of a steep and weary hill. Low lines of white-washed wall border the road on either side, enclosing fields of *fascine*, orchards, olive-yards, and gloomy plantations of cypresses and pines. Next come a range of sand-banks, with cavernous hollows and deep under-shadows; next, an old cinque-cento gateway, crumbling away by the road-side; then a little wooden cross on an overhanging crag; then the sepulchre of Pompey; and then the gates of Albano, through which you rattle into the town, and up to the entrance of the Hotel de Russie."—*Miss Edwards, Barbara's History.*

Immediately before entering the town, we pass, on the left, a lofty tomb, always known as the *Tomb of Pompey.* Plutarch mentions his sepulchre as being near his villa at Albanum, though according to the epigram of Varro Atacinus, quoted by the scholiast on Persius ii. 36, Pompey had no tomb :—

"Marmoreo Licinus tumulo jacet; at Cato parvo;
Pompeius nullo; quis putet esse Deus."

To those who receive their previous impressions of Albano from water-colour drawings and from the engravings of Pinelli, the sight of the place will be full of disappointment. The town consists, for the most part, of an ill-paved street a mile in length, of shabby white-washed houses, without feature, and the inhabitants have little beauty and wear no distinctive costume. All the interest of the place is to be found in the lovely scenery which surrounds it, and most lovely it is; and for costumes and primitive habits of the peasantry we must penetrate further, to the Volscian and Hernican hills. Yet, except in the building of a few better-class hotels, Albano has made no progress in late years, and is ill-provided with all the comforts of civilized life: the few there are being supplied to strangers at prices which are enormous for Italy.

"Albano—a place of more than 6000 souls, the episcopal see of a Cardinal who represented his sovereign in the spiritual government of Rome—has not a bookseller's shop, no sort of library for public use, no journal except sterile official papers, though a large Cathedral Chapter, seminary, and public schools, the residence of a Gonfaloniere and a governor, attest the importance—numerous hotels and rather gay caffés, announce the fashionable—reputation of this town. Under the old government, twelve convents, in Albano and its vicinity, dispensed charities, usually in the form of soup and bread, to all applicants, either daily or on stated days. Yet the town itself has always been swarming with beggars, who usually appeal to compassion with promises of so many Aves in return! The native youth of the place, seeming for the most part artizans or labourers in tolerably good condition, spend their evenings generally, as the visitor may perceive, at the caffés playing cards."—*Hemans' Catholic Italy.*

But the beauty of the villas, and the variety of excursions in the neighbourhood, make Albano the most enchanting of summer residences for those who can bear the heat of Italian *villeggiature.* Large airy apartments may be obtained in many of the old palaces, where, in the great heat, the scarcity of furniture is scarcely a disadvantage. But those who sojourn here, will do well to conform to Italian habits—to dine early and then take a siesta, followed by the delicious Italian refection of lemonade, fruits, &c., which is known as *Merenda*, and sallying out in the gorgeous beauty of the evening to walk or drive in the "galleries" which overhang the lake, or in the woods towards Nemi.

"Ah, dearest, you know not yet the enchantment of a summer amid Italian hills, and you know not what it is to breathe the perfume of the orange gardens—to lie at noon in the deep shadow of an ilex grove, listening to the ripple of a legendary spring, older than history—to stroll among ruins in the purple twilight! Then up here at Albano, far from the sultry city and the unhealthy plain, we have such sunrises and sunsets as you, artist though you be, have never dreamt of—here, where the cool airs linger longest, and the very moon and stars look more golden than elsewhere."—*Barbara's History.*

"When the sun draws down to the horizon the people flock forth

from their houses. All the chairs and benches in front of the *caffé* are filled—the streets are thronged with companies of promenaders—every door-step has its little group—the dead town has become alive. Marching through the long green corridors of the "gallerie" that lead for miles from Albano or Castel Gandolfo to Genzano, whole families may be seen loitering together, and pausing now and then to look through the trunks of the great trees at the purple flush that deepens every moment over the Campagna. The *cicale* now renew their song as the sun sets, and croak dryly in the trees their good-night. The *contadini* come in from the vineyards and olive-orchards, bearing ozier-baskets heaped with grapes, or great bundles of brush-wood on their heads. There is a crowd around the fountain, where women are filling their great copper vases with water, and pausing to chat before they march evenly home under its weight like stout *caryatides*. Broad-horned white oxen drag home their creaking wains. In the distance you hear the long monotonous wail of the peasant's song as he returns from his work, interrupted now and then with a shrill scream to his cattle. White-haired goats come up the lanes in flocks, cropping as they go the over-hanging bushes—and mounting up the bank to pluck at the flowers and leaves, they stare at you with yellow glassy eyes, and wag their beards. The sheep are huddled into their netted folds. Down the slopes of the pavement jar along ringing files of wine-carts going towards Rome, while the little Pomeranian dog who lives under the triangular hood in front is running about on the piled wine-casks, and uttering volleys of little sharp yelps and barks as the cars rattle through the streets. If you watch the wine-carriers down into the valley you will see them pull up at the wayside fountains, draw a good flask of red wine from one of the casks, and then replace it with good fresh water.

"The *grilli* now begin to trill in the grass, and the hedges are alive with fire-flies. From the ilex groves and the gardens nightingales sing until the middle of July; and all summer long glow-worms show their green emerald splendour on the grey walls, and from under the road-side vines. In the distance you hear the laugh of girls, the song of wandering promenaders, and the burr of distant tambourines, where they are dancing the *saltarello*. The *civetta* hoots from the old tombs, the *barbigiano* answers from the crumbling ruins, and the plaintive, monotonous *ciou* owls call to each other across the vales. The moonlight lies in great still sheets of splendour in the piazza, and the shadows of the houses are cut sharply out in it, like blocks of black marble. The polished leaves of the laurel twinkle in its beams and rustle as the wind sifts through them. Above, the sky is soft and tender; great, near, palpitant stars flash on you their changeful splendour of emerald, topaz, and ruby.

The Milky Way streams like a torn veil over the heavens. The villa fronts whiten in the moonlight among the grey smoke-like olives that crowd the slopes. Vines wave from the old towers and walls, and from their shadow comes a song to the accompaniment of a guitar—it is a tenor voice, singing 'Non ti scordar, non ti scordar di me.'

"Nothing can be more exquisite than these summer nights in Italy. The sky itself, so vast, tender, and delicate, is like no other sky. As you stand on one of the old balconies or walls along the terraces of the Frescati villas, looking down over the mysterious Campagna, and listening to the continuous splash of fountains and the song of nightingales, you feel Italy—the Italy of Romeo and Juliet. Everything seems enchanted in the tender splendour. The stars themselves burn with a softer, more throbbing and impulsive light. The waves of the cool, delicate air, passing over orange and myrtle groves, and breathing delicately against the brow and cheeks, seem to blow open the inmost leaves of the book on which youth painted its visionary pictures with the colours of dreams. In a word, we say this is Italy—the Italy we dreamed of—not the Italy of fleas, couriers, mendicants, and postilions, but of romance, poetry, and passion."—*Story's Roba di Roma*, i. 298.

As soon as the visitor is settled in his hotel he will probably wander up to the end of the street, where he will at once find himself amid the greatest attractions of the place. Just below the road, upon the right, is the tomb of Aruns, son of Porsenna. It is a huge square base with four cones rising from it, and a central chamber, in which an urn with ashes was discovered some years ago. Aruns was killed by Aristodemus of Cumæ before Ariccia, which his father had sent him to besiege: his tomb is identified by the description which Pliny gives of that of Porsenna, but it was long supposed to be the monument of the Horatii and Curiatii.

Below the tomb of Aruns, the old road to Ariccia winds through the hollow, amid rocks and trees, which, alas, have lately been pollarded. Still the glen must always be full of beauty, and is the constant summer resort of landscape-painters.

"From Albano we had to go on foot for the short and beautiful remainder of the way through Ariccia. Reseda and golden cistus grew wild by the road-side; the thick, juicy olive-trees cast a delicious shade. I caught a glimpse of the distant sea; and upon the mountain-slopes by the wayside, where a cross stood, merry girls skipped dancing past us, yet never forgetting piously to kiss the holy cross. The lofty dome of the church of Ariccia I imagined to be that of S. Peter, which the angels had hung up in the blue air among the dark olive-trees."—*Improvisatore. H. C. Andersen.*

L'Ariccia.

The ravine is now called *Vallericcia*, and was once a sheet of water called Lacus Aricinus. Near the road are some small remains supposed to be those of a temple of Diana.

"The ceremonies of the temple of Aricia were, according to Strabo, barbaric and Scythian, like those of the Tauric Diana. The priest (Rex Nemorensis) was always a fugitive who had slain his predecessor, and always had in his hand a drawn sword, to defend himself from a similar fate. There was a tree near the temple, whence if a fugitive could approach and carry off a bough, he was entitled to the duel, or monomachia, with the Rex Nemorensis.

"A most curious basso-relievo was found in the neighbourhood some years ago,* representing several personages, among whom is the priest, lately in possession, lying prostrate, with his entrails issuing from a

* Now at Palma in Majorca.

wound, inflicted by his successor, who stands over him with his sword; there are also several females in long robes, in the Etruscan style, who seem to invoke the gods. This basso-relievo and the passage of Strabo seem to explain each other."—*Sir W. Gell.*

Hippolytus or Urbius, the legendary founder of Ariccia, was joined with Diana in the worship of the inhabitants, and is commemorated with her by many of the Latin poets.

"Jamque dies aderat; profugis cum regibus altum
Fumat Aricinum Triviæ Nemus, et face multa
Conscius Hippolyti splendet lacus."

Stat. Silv. iii. 1.

"Ecce suburbanæ templum nemorale Dianæ,
Partaque per gladios regna nocente manu."

Ovid. Art. Am. i. 259.

"Nympha, mone, Nemori stagnoque operata Dianæ;
Nympha, Numæ conjux, ad tua festa veni.
Vallis Aricinæ sylva præcinctus opaca
Est lacus, antiqua religione sacer.
Hic jacet Hippolytus furiis direptus equorum," &c.

Ovid. Fast. iii. 261.

"Lucus eum, nemorisque tui Dictynna recessus
Celat: Aricino Virbius ille lacu est."

Ovid. Fast. vi. 755.

" . . . . nam conjux urbe relicta
Vallis Aricinæ densis latet abdita sylvis:
Sacraque Oresteæ gemitu questuque Dianæ
Impedit. Ah quoties Nymphæ nemorisque lacusque,
Ne faceret, monuere."

Ovid. Metam. xv. 487.

"Ibat et Hippolyti proles pulcherrima bello,
Virbius; insignem quem mater Aricia misit,
Eductum Egeriæ lucis, humentia circum
Littora, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Dianæ."

Virgil. Æn. vii. 761.

"At Trivia Hippolytum secretis alma recondit
Sedibus, et nymphæ Egeriæ nemorique relegat;
Solus ubi in silvis Italis ignobilis ævum
Exigeret, versoque ubi nomine Virbius esset."

Virgil. Æn. vii. 774.

"Jam nemus Egeriæ, jam te ciet altus ab Alba
Jupiter, et soli non mitis Aricia regi."
Val. Flac. Arg. ii. 304.

" . . . . quos miserat altis
Egeriæ genitos immitis Aricia lucis,
Ætatis mentisque pares ; at non dabat ultra
Clotho dura lacus aramque videre Dianæ."
Sil. Ital. iv. 368.

The steep ascent from Vallericcia to the town is also commemorated by the poets.

. . "accedo Bovillas
Clivumque ad Virbi : præsto est mihi Manlius hæres."
Persius. Sat. vi. 56.

"Irus tuorum temporum sequebaris.
Migrare Clivum crederes Aricinum."
Martial. xii. *Ep.* 32.

The steepness of the hill from the earliest times afforded great advantages to the beggars.

"Dignus Aricinos qui mendicaret ad axes,
Blandaque devexæ jactaret basia rhedæ."
Juvenal. Sat. iv. 117.

The rich country upon which we look down was as famous in ancient as in modern times for the produce of its vineyards.

"Est mihi nonum superantis annum
Plenus Albani cadus."
Horace. Od. iv. 11.

"Hic herus, Albanum, Mæcenas, sive Falernum
Te magis appositis delectat ; habemus utrumque."
Sat. ii. 8.

"Hoc de Cæsareis mitis vindemia cellis
Misit, Iuleo quæ sibi monte placet."
Martial. xiii. 106.

Aricia was also celebrated for its leeks :—

"Bruttia quæ tellus, et mater Aricia porri."
Colum. R. Rust. x.

"Mittit præcipuos nemoralis Aricia porros."
Martial. xiii. 16.

Some fragments of the ancient wall may be seen before entering the gate of Aricia with its forked Guelfic battlements. The city itself is of very ancient origin, being first mentioned in the story of Tarquinius Superbus, when Turnus Herdonius, its king, was drowned in the Aqua Ferentina. It was the birth-place of Atia, mother of Augustus, and as such is extolled by Cicero in his third Philippic.

Aricia was a station on the Via Appia :—

"Nous arrivons avec Horace à Lariccia. Là nous disons comme lui : 'Egressum magna me excepit Aricia Roma'
(*Sat.* i., *S.* i.)

enchantés de ces délicieux aspects dont Horace, moins occupé que nous ne le sommes du pittoresque, n'a point parlé. La ville moderne de Lariccia s'est perchée, comme il arrive souvent, dans la citadelle de la ville ancienne. M. Pierre Rosa, cet explorateur infatigable et sagace de la campagne romaine, et qui excelle à découvrir les ruines que son aïeul Salvator Rosa aimait à peindre, a cru retrouver les restes de la petite auberge (*Sat.* i., *S.* i.) où Horace a logé (*hospicio modico*), et même des vases contenant l'orge destinée aux montures des voyageurs."—*Ampère, Emp. Rom.* i. 365.

Lariccia is now chiefly remarkable for the huge *Palace of the Chigi family*, built by *Bernini* for Alexander VII. It is noble and imposing in its proportions, as it rises on huge buttresses from the depths of the ravine. In the interior are some interesting rooms hung with exceedingly curious stamped leather, and a chamber containing portraits of the twelve nieces of Alexander VII., who were so enchanted at the elevation of their uncle, that they all took the veil immediately to please him. Apartments are let here in the summer months, and are very delightful.

Opposite the palace is the beautifully proportioned *Church*

of the Assumption, also built (1664) by *Bernini*, with a dome painted by *Antonio Raggi*, and a few very indifferent pictures. A fountain covered with mimulus stands in front of the portico. The palace and church form the beautiful group of Lariccia so well known from pictures. Between them the town is now entered from Albano by a grand viaduct, 700 feet long, whence the view is exquisitely lovely, on the left over the Campagna, on the right looking into the depths of the immemorial wood known as the *Parco Chigi.*

"Le pont monumental remplit un profond ravin pour mettre de plain-pied la route d'Aricia à Albano. Il passe donc par-dessus tout un paysage vu en profondeur, et ce paysage est rempli par une forêt vierge jétée dans un abîme. Une forêt vierge fermée de murs, c'est là une de ces fantaisies que les princes peuvent seuls se passer. Il y a cinquante ans que la main de l'homme n'a abattu une branche et que son pied n'a tracé un sentier dans le forêt Chigi. Pourquoi? *Chi lo sa?* vous disent les indigènes.

"Au reste, ce caprice-là, qui serait bien concevable de la part d'un propriétaire artiste, est une agréable surprise pour l'artiste qui passe. Sur les flancs du ravin s'echelonnent les têtes vénérables des vieux chênes soutenant dans leur robuste branchage les squelettes penchés de leurs voisins morts, qui tombent en poussière sous une mousse desséchée d'un blanc livide. La lierre court sur ces ruines végétales, et sous l'impénétrable abri de ces réseaux de verdure vigoureuse et de pâles ossements, un pêle-mêle de ronces, d'herbes, et de rochers va se baigner dans le ruisseau sans rivages practicables. Si l'on n'était sur une grande route, avec une ville derrière soi, on se croirait dans une forêt du nouveau monde."—*George Sand, La Daniella.*

"It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct, lighting up the infinity of its arches like the bridge of chaos. But as I climbed the long slope of the Alban Mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outline of the domes of Albano, and graceful darkness of its ilex grove, rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber; the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-cloud in deep, palpitating azure, half æther and half dew The noonday sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia,

and their masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it colour, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with burning and buoyant life; each, as it turned to reflect or transmit the sunbeam, first a torch, and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every glade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet-lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock—dark though flushed with scarlet lichen—casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound; and over all—the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals between the solemn and orbed repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea."—*Ruskin's Modern Painters.*

The most delightful lanes fringed with cyclamen and forget-me-not, lead under the arch at the back of the Chigi palace and skirt the walls of the wood to the *Convent of the Cappuccini*, from whose lovely ilex groves there are glorious views in every direction. The convent occupies the site of part of the villa of Domitian, whither Juvenal describes the saturnine emperor as summoning the imperial council from Rome in the winter of A.D. 84.

"Anxiously they asked each other, What news? What the purport of their unexpected summons? What foes of Rome had broken the prince's slumbers,—the Chatti or the Sicambri, the Britons or the Dacians? While they were yet waiting for admission, the menials of the palace entered, bearing aloft a huge turbot, a present to the emperor, which they had the mortification of seeing introduced into his presence,

while the doors were still shut against themselves. A humble fisherman had found the monster stranded on the beach, beneath the fane of Venus at Ancona, and had hurried to receive a reward for so rare an offering to the imperial table. When at last the councillors were admitted, the question reserved for their deliberations was no other than this, whether the big fish should be cut in pieces, or served up whole on some enormous platter, constructed in its honour. The cabinet was no doubt sensibly persuaded that the question allowed at least of no delay, and with due expressions of surprise and admiration voted the dish, and set the potter's wheel in motion."—*Merivale's Romans under the Empire.*

"Surgitur, et misso proceres exire jubentur
Consilio, quos Albanam dux magnus in arcem
Traxerat attonitos et festinare coactos."

Sat. iv. 145.

This palace of Domitian is frequently alluded to in the poets:—

"Hoc tibi Palladiæ seu collibus uteris Albæ,
Cæsar, et hinc Triviam prospicis, inde Thetin;
Mittimus."

Martial, v. *Ep.* 1.

"Sed quis ab excelsis Trojanæ collibus Albæ,
Unde suæ juxta prospectat mœnia Romæ,
Proximus ille Deus."

Statius, *Silv.* v. 2.

One of the best subjects for a picture is the view from under the great ilex-trees in front of the convent gate towards Albano and the sea. A door in the wall on the right of the lane which leads down towards Albano, admits one to the remains of the *Roman Amphitheatre*, now used as folds for goats, who crowd the rugged recesses of its caverned masonry, and group themselves picturesquely on its old walls. This was the scene of some of the worst cruelties of Domitian. The other Roman remains in Albano are insignificant, the ruins of the *Prætorian Camp* near the Church of S. Paolo, and some fragments of Roman orna-

mentation built into the Church of Sta. Maria della Rotonda being the chief of them.

Turning the rocky corner beyond the Cappuccini we come at once upon one of the loveliest scenes in this land of beauty, and look down upon

> "—the still glassy lake that sleeps
> Beneath Aricia's trees." *

At the other end of the lake stands, on the hill-side, Castel Gandolfo, embossed against the delicate hues of the distant Campagna. Beneath us, buried in verdure, is the famous Emissarium; on the opposite shore was the site of Alba Longa; and on the right, beyond the convent of Palazzuola, rise Rocca di Papa, and the Alban Mount. The lake itself, which occupies the crater of an extinct volcano, is 6 miles in circuit, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles wide. Concerning its origin, a legend was related to one of the translators of *Niebuhr's History*, by a peasant boy, who guided him to Frescati, as follows:—

"'Where the lake now lies, there once stood a great city. Here, when Jesus Christ came into Italy, He begged alms. None took compassion on Him but an old woman, who gave Him two handfuls of meal. He bade her leave the city: she obeyed: the city instantly sank; and the lake rose in its place.' To set the truth of the story beyond dispute, the narrator added, *Sta scritto nei libri.*"—*Niebuhr's Hist. of Rome.*

"The lakes of Alba and Nemi, like others in the neighbourhood of Rome, are of a peculiar character. In their elevation, lying nestled as it were high up in the bosom of the mountains, they resemble what in Cumberland and Westmoreland are called tarns; but our tarns, like ordinary lakes, have their visible feeders and outlets, their head which receives the streams from the mountain-sides, and their foot by which they discharge themselves, generally in a larger stream, into the valley below. The lakes of Alba and Nemi lie each at the bottom of a perfect basin, and the unbroken rim of this basin allows them no visible outlet.

* *Macaulay's Lays.*

Again, it sometimes happens that lakes so situated have their outlet under-ground, and that the stream which drains them appears again to the day after a certain distance, having made its way through the basin of the lake by a tunnel provided for it by nature. This is the case particularly where the prevailing rock is the mountain or metalliferous limestone of Derbyshire, which is full of caverns and fissures; and an instance of it may be seen in the small lake or tarn of Malham in Yorkshire, and another on a much larger scale in the lake of Copais in Bœotia. But the volcanic rocks, in which the lake of Alba lies, do not afford such natural tunnels, or at least they are exceedingly small, and unequal to the discharge of any large quantity of water; so that if any unusual cause swells the lake, it can find no adequate outlet, and rises necessarily to a higher level. The Roman tradition reported that such a rise took place in the year 357; it was caused probably by some volcanic agency, and increased to such a height, that the water at last ran over the basin of the hills at its lowest point, and poured down into the Campagna. Traces of such an outlet are said to be still visible; and it is asserted that there are marks of artificial cutting through the rock, as it to enlarge and deepen the passage. This would suppose the ordinary level of the lake in remote times to have been about two hundred feet higher than it is at present; and if this were so, the actual tunnel was intended not to remedy a new evil, but to alter the old state of the lake for the better, by reducing it for the time to come to a lower level. Possibly the discharge over the edge of the basin became suddenly greater, and so suggested the idea of diverting the water altogether by a different channel. But the whole story of the tunnel, as we have it, is so purely a part of the poetical account of the fall of Veii, that no part of it can be relied on as historical. . . . . Admitting that it was wholly worked through the tufa, which is easily wrought, still the labour and expense of such a tunnel must have been considerable; and in the midst of an important war, how could either money or hands have been spared for such a purpose? Again, was the work exclusively a Roman one, or performed by the Romans jointly with the Latins, as an object of common concern to the whole confederacy? The Alban lake can scarcely have been within the domain of Rome; nor can we conceive that the Romans could have been entitled to divert its waters at their pleasure without the consent of the neighbouring cities. But if it were a common work; if the Latins entered heartily into the struggle of Rome with Veii, regarding it as a struggle between their race and that of the Etruscans; if the overflow of the waters of their national lake, the lake which bathed the foot of the Alban mountain, where their national temple stood, and their national solemnities were held, excited

an interest in every people of the Latin name, then we may understand how their joint labour and joint contributions may have accomplished the work even in the midst of war; and the Romans, as they disguised on every occasion the true nature of their connexion with the Latins, would not fail to represent it as exclusively their own."—*Arnold's Hist. of Rome*, vol. I. ch. xxiii.

Following the beautiful avenue of ilexes, known as the *Galleria di Sopra*, as far as the Convent of S. Francesco, we shall find a little path winding down through thickets of cistus and genista to the water's edge, where we may see the remains of the famous *Emissarium*, constructed B.C. 394. The extreme beauty of the spot is worthy of the romantic story of its origin.

"For seven years and more the Romans had been besieging Veii. Now the summer was far advanced, and all the springs and rivers were very low; when on a sudden the waters of the Lake of Alba began to rise; and they rose above its banks, and covered the fields and the houses by the water-side; and still they rose higher and higher, till they reached the top of the hills which surrounded the lake as with a wall, and they overflowed where the hills were lowest; and behold the water of the lake poured down in a mighty torrent into the plain beyond. When the Romans found that the sacrifices which they offered to the gods and powers of the place were of no avail, and their prophets knew not what counsel to give them, and the lake still continued to overflow the hills and to pour into the plain below, then they sent over the sea to Delphi, to ask counsel of the oracle of Apollo, which was famous in every land.

"So the messengers were sent to Delphi. And, meanwhile, the report of the overflowing of the lake was much talked of; so that the people of Veii heard of it. Now there was an old Veientian, who was skilled in the secrets of the Fates, and it chanced that he was talking from the walls with a Roman centurion whom he had known before in the days of peace; and the Roman spoke of the ruin that was coming upon Veii, and was sorry for the old man his friend; but the old man laughed and said: 'Ah! ye think to take Veii; but ye shall not take it till the waters of the Lake of Alba are all spent, and flow out into the sea no more.' When the Roman heard this he was much moved by it, for he knew that the old man was a prophet; and the next day he came again to talk with the old man, and he enticed him to

come out of the city, and to go aside with him to a lonely place, saying that he had a certain matter of his own concerning which he desired to know the secrets of fate: and while they were talking together, he seized the old man, and carried him off to the Roman camp, and brought him before the generals; and the generals sent him to Rome to the Senate. Then the old man declared all that was in the Fates concerning the overflow of the Lake of Alba; and he told the Senate what they were to do with the water, that it might cease to flow into the sea: 'If the lake overflow, and its waters run out into the sea, woe unto Rome; but if it be drawn off, and the waters reach the sea no longer, then it is woe unto Veii.' But the Senate would not believe the old man's words, till the messengers should come back from Delphi.

"After a time the messengers came back, and the answer of the god agreed in all things with the words of the old man at Veii. For it said, 'See that the waters be not confined within the bason of the lake; see that they take not their own course and run into the sea. Thou shalt let the water out of the lake, and thou shalt turn it to the watering of thy fields, and thou shalt make courses for it till it be spent and come to nothing.' Then the Romans believed the oracle, and they sent workmen, and began to bore through the side of the hills to make a passage for the water. And the water flowed out through this passage underground; and it ceased to flow over the hills; and when it came out from the passage into the plain below, it was received into many courses which had been dug for it, and it watered the fields, and became obedient to the Romans, and was all spent in doing them service, and flowed to the sea no more. And the Romans knew that it was the will of the gods that they should conquer Veii."—*Arnold's Hist. of Rome.*

"L'emissaire fonctionne encore aujourd'hui; par lui les eaux du lac *arrosent la campagne romaine* et vont se jeter *non dans la mer* mais dans *le Tibre:* l'oracle a donc été obéi, aussi Véies a été prise."—*Ampère, Hist. Rom.* ii. 526.

The opening of the Emissarium is enclosed within a Nymphæum of imperial date, such as is beautifully described in the lines of Virgil:—

> "Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum;
> Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;
> Nympharum domus."
>
> *Æn.* i. 167.

A *custode* (who resides at Castel Gandolfo) is required to

open the grating. Italians always set fire to little paper boats, which they call "fates," and float them down through the darkness, where they may be seen burning for an immense distance. Near the Nymphæum are many ruins of other Roman buildings known by the country people as Bagni di Diana, Grotte delle Ninfe, &c. All probably are remains of the summer retreats of Domitian.

"Quand, par un beau jour de printemps, on contemple le lac endormi dans une coupe de verdure et réfléchissant les gracieuses ondulations de ses bords, à la pensée de Domitien on voit apparaître le bateau où Pline le Jeune nous le montre troublé par du bruit des rames, dont chaque coup le fait tressaillir. Il fallait cesser de ramer et le remorquer. 'Alors,' dit Pline, 'immobile dans ce bateau muet, il semblait traîné comme à une expiation.'"—*Ampère, L'Emp. Rom.* ii. 135.

Clambering up the hill again, we find the height crested by the fine trees overhanging the wall of the *Villa Barberini.* The beautiful grounds of this villa may always be visited by strangers, and present an immense variety of lovely views, from a foreground, half cultivated and half wild, ending in a grand old avenue of umbrella-pines. The ruins, which we see here in such abundance, are supposed to be remains of the Villa of Pompey, or of the "insane structures," as Cicero calls them, belonging to the villa of Clodius. As we wander here we cannot but call to mind the whole grand invocation of Cicero in his speech in behalf of Milo against the owner of this villa.

"And you, hills and groves of Alba, you, I say, I entreat and implore, and you, the ruined shrines of the Albans, so closely knit with all that is revered by the people of Rome, altars which this fellow in his headlong madness had dared to strip and rob of their holy groves, and bury beneath the insane piles of his own buildings. Then it was your shrines, your rites that were honoured, your influence which prevailed, which he had insulted with crime of every kind, and thou, from thy lofty peak, great Jupiter Latiaris, whose lake and woods and fields he

had often defiled with every abominable wickedness and crime, at last thou openedst thine eyes to punish him : to you, late though you might deem it, his punishment was a just and due atonement."

Words fail to paint the glories of Italian sunset as seen from the Villa Barberini.

" Various as the Campagna is in outline it is quite as various in colour, reflecting every aspect of the sky, and answering every touch of the seasons. Day after day it shifts the slide of its wondrous panorama of changeful pictures—now tender in the fresh green and flower-flush of spring—now golden in the matured richness of summer—and now subdued and softened into purple-browns in the autumn and winter. Silent and grand, with shifting opal hues of blue, violet, and rose, the mountains look upon the plain. Light clouds hide and cling to their airy crags, or drag along them their trailing shadows. Looking down from the Alban Hill one sees in the summer noons wild thunder-storms, with sloping spears of rain and flashing blades of lightning, charge over the plain and burst here and there among the ruins, while all around the full sunshine basks upon the Campagna, and trembles over the mountains. Towards twilight the landscape is transfigured in a blaze of colour—the earth seems fused in a fire of sunset—the ruins are of beaten gold—the meadows and hollows are as crucibles where delicate rainbows melt into every tone and gradation of colour—a hazy and misty splendour floats over the shadows, and earth drinks in the glory of the heavens. Then softly a grey veil is drawn over the plain, the shadow creeps up the mountain-side, the purples deepen, the fires of sunset fade away into cold ashes—and sunset is gone almost while we speak. The air grows chill, and in the hollows and along the river steal long white snakes of mist—fires from the stubble begin to show here and there—the sky's deep orange softens slowly into a glowing citron, with tinges of green, then refines into paler yellows, and the great stars begin to look out from the soft deep-blue above. Then the Campagna is swallowed up in dark, and chilled with damp and creeping winds."—*Story's Roba di Roma*, i. 324.

Close to the entrance of the villa, is the town-gate of *Castel Gandolfo*, the favourite summer residence of the popes for the last two hundred and fifty years, and the only portion of their property outside the Vatican walls, left untouched since the Sardinian occupation. The place was the fortress

of the Gandolfi family in the 12th century, when Otho Gandolfi was senator of Rome. In 1218, it passed to the Savelli, who held it for four hundred years, triumphantly defying all attempts to wrest it from them. In 1596 it was raised into a duchy for Bernardino Savelli by Sixtus V., but poverty obliged him to sell the property to the government for 150,000 scudi, an enormous sum in those days. Clement VIII., by a decree of 1604, incorporated it with the temporal domain of the Holy See, and included it expressly in the bull of Pius V. *de non infeudandis bonis Ecclesiæ.* It was reserved for Urban VIII. in 1604 to adopt it as a residence, and to build the palace from designs of Carlo Maderno, Bartolomeo Breccioli, and Domenico Castelli. Urban came every year to Castel Gandolfo, and a large number of his bulls are dated from hence. The pontifical palace was enlarged by Alexander VII., and completed by Clement XIII. The interior is furnished in the simplest manner and is little worth visiting. Pius IX. spent part of each summer here, before the invasion; and every afternoon saw him riding on his white mule in the old avenues or on the terraced paths above the lake, followed by his cardinals in their scarlet robes—a most picturesque and mediæval scene.

The *Church of S. Thomas of Villanuova*, close to the palace, was built 1661, by Bernini, for Alexander VII. Its altar-piece is by *Pietro da Cortona.*

Not many tourists penetrate to the other side of the lake, yet here, it is established with tolerable certainty, was the *Site of Alba Longa*, the mother city of Rome. As the town was entirely destroyed by Tullus Hostilius, who removed its inhabitants to Rome, and established them on the Cœlian, its situation was long a disputed point with topographers, and

was generally asserted to be that now occupied by Palazzuola, but Sir W. Gell discovered traces of an ancient road leading up the hills from the plain to the further shore of the lake, and suddenly terminating there at a turn of the precipice. This caused an examination of the spot to which it led, and resulted in the discovery of vast blocks of masonry and portions of columns buried beneath the underwood, probably fragments of the temples of the gods which Strabo tells us were spared by the Romans amid the general destruction. A knoll to the north was also found to be covered with ruins.

Alba was the metropolis of the cities of Latium before the building of Rome. Its foundation is ascribed by the Latin poets to Ascanius, and its name to the white sow of Eneas, and her thirty little pigs.

> "Ex quo ter denis urbem redeuntibus annis
> Ascanius clari condet cognominis Albam."
>
> *Æn.* viii. 47.

> "Et stetit Alba potens, albæ suis omine nata."
>
> *Propert.* iv. *El.* i.

> " . . . . . Tum gratus Iülo,
> Atque novercali sedes prælata Lavino,
> Conspicitur sublimis apex; cui candida nomen
> Scrofa dedit."
>
> *Juv. Sat.* xii. 70.

Lycophron however (*Cassandra*, v. 1255) says that the sow was black.

"La truie figure encore dans les armes de la petite ville d'Albano, et un bas-relief qui la représente au milieu de sa famille, encastré dans le mur d'une maison du-dessus d'une fontaine, a donné à une rue de Rome le nom de rue *de la Truie* (Via della Scrofa); allusion bien moderne à un bien antique souvenir."—*Ampère, Hist. Rom.* i. 196.

Since attention was first turned to this spot, every suc-

ceeding discovery has curiously confirmed the opinion that it is the true site of Alba.

"The characteristics of the city of Alba, says Dionysius of Halicarnassus, were, 'that it was so built, with regard to the mountain and the lake, that it occupied a space between them, each seeming like a wall of defence to the city.' . . . Livy (Lib. i. c. 3) has a passage, which is too descriptive of Alba Longa to be omitted: 'Ascanius, abundante Lavinii multitudine . . . novam ipse aliam sub Albano monte condidit; quæ ab situ *porrectæ in dorso urbis*, Longa Alba adpellata.' Dionysius also (Lib. i.) informs us that the name Longa was added 'on account of the shape (τοῦ σχήματος) of its ground plan;' Varro, that it was called Longa, 'propter loci naturam;' and Aurelius Victor, 'eamque ex formâ, quòd ita in longum porrecta est, Longam cognominavit."

. . . "There is a tradition, that the palace of the kings of Alba stood on a rock, and so near the edge of the precipice, that when the impiety of one of its monarchs provoked Jupiter to strike it with his lightning, a part of the mass was precipitated into the lake, carrying the impious king along with the ruins of his habitation. Now this tradition is apparently confirmed by a singular feature in a part of the remains of this city; for directly under the rock of the citadel towards the lake, and where the palace, both for security and prospect, would have been placed, is a cavern about fifty feet in depth, and more than one hundred in width, a part of the roof of which has evidently fallen in, and some of its blocks remain on the spot. This may be visited from below without difficulty, by a small path used by goat-herds and wood-cutters, leading across four deep ravines to Palazzuola."—*Sir W. Gell.*

It is a beautiful walk or drive back to Albano, through the *Galleria di Sotto*, shaded by huge ilexes which were planted by Urban VIII., or are even of older date. These gigantic trees, acquainted for centuries, often lean together against the walls as if in earnest conversation; often, faint from old age, are propped on stone pillars, supported by which, they hang out towards the Campagna. At the end of the avenue we come upon Pompey's Tomb, beneath which are some of the *Capanne* or shepherds' huts of reeds, described by Virgil. On the opposite side of the Via Appia stands the

Villa Altieri, consecrated now to the Italian heart as having

Galleria di Sotto, Albano.

been the residence of the noble and self-devoted cardinal, who died a martyr to his self-sacrifice in the cholera of 1867.

The disease appeared quite suddenly during the first week in August. At that time Albano was especially crowded with visitors of high and low degree, from the Royal Family of Naples and the principal members of the Roman aristocracy, to the thrifty Jewish salesman from the Ghetto, intent on combining a stroke of business with change of air. On a beautiful Monday afternoon various parties were given in the gardens of the principal villas, and as Albano had always hitherto been exempt from attacks of pestilence, no alarm was felt, though there were already cases of cholera at Rome. Suddenly a cloud, bringing a strange chill, seemed to rise out of the Campagna ; cloaks and wraps were brought out for those who were feasting in the gardens, but the chill passed away as quickly as it had come, and was succeeded by great heat. Almost immediately the pestilence began. People were attacked on the garden-seats as they sat. Before morning there were 115 cases and 15 deaths. All who could, fled to Rome and the neighbouring towns. "The prevailing features of the scene were the processions of priests with the consecrated host, litters conveying the sick to the hospital, and carts conveying the dead to the cemetery. The usual agents in the latter operation, being by no means adequate in number to the amount of doleful work thus devolved upon them, were aided by the soldier of a company of Zouaves, who had been sent to Albano for change of air after recovery from fever, and who arrived opportunely on the very morning when their aid was so much needed. Telegraphic messages were sent to Rome repeatedly in the course of the day, requesting

medical aid, instructions, and vehicles. Cardinal Altieri, being bishop of Albano, came out from the capital to encourage the towns-people by his presence, and take the direction of affairs. In the course of the afternoon many people arrived from Rome in a state of great anxiety about their families or relatives, whom they had left at Albano, and whom they were desirous of conveying elsewhere as soon as possible. Means of transport to the capital by the high road became suddenly scarce, and the drivers of omnibuses down to the station availed themself of the opportunity of exacting double fare from the panic-stricken fugitives who surrounded the vehicles." At the entrance of the Olmata of Genzano, a cordon was established, and no one was allowed to pass without undergoing fumigation. On the same day the Royal Family of Naples was attacked, some of the servants died, and one of the princes was taken ill.

On the second morning "the dead-carts rolled drearily about the town, stopping here and there to take up rude wooden boxes, rather than coffins, for conveyance to the cemetery of the Madonna della Stella. Many of the shops were shut up, their owners having either died or emigrated. Fruit-stalls were abolished." All who could, endeavoured to reach a purer air if possible, but it was already difficult, as "the authorities of Ariccia had placed *guardiani* with guns to prevent any one crossing the great viaduct from Albano, and all the neighbouring towns, except Rome, had drawn the same inextricable cordon." The attacks of the disease were so sudden that if a carriage containing five fugitives took the way towards Rome, three were frequently dead before it reached the walls of the city.

By the third morning 120 deaths from cholera had occurred in the village of Albano. People fled in every direction. "Along the road were families migrating in all sorts of waggons and vehicles : the country farm-houses were resorted to all round, though it was the fever season, and it seemed as if there would soon be none left to kill in Albano. But unfortunately most of the fugitives took away the germ of the malady with them, and died wherever they might chance to have taken refuge." On the evening of the 8th, the Queen-Dowager of Naples died, after an illness of only four hours' duration, and on the same day the Princess Colonna, having fled to Genzano to the palace of Duke Cesarini, to whom her eldest daughter was engaged, was seized with cholera at luncheon, and died in a few hours.

Meanwhile Cardinal Altieri was unremitting in his attentions to the sick and dying, giving himself too little rest either by night or day, but on the Friday he was himself seized with the malady, and died on Sunday the 11th. On the same day Mr John Macdonald, brother of the well-known sculptor, died soon after effecting his escape to Rome. Frightful

mortality began amongst the regiment of Zouaves who had so courageously devoted themselves to the dead, and almost all of them perished —chiefly, it is said, because, owing to the rapid succession of deaths, and the impossibility of finding grave-diggers, the corpses buried on the first day in one large grave had to be packed to give more space!

On the 13th the cholera catastrophe at Albano had reached such a degree that the most necessary relations of social existence might be said to be annihilated. With the exception of the Gonfaloniere, who took flight early, all the local authorities were either ill or dead, and the Pope had sent out Monsignor Apolloni, as special commissary, to assume the government of the town. The last of the bakers who had the courage to remain in Albano and carry on his trade died on the 12th, so that to prevent the surviving inhabitants from starving, bread and other provisions had to be sent out from Rome.

After the 14th the cholera began to abate, having carried off more than one-tenth of the population.—*From the Letters of the "Times Correspondent."*

The monument of Cardinal Altieri is the only object of interest in the *Cathedral*, which stands in a small square behind the principal street. It is inscribed :—

Ludovicus de Alteriis, Card. S.E.R. Episc. Albanus,
Pastor bonus cum in medium gregem dira sæviente lue advolasset, præclarum vitæ cursum morte magnanima consummavit sanctissime,
III Id. Aug. MDCCCLXVII. Vixit annos LXII.

Celebrated among the bishops of Albano was Pietro Aldobrandini (S. Pietro Igneo), who walked through fire at Settimo in 1067, to prove a charge of simony against Pietro di Pavia, bishop of Florence.

The festa of S. Pancrazio—the patron of Albano—is kept here with great solemnity.

"From the cathedral issued, at an early hour, a procession whose length almost corresponded to that of the town itself. There were little girls in tinsel finery, with butterfly-wings, intended to represent angels, and chubby little boys who toddled along in the disguise of Carmelite friars, curiously contrasting with the gravity of friars full grown, bearded

capuchins, venerable canons, and full-armed soldiers. There was the Gonfaloniere with his two councillors; the local magistracy, in long robes of black silk and velvet lined with silver tissue, with flat black caps, looking not unlike some of Titian's portraits; and another conspicuous group, very different, formed by young girls in long white satin dresses, with veils covering not only the head but the lower part of the face, each attended by a buxom matron in the gayest local costume—a bright-coloured bodice, white linen veil folded square over the brow, and ample folds of muslin round the largely-developed bust, their full-blown charms further set off by a profusion of gold ornaments chiselled in a style resembling those in Etruscan museums — precisely such figures as Pinelli and many other artists have delighted to introduce in *genre* pictures illustrative of Italian life and scenery. The younger females were those selected to receive small dowries out of a fund appropriated to charity, such donations being annually conferred at the religious seasons in Albano. Next to the female group came about a hundred members of a lay fraternity in their peculiar costume with hoods, carrying large crucifixes and banners painted on both sides with sacred figures life-size, and, finally, the principal group of clergy, the first in dignity supporting under a crimson canopy a bust of silver-gilt containing the skull of S. Pancrazio."—*Hemans' Catholic Italy.*

On the right of the main street, on entering the Roman gate, is the *Villa Doria*, whose grounds, abounding in ancient ilex groves, and in fragments of ruin of imperial date, are of the most extreme beauty.

About a mile below the town the ruins of the *Castello Savelli* crown a conical hill above the plain, and form a pleasant object for a short excursion. The great family of the Savelli continued to be lords of Albano till the middle of the sixteenth century, when tragical circumstances led to their extinction. The young and handsome heir of the house was betrothed to the daughter of the Marchese del Vasto of Naples, who had a dowry of 800,000 crowns. But while waiting for his bride to attain her thirteenth year, when the marriage was to be solemnized, he became passionately in love with a beautiful young girl of Albano, of humble but respectable parentage. Her father, fearing the

addresses of his young lord, hastened her marriage with one Cristoforo, a vassal of the Savelli. But the young count continued to persecute her with his attentions, took a house immediately opposite to the married pair, and wrote constantly in the hope of softening the object of his love. She remained faithful to her husband, to whom she showed all the letters of the count: but Cristoforo constantly mistrusted her, and was full of jealousies. One day he borrowed her flounced petticoat (guardinfante) and other attire, and forced her to write a letter to Savelli appointing an assignation, persuading her that he only intended to humiliate him by a disappointment.

Savelli arrived at the rendezvous and was received by Cristoforo in his wife's dress, who shot him through the heart, cut his throat, and dragged the corpse to the front of the Savelli palace, where he left it weltering in its blood. On the discovery of the murder all the inhabitants of Albano were shut up in their houses to prevent flight. Cristoforo had made good his escape, but his innocent wife and all her family were arrested and frequently put to the torture, in the hope of extorting the whereabouts of the fugitive, of which they were really ignorant. After six months' imprisonment, the relatives were set at liberty, but the wife was condemned to death, and was only saved by the intervention of the Duchess of Parma, who received her into her service, from whence she was transferred to that of the Duchess of Modena.

The bereaved father never recovered the shock of his son's murder, and died in a lunatic asylum, and the only survivor of the Savelli having no heir, all the property of that ancient race passed to the family of Chigi.

CHAPTER III.

MONTE CAVO, NEMI, AND CIVITA LAVINIA.

(Donkeys should be taken for the excursion from Albano to Monte Cavo and Nemi, except by very good walkers—price, four francs each, the donkey-man four francs, the guide seven francs, for the day. Civita Lavinia will form a pleasant separate drive for the afternoon from Albano—a carriage ought not to cost more than seven or eight francs.

Those who ascend Monte Cavo from Rome, and return thither in the same day, may take the morning train to Frascati, or, still better, drive thither, and send on their carriages to the Hotel de Russie at Albano (as being the hotel nearest to the "galleries" and the Roman gate). They may then take donkeys at Frascati (price, five francs for the day), and ascend Monte Cavo by Rocca di Papa. After passing some time at the temple, they may descend by the Madonna del Tufo, Palazzuola, and skirting the Alban Lake, visit Castel Gandolfo, and ride through the "galleries" to Albano. Good walkers may also see Nemi the same day, but this is too great a hurry to be commended. The rest is an easy day's work, and allows time for returning to Rome in the evening from Albano, where the horses will have rested for many hours. Those who do not bring a carriage from Rome, and intend returning by the railway, must recollect that the Albano station is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant from the town, and that fatigue and distance, as well as expense, are thus greatly increased.)

ASCENDING the stony path which leads from Albano to the Cappuccini, and reaching the corner whence we overlook the glassy lake, sleeping in its deep wooded hollow, let us turn to the right by the tempting path which winds through the woods and rocks, between banks which in spring are quite carpeted with cyclamen, violets, hepaticas, and every

shade of anemone, while higher up, amid the richly flowering laurestinus and genista, patches of brilliant pink "honesty" glow in the sunshine. At every turn the flowers become lovelier, and the fore-grounds more as if they were waiting for an artist to paint them, till, passing between some jagged masses of rock, which have fallen down from the higher cliffs long ago, but have been half buried for centuries under luxuriant drapery of ferns and moss, we reach, above the southern end of the lake, the Franciscan monastery of *Palazzuola*.

Here we may allow our donkeys to rest for a few minutes on the little rounded platform which so beautifully overlooks the lake, and stop to examine a *Consular Tomb* cut in the rock, which overhangs the garden of the convent, and which resembles in style many of the tombs in Etruria. It is attributed to Caius Cornelius Scipio Hispallus, consul and pontifex-maximus, though he died at Cumæ, on the very slight ground that he was first attacked with his fatal illness, paralysis, while on a pilgrimage to the temple of the Alban Mount, in B.C. 176.

A path winding upwards through the woods leads from hence to the little sanctuary of the *Madonna del Tufo*, much frequented by the country people, whence a beautiful terrace fringed with ilexes extends to the picturesque village of *Rocca di Papa*, which occupies an isolated sugar-loaf rock standing out from the rest of the mountain-side and crowned by the ruins of a castle, which for two centuries was a stronghold of the Colonnas, but afterwards (1487) passed into the hands of the Orsini.

"All know that, in those ages, the poor and weak had the choice of being assassinated in two ways, but they were obliged to choose; either

assassinated by casual wandering brigands, or by established brigands, settled in the fortresses. Generally the preference was given to the second, and thus around the fortresses was formed a trembling settlement of hovels and huts of contadini, which were afterwards changed into villages, towns, and cities, a preference which speaks to the praise of those poor calumniated barons of the middle-ages."—*Massimo d'Azeglio.*

"Rocca di Papa est un cône volcanique couvert de maisons superposées jusqu'au faîte, qui se termine par un vieux fort ruiné. Les caves d'une zone d'habitations s'appuient sur les greniers de l'autre ; les maisons se tombent continuellement sur le dos ; le moindre vent fait pleuvoir des tuiles et craquer des supports. Les rues, peu à peu verticales, finissent par des escaliers qui finissent eux-mêmes par des blocs de lave supportant une ruine difficile à aborder, et flanquée d'un vieil arbre qui se penche sur la ville, comme une bannière à la pointe d'un clocher.

"Tout cela est vieux, crevassé, déjeté et noir comme la lave dont est sorti ce réceptacle de misère et de malpropreté. Mais, vous savez, tout cela est superbe pour un peintre. Le soleil et l'ombre se heurtent vivement sur des angles de rochers qui percent de toutes parts à travers les maisons, sur des façades qui se penchent l'une contre l'autre, et tout à coup se tournent le dos pour obéir aux mouvements du sol, âpre et tourmenté, qui les supporte, les presse et les sépare. Comme dans les faubourgs de Gênes, des arceaux rampants relient de temps en temps les deux côtés de la ruelle étroite, et ces ponts servent eux-mêmes de rues aux habitants du quartier supérieur.

"Tout donc est précipice dans cette ville folle, refuge désesperé des temps de guerre, cherché dans le lieu le plus incommode et le plus impossible qui se puisse imaginer. Les confins de la steppe de Rome sont bordés, en plusieurs endroits, de ces petits cratères pointus, qui ont tous leur petit fort démantelé et leur petite ville en pain de sucre, s'écroulant et se relevant sans cesse, grâce à l'acharnement de l'habitude et à l'amour du clocher.

"Cette obstination s'explique par le bon air et la belle vue. Mais cette vue est achetée au prix d'un vertige perpétuel, et cet air est vicié par l'excès de saleté des habitations. Femmes, enfants, vieillards, cochons et poules grouillent pêle-mêle sur le fumier. Cela fait des groupes bien pittoresques, et ces pauvres enfants, nus au vent et au soleil, sont souvent beaux comme des amours. Mais cela serre le cœur quand-même. Je crois d'ailleurs que je m'habituerais jamais à les voir courir sur ces abîmes. L'incurie des mères, qui laissent leurs petits, à peine âgés d'un an, marcher et rouler comme ils peuvent sur ces talus effrayants, est quelque chose d'inoui qui m'a semblé horrible. J'ai demandé s'il n'arrivait pas souvent des accidents.

"'Oui,' m'a-t-on répondu avec tranquillité, 'il se tue beaucoup d'enfants et même de grandes personnes. Que voulez-vous, la ville est dangereuse!'"—*George Sand, La Daniella.*

Rocca di Papa is frequently used as a summer residence by English who are detained all the year round in the neighbourhood of Rome: but it is not desirable, being so exposed to the sun, with very little shade. The place derives its present name from the residence here of the anti-pope John, in A.D. 1190.

By the steep path which scrambles up the rocks above the house-tops of Rocca di Papa, we reach a wide grassy plain known as the *Campo di Annibale* from a tradition that Hannibal encamped there when marching against Rome.* In spring it is covered with snow-drops, *pan-di-neve* the Italians call them. Hence we enter the forest, and under the green boughs and gnarled stems of the over-arching trees, in the hollow way lined with violets and fumitory, we find the great lava blocks of the pavement of the Via Triumphalis still entire.

> "Quaque iter est Latiis ad summam fascibus Albam:
> Excelsa de rupe procul jam conspicit urbem."
>
> *Lucan.* iii. 87.

The marks of chariot-wheels still remain. Pope Alexander VII. was the last person who enjoyed a triumph here in the footsteps of Julius Cæsar, and he was drawn up in a carriage. The stones are frequently marked V. N., signifying Via Numinis.

"Le lac d'Albano était entouré d'une forêt. Ovide est sur ce point d'accord avec Tite Live (v. 15), et la tradition qui donne à plusieurs rois fabuleux d'Alba le nom de *Sylvius*, *Homme des bois*, semble confirmer par les témoignages les plus anciens la vérité de ce double témoignage.

"Aujourd'hui, on ne trouve un bout de forêt que plus haut, en

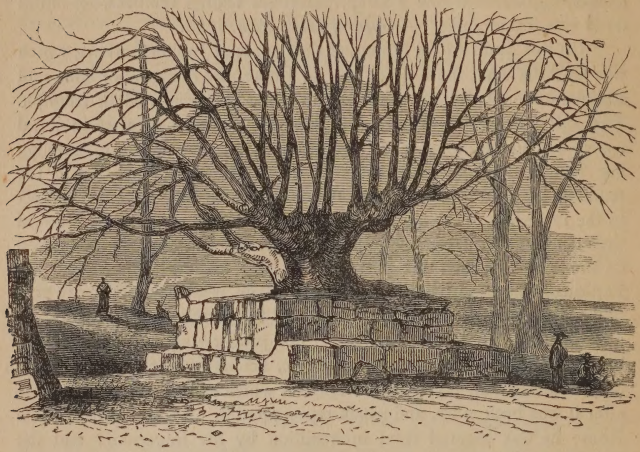
* See *Livy*, xxvi. cap. 10.

gravissant le Mont-Albain (Monte-Cavi), à l'endroit où, sous les grands chênes, apparaissent tout à coup, parmi les feuilles tombées, les dalles de la voie Triomphale."—*Ampère, Hist. Rom.* i. 47.

"Up this same Alban Mount, to the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, which was for Alba what the Capitol was for Rome, the dictators of Alba and Latium undoubtedly led their legions when they returned in triumph. This solemnity, in which the triumphant generals appeared in royal robes, was unquestionably derived from the period of the monarchy: nor would the Latin commanders deem themselves inferior to the Romans, or bear themselves less proudly, when they were not subject to the imperium of the latter, or show less gratitude to the gods. Indeed their triumph was preserved in that which the Roman generals solemnized on the Alban Mount: for that the first who assumed this honour (C. Papirius Maso) was renewing an earlier usage, is at least far more probable, than that he should have ventured to assume a distinction of his own devising. He triumphed here, not properly as a Roman consul, but as commander of the Latin cohorts, belonging partly to the towns of ancient Latium, partly to the colonies which sprang out of that state after it was broken up, and which represented it. At this distance from Rome he was secured from interruption by his imperium: and the honour was bestowed on him by the acclamation of the Latins, seconded by that of the Italian allies, and perhaps expressing itself by the otherwise inexplicable salutation of *imperator*, given to generals after a victory; a salutation which, at least after the Latins and their allies had all received the freedom of the city, was used by the Roman legions; as they may have joined in it previously, when its origin was forgotten. In early times, if fortune was propitious, Latin triumphs might be celebrated, for wars conducted by Latin generals under their own auspices, and even, by virtue of their equality in the league, with Latin legions under their command."—*Niebuhr's Hist. of Rome*, ii. 36.

The top of the mount is a grassy platform, in the centre of which is a Passionist Convent, built in 1788 by Cardinal York, who destroyed the ruins of the famous temple for the purpose. The only remains are some massive fragments of wall and the huge blocks of masonry which surround a grand old wych-elm tree in front of the convent. The Latin Feriæ had been always celebrated on the Alban Mount; and there Tarquin erected the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, probably

with the idea of doing something popular, in using a site



Remains of the Temple of Jupiter Latiaris, Monte Cavo.

once consecrated to the protecting god of the Latin confederation :

"Et residens celsâ Latiaris Jupiter Albâ."

Lucan. Phars. i. 198.

Piranesi says that the temple was 240 ft. long and 120 wide—the having the width half the length being according to Etruscan taste. Servius had already built a temple for the Latins (that of Diana) upon the Aventine—but :

"Le Monte Albain, qui s'élève à trois mille pieds au-dessus de la mer et domine tout la Latium, allait mieux au Superbe, visant dans tous ses monuments et dans tout son règne à la grandeur et à la magnificence, que l'humble Aventin, l'un des séjours de le *plebs* latine favorisée par Servius et méprisée par Tarquin."—*Ampère, Hist. Rom.* i. 214.

Instead of sacrificing a bull on the Capitol, on the summit of the Alban Mount Crassus sacrificed a sheep—*ovem*—hence *ovation.*

"La route des Ovations est celle qu'on suit aujourd'hui pour arriver au sommet du Mont Albain. Une partie, qui est très-bien conservée, frappe le voyageur quand elle lui apparait tout à coup au sein d'une forêt solitaire. Il est encore imposant ce souvenir, même du petit triomphe." —*Ampère, Hist. Rom.* iv. 416.

On the Alban Mount, Juno, in the *Æneid*, stood to contemplate the country, in the same way that tourists do in our days :—

> "At Juno, e summo, qui nunc Albanus habetur,
> Tum neque nomen erat, nec honos aut gloria monti,
> Prospiciens tumulo, campum adspectabat, et ambas
> Laurentum Troümque acies, urbemque Latini."
>
> *Æn.* xii. 134.

And truly the view is worthy of the eyes of a goddess, though the heights of Monte Pila close it in towards the south.

"From the summit of the Alban Mount, by the light of the setting sun, the eye can reach Corsica and Sardinia; and the hill which still bears the name of Circe looks like an island beneath the first rays of her heavenly sire. The line of the long street of Alba, stretching between the mountain and the lake, may still be made out distinctly. Monte Cavo was the Capitoline hill of Alba; its summits required to be fortified, to secure the town from above: and there is great probability in the conjecture, that, as the citadel at Rome was distinct from the Capitoline temple, the Rocca di Papa was the citadel of Albano."—*Niehbuhr's Hist. of Rome*, i. 199.

Hence, by the green lanes of *La Fajola*, once notorious for their brigands, and by winding pathlets through delicious woods, and narrow ways between green meadows (somewhat difficult to find without a guide), passing a farm of the Corsini, we descend upon the second lake of our pilgrimage.

> "Lo, Nemi! navelled in the woody hills
> So far, that the uprooting wind which tears
> The oak from his foundation, and which spills
> The ocean o'er his boundary, and bears
> Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares

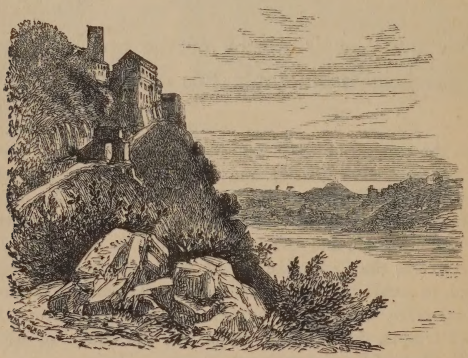
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;
And, calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears
A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
All coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake."

Byron's Childe Harold.

"Ovide dit, en parlant du lac de Nemi: 'Là est un lac ceint d'une épaisse forêt.'

'. . . . . Sylva præcinctus opacâ
Est lacus.' (*Fast.* iii. 263.)

Il y'avait donc en cet endroit une forêt. Cette forêt était assez considérable pour faire donner au sanctuaire de la Diane d'Aricie le nom de *Nemus*. Ce bois n'existe plus, mais il a laissé son nom au lac charmant et au village pittoresque de *Nemi*."—*Ampère, Hist. Rom.* i. 48.



Nemi.

The village of *Nemi* (far more worth visiting than Genzano) is beautifully situated on the edge of a steep cliff above the lake, and is surmounted by a fine old castle which, after passing through the hands of the Colonna, Borgia, Piccolomini, Cenci, Frangipani, and Braschi, is now the property of Prince Rospigliosi.

"The water is surrounded in parts by rocks of the hardest basaltic lava, in others by conglomerated cinders and scoriæ, and in some places by banks of tufa. Its circumference is about five miles, and the level of

the water higher than that of the Alban lake. The story of the ship discovered at the bottom of this lake, and said by some authors to have belonged to the time of Tiberius, by others to that of Trajan, is well known. Biondi, Leon Battista Alberti, and particularly Francesco Marchi, a celebrated architect and military engineer of the sixteenth century, who went down into the lake himself, have spoken of it. Fresh investigations have been carried on of late, at which I was present, and I assert that the pretended ship was nothing more than the wooden piles and timbers used in the foundations of a building. The beams were of fir and larch, and were joined by metal rails of various sizes. The pavement, or at least the lowest stratum of the remains, was formed of large tiles placed upon a kind of grating of iron, on which the name Caisar in ancient letters was marked.

"The name Caisar seems to explain the history of the building. For Suetonius, in his *Life of Julius Cæsar*, as an illustration of the Dictator's extravagance, asserts, that after having built a villa on the lake of Nemi at an enormous expense, he had the whole destroyed because it did not quite suit his taste. It is my belief that the pretended ship was nothing else than the piles and wooden framework upon which this villa was supported, and that after the upper part was destroyed the foundation under the water still remained, partly covered by fragments of the demolished building above."—*Nibby.*

Nemi occupies the site of the ancient town of Nemus.

"Albanus lacus, et socii Nemorensis ab unda."

Propert. iii. *El.* 22.

"Nemus . . . glaciale Dianæ."

Stat. Silv. iv. 4.

Diana must have had a grove and temple here as well as at Ariccia. The fountain into which she is supposed to have changed the nymph Egeria after the death of Numa is pointed out on the way to Genzano.

"Non tamen Egeriæ luctus aliena levare
Damna valent; montisque jacens radicibus imis
Liquitur in lacrymas: donec pietate dolentis
Mota soror Phœbi gelidum de corpore fontem
Fecit, et æternas artus tenuavit in undas."

Ovid. Metam. xv. 547.

Genzano, which forms so conspicuous a feature in the view

from Nemi, is reached by a circuitous walk along the ridges of the hills. The slopes beneath the town are occupied by the gardens of Duke Sforza-Cesarini (which an order or even "a silver key" will generally open to visitors). The scenery of this beautiful hill-side is photographed in the description of H. Christian Andersen.

"The lake of Nemi slept calmly in the great round crater, from which at one time fire spouted up to heaven. We went down the amphitheatre-like, rocky slope, through the great beech wood and the thick groves of plane trees, where the vines wreathed themselves amongst the tree-branches. On the opposite steep lay the city of Nemi, which mirrored itself in the blue lake. As we went along we bound garlands, entwining the dark green olive and fresh vine-leaves with the wild golden cistus. Now the deep-lying blue lake and the bright heavens above us were hidden by the thick branches and the vine-leaves, now they gleamed forth again as if they were only one united infinite blue. Everything was new and glorious to me; my soul trembled for its great joy. There are even still moments in which the remembrance of these feelings comes forth again like the beautiful mosaic fragments of a buried city.

"The sun burned hotly, and it was not until we were by the water-side, where the plane trees raise aloft their ancient trunks from the lake, and bend down their branches, heavy with enwreathing vines, to the watery mirror, that we found it cool enough to continue our work. Beautiful water-plants nodded here as if they dreamed under the cool shadow, and they too made part of our garlands. Presently, however, the sunbeams no longer reached the lake, but only played upon the roofs of Nemi and Genzano; and the gloom descended upon where we sate. I went a little distance from the others, yet only a few paces, for my mother was afraid that I should fall into the lake where it was deep and the banks were steep. Not far from the small stone ruins of an old temple of Diana there lay a huge fig-tree which the ivy had already begun to bind fast to the earth; I climbed upon this, and wove a garland whilst I sang from a canzonet,—

Ah, rossi, rossi fiori,
Un mazzo di viole!
Un gelsomin d'amore."

The *Palazzo Cesarini* contains nothing of interest, but is associated with one of those dramas of real life which are

seldom found out of Italy. A Duchess Cesarini dreamt before her confinement that she should give birth to twins, one of whom would endanger the happiness of the other. Determined to obviate this misfortune, she bribed the midwife to convey one of the children away as soon as it was born, and bring it up as a peasant. This was done, and the young Cesarini served as a shepherd, supposing himself to be a shepherd's son, till after he came of age. Then his adopted shepherd-mother happened to hear that the young Duke Cesarini and his father and mother were dead and that there was no heir to the fortunes and title, and going to the palace with the midwife, she was able to produce indisputable proofs to the astonished heirs-at-law which established the claims of the shepherd-boy, who was sent to Paris to be educated and became the late Duke Cesarini.

Genzano is now chiefly celebrated for the festival of the *Infiorata*, which takes place on the eighth day after Corpus Domini, and is wonderfully appropriate to this land of flowers.

"I dreamed till the sun shone in at my window, and awoke me to the beautiful feast of flowers.

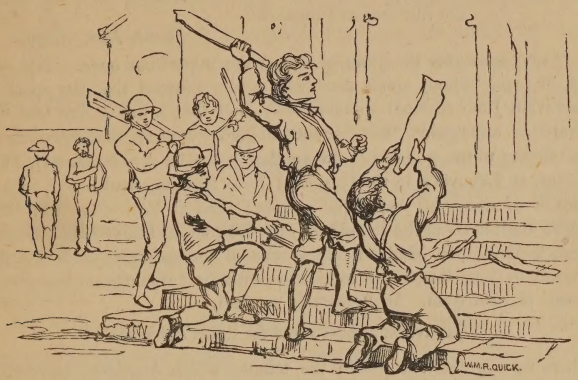
"How shall I describe the first glance into the street—that bright picture as I then saw it? The entire, long, gently-ascending street was covered with flowers; the ground colour was blue; it looked as if they had robbed all the gardens, all the fields, to collect flowers enough of the same colour to cover the street; over these lay in long stripes, green, composed of leaves, alternately with rose-colour, and at some distance from this was a similar stripe, as it were a broad border to the whole carpet. The middle of this represented stars and suns, which were formed by a close mass of yellow, round, and star-like flowers; more labour still had been spent upon the formation of names—here flower was laid upon flower, leaf upon leaf. The whole was a living flower-carpet, a mosaic floor, richer in pomp of colouring than anything which Pompeii can show. Not a breath of air stirred—the flowers lay immoveable, as if they were heavy, firmly-set precious stones. From all the windows were hung upon the walls large carpets, worked in leaves

and flowers, representing holy pictures. Here Joseph led the ass on which sat the Madonna and the child; roses formed the faces, the feet, and the arms, gilly-flowers and anemones their fluttering garments; and crowns were made of white water-lilies, brought from Lake Nemi. Saint Michael fought with the dragon; the holy Rosalia showered down roses upon the dark blue globe, wherever my eye fell flowers related to me Biblical legends; and the people all round about were as joyful as myself. Rich foreigners, from beyond the mountains, clad in festal garments, stood in the balconies, and by the side of the houses moved along a vast crowd of people, all in full holiday costume, each in the fashion of his country. The sun burnt hotly, all the bells rang, and the procession moved along the beautiful flower-carpet; the most charming music and singing announced its approach, choristers swung the censer before the Host, the most beautiful girls in the country followed, with garlands of flowers in their hands, and poor children, with wings to their naked shoulders, sang hymns, as of angels, while awaiting the arrival of the procession at the high altar. Young fellows wore fluttering ribands around their pointed hats, upon which a picture of the Madonna was fastened; silver and gold rings hung to a chain round their necks, and handsome bright-coloured scarfs looked splendidly upon their black velvet jackets. The girls of Albano and Frascati came, with their thin veils elegantly thrown over their black, plaited hair, in which was stuck the silver arrow; those of Velletri, on the contrary, wore garlands around their hair, and the smart handkerchief, fastened so low down in the dress as to leave visible the beautiful shoulder and the round bosom. From Abruzzi, from the Marshes, from every other neighbouring district, came all in their peculiar national costume, and produced altogether the most brilliant effect. Cardinals, in their mantles woven with silver, advanced under canopies adorned with flowers, then monks of various orders, all bearing burning tapers. When the procession came out of church, an immense crowd followed."—*The Improvisatore.*

We were at Genzano on Good Friday, when all the boys of the place were busy, not only "grinding Judas's bones" in the ordinary fashion, i.e. by rattling them together in a box, but were banging large planks of wood and broad strips of bark up and down upon the church steps, with almost frantic fury, to show what good Christians they were.

We took a little carriage in the piazza of Genzano in which we rattled merrily down the hill-side for about two miles to

Civita Lavinia, occupying the site of the ancient Lanuvium,



Breaking Judas' bones. Genzano.

and remarkable as the birth-place of the Emperors Antoninus Pius and Commodus, of T. Annius Milo the enemy of Clodius, of Roscius the comedian, L. Muræna who was defended by Cicero, and P. Sulpicius Quirinus who was Cyrenius the Governor of Syria, mentioned in St. Luke's Gospel. Lanuvium was celebrated for the worship of Juno Sospita, and when it took part with the other Latin cities against Rome and was defeated, its inhabitants were not only unpunished, but admitted to the rights of Roman citizens, on condition that the temple of their goddess should be common to the Romans also.

"Quos Castrum, Phrygibusque gravis quondam Ardea misit,
Quos celso devexa jugo Junonia sedes
Lanuvium."

Sil. Ital. viii. 361.

"Lanuvio generate, inquit, quem Sospita Juno
Dat nobis, Milo, Gradivi cape victor honorem."

xiii. 364.

"Inspice, quos habeat nemoralis Aricia Fastos
Et populus Laurens, Lanuviumque meum:
Est illic mensis Junonius."

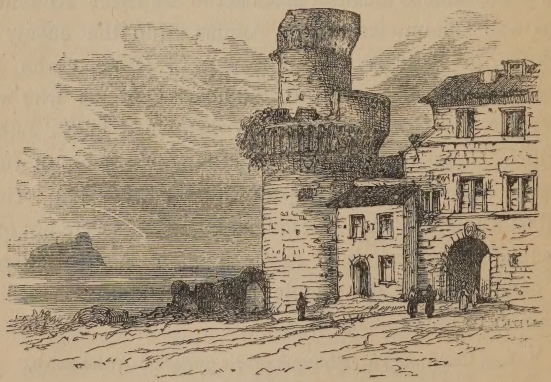
Ovid. Fast. vi. 59.

"Livy mentions the Juno of Lanuvium more than once. Lib. xxi. 62, he says, 'among other prodigies, it was affirmed that the spear of Lanuvian Juno vibrated spontaneously, and that a raven flew into the temple;' and again: 'forty pounds of gold were sent to Lanuvium, as an offering to the goddess.' In another place he says (xxiii. 31), 'the statues at Lanuvium in the temple of Juno Sospita, shed blood, and a shower of stones fell round the temple;' and in Lib. xxiv. 10: 'the crows built nests in the temple of Juno Sospita at Lanuvium.' Cicero also, in Orat. pro Mur. ad fin., speaks of the sacrifices made by the consuls to Juno Sospita, in connection with the 'municipium honestissimum' of Lanuvium. In Propertius we read,

'Lanuvium annosi vetus est tutela draconis.'

There were great treasures in the temple, which Augustus borrowed, as well as those of the Capitol, of Antium, Nemus, and Tibur."

Sir W. Gell.



From Civita Lavinia.

Civita Lavinia is approached by a terrace commanding a grand view across the Pontine Marshes to the Circean mount. It stands on the edge of the promontory and

is surrounded by dark walls of peperino, in many places apparently of great antiquity. At the western extremity is a building which Gell imagines may be the cella of the temple of Juno. Curious old mediæval houses are everywhere built upon the walls, and are highly picturesque, and near the gateway is a very fine machicolated tower. In the little piazza is a magnificent sarcophagus, now used as a fountain. Some remains of the theatre were found in 1831, on the western slope below the town, and the ancient paved road may still be traced in its descent towards the cities of the plain.

(Standing out from the main line of hills, below Genzano are two projecting spurs. The higher is *Monte Due Torre*, once crowned by two towers, of which only one is now standing, the other lying in ruins beside it. The lower, covered with vineyards and fruit gardens, and only marked at the summit by a low tower and some farm buildings, is now called *Monte Giove*, but is almost universally allowed to have been the famous Corioli, the great Volscian city, which gave the title of Coriolanus to its captor, C. Marcius, and which was once at the head of a confederation almost too strong for Rome.

"There was a war between the Romans and the Volscians: and the Romans attacked the city of Corioli. The citizens of Corioli opened their gates, and made a sally, and drove the Romans back to their camp. Then Caius ran forwards with a few brave men, and called back the runaways, and he stayed the enemy and turned the tide of battle, so that the Volscians fled back into the city. But Caius followed them, and when he saw the gates still open, for the Volscians were flying into the city, then he called to the Romans, and said, 'For us are yonder gates set wide rather than for the Volscians; why are we afraid to rush in?' He himself followed the fugitives into the town, and the enemy fled before him; but when they saw that he was but one man they turned against him; but Caius held his ground, for he

was strong of hand, and light of foot, and stout of heart, and he drove the Volscians to the furthest side of the town, and all was clear behind him, so that the Romans came in after him without any trouble and took the city. Then all men said, 'Caius and none else has won Corioli,' and Cominius the general said, 'Let him be called after the name of the city.' So they called him Caius Marcius Coriolanus."—*Arnold's Hist. of Rome.*

The farm-house on Monte Giove now stands desolate amongst its vineyards, and there are no remains of the ancient city above-ground. It is supposed that the present name of the hill commemorates a temple of Jupiter which may have remained to later times, for the Romans usually spared the temples of the cities they destroyed. In imperial times the town had quite disappeared.

"There was a time when Tibur and Præneste, our summer retreats, were the objects of hostile vows in the Capitol, when we dreaded the shades of the Arician groves, when we could triumph without a blush over the nameless villages of the Sabines and Latins, and even Corioli could afford a title not unworthy of a victorious general."—*Florus, temp. Hadrian.*)

In returning to Albano (from Civita Lavinia) we pass through the triple avenue of elms called the *Olmata*, planted in 1643 by Giuliano Cesarini, as an approach to his palace of Genzano. Then, on the left, we pass the handsome Church of *La Madonna del Galloro*, beneath which the substructions which raised the Via Appia above the level of the plain, deserve observation.

CHAPTER IV.

FRASCATI, TUSCULUM, AND COLONNA.

(Trains leave Rome at 11.30 and 12.5, returning at 5.40 and 6.18. This gives time for a pleasant sight of Frascati, and for a ride or walk to Tusculum and the Villa Mondragone, or to Tusculum and Grotta Ferrata. There is an excellent small inn at Frascati—the Albergo di Londra—very clean and comfortable. Donkeys cost 5 francs for the whole day, or 2½ francs for the half day; but a distinct agreement must be made.)

IT is only half-an-hour by rail to Frascati, and the change is so complete and reviving, that it is strange more sojourners at Rome do not take advantage of it. Only one excursion to Frascati is generally made during a Roman winter, which gives little time where there is so much to be seen.

Even the railway journey is most delightful and characteristic. The train runs close to the aqueducts, the Paoline first, and then the ruined Claudian. As we pass outside the Porta Furba, the artificial sepulchral mound, called *Monte de Grano*, is seen on the left, and then the vast ruins called *Sette Basse*, belonging to a suburban villa of imperial date,* and, as the light streams through their ruined windows,

* The carriage-road to Frascati passes close to both of these, and then by the beautiful stone-pines on the farm of *Torre Nuova* belonging to Prince Borghese, where archæologists place Papinia, the villa of Attilius Regulus.

forming a beautiful foreground to the delicate distances of mountain and plain.

As we approach nearer, Colonna is seen on the left upon its knoll, then Monte Porzio, and beneath it the site of the Lake Regillus. When the lights and shadows are favourable, the difference between the two craters of this volcanic chain of hills now becomes strikingly evident.

"The Alban hills form a totally distinct group, consisting of two principal extinct volcanic craters, somewhat resembling in their relation to each other the great Neapolitan craters of Vesuvius and Somma. One of them lies within the embrace of the other, just as Vesuvius lies half enclosed by Monte Somma. The walls of the outer Alban crater are of peperino, while those of the inner are basaltic. Both are broken away on the northern side towards Grotta Ferrata and Marino, but on the southern side they are tolerably perfect.

"The outer crescent-shaped crater beginning from Frascati extends to Monte Porzio and Rocca Priora, and then curves round by Monte Algido, Monte Ariano, and Monte Artemisio. The inner crescent includes the height of Monte Cavo, and surrounds the flat meadows known by the name of Campo d'Annibale. Besides these two principal craters, the ages of which are probably as distinct as those of Vesuvius and Somma, there are traces of at least four others to be found in the lakes of Castel Gandolfo, commonly called the Alban lake, and of Nemi, and in the two small cliff-encircled valleys of the Vallis Aricina and Larghetto."—*Burn, The Roman Campagna.*

The effect of the Campagna here, as everywhere, is quite different upon different minds. The French almost always find it as depressing as the English do captivating and exhilarating.

"Frascati est à six lieues de Rome, sur les monts Tusculans, petite chaîne volcanique qui fait partie du système des montagnes du Latium. C'est encore la Campagne de Rome, mais c'est la fin de l'horrible désert qui environne la capitale du monde catholique. Ici la terre cesse d'être inculte et la fièvre s'arrête. Il faut monter pendant une demi-heure, au pas des chevaux, pour atteindre la ligne d'air pur qui circule au-dessus de la région empestée de la plaine immense ; mais cet air pur est moins dû à l'élévation du sol qu'à la culture de la terre et a l'écoulement des

eaux, car Tivoli, plus haut perché du double que Frascati, n'est pas à l'abri de l'influence maudite.

"Aux approches de ces petites montagnes, quand on a laissé derrière soi les longs aqueducs ruinés et trois ou quatre lieues de terrains ondulés, sans caractère et sans étendue pour le regard, on traverse de nouveau une partie de la plaine dont le nivellement absolu présente enfin un aspect particulier assez grandiose. C'est un lac de pâle verdure qui s'étend sur la gauche jusqu'au pied du massif du mont Gennaro. Au baisser du soleil, quand l'herbe fine et maigre de ce gigantesque pâturage est un peu échauffée par l'or du couchant et nuancée par les ombres portées des montagnes, le sentiment de la grandeur se révèle. Les petits accidents perdus dans ce cadre immense, les troupeaux et les chiens, seuls bergers qui, en de certaines parties de la steppe, osent braver la *malaria* toute la journée, se dessinent et s'enlèvent en couleur avec une netteté comparable à celle des objets lointains sur la mer. Au fond de cette nappe de verdure, si unie que l'on a peine à se rendre compte de son étendue, la base des montagnes semble nager dans une brume mouvante, tandis que leurs sommets se dressent immobiles et nets dans le ciel."—*George Sand, La Daniella.*

Beyond Ciampino, the railroad ascends out of the Campagna into the land of corn and olives. Masses of pink nectarine and almond-trees bloom in spring amid the green. On the right, we pass the great ruined castle of *Borghetto*, which belonged to the Savellis in the 10th century. At the station, an open omnibus with awnings (fare, 50 centesimi), and carriages, are waiting to save travellers the mile of steep ascent to the town. Here, passing near the Villa Sora, once the residence of Gregory XIII. (1752-85), and skirting the wall of the Villa Torlonia, we are set down in the noisy little piazza before the cathedral, and are at once surrounded by donkey boys vociferating upon the merits of their respective animals.

The cathedral (S. Pietro) only dates from 1700, but we must enter it to visit the monument (near the door), which Cardinal York put up to his brother Prince Charles Edward, who died Jan. 31, 1788. It is inscribed:—

"Hic situs est Carolus Odoardus cui Pater Jacobus III. Rex Angliæ, Scotiæ, Franciæ, Hiberniæ, Primus Natorum, paterni Juris et regiæ dignitatis successor et hæres, qui domicilio sibi Romæ delecto Comes Albaniensis dictus est.

"Vixit Annos LVII. et mensem ; decessit in pace, pridie Kal. Feb. Anno MDCCLXXXVII."

There is an older cathedral, *Duomo Vecchio*, now called SS. Sebastiano e Rocco, chiefly of the 14th century, and near it a fountain erected in 1480 by Cardinal d'Estouteville, the French Ambassador. The streets are dirty and ugly ; but the little town is important as being the centre of the villas which give Frascati all its charm. Most of these date only from the 17th century, and, with the exception of the Villa Mondragone, the buildings are seldom remarkable, but they are situated amid glorious groves of old trees, often relics of a natural forest, and amid these are grand old fountains and water-falls, which, though artificial, have been long since adopted by Nature as her own, while from the terraces the views over the Campagna are of ever-varying loveliness. In many of these villas, far too large for any single occupants, vast airy suites of apartments may be hired for the summer *villeggiatura*, and, though scantily furnished, are a delightful retreat during the hot season.

"At Frascati and Albano there are good lodgings to be had. Noble old villas may be hired on the Alban slopes for a small rent, with gardens going to ruin, but beautifully picturesque—old fountains and water-works painted with moss, and decorated with maiden hair, vines, and flowers—shady groves where nightingales sing all the day—avenues of lopped ilexes that, standing on either side like great chandeliers, weave together their branches overhead into a dense roof—and long paths of tall, polished laurel, where you may walk in shadow at morning and evening. The air here is not, however, 'above suspicion ;' and one must be careful at night-fall lest the fever prowling round the damp alleys seize you as its prey. The views from these villas are truly exquisite. Before you lies the undulating plain of the Campagna, with every

hue and changing tone of colour; far off against the horizon flashes the level line of the Mediterranean; the grand Sabine hills rise all along on the west, with Soracte lifting from the rolling inland sea at their base; and in the distance swells the dome of St. Peter's. The splendours of sunset as they stream over this landscape are indescribable, and in the noon the sunshine seems to mesmerise it into a magic sleep."—*Story's Roba di Roma.*

"Les collines Tusculanes ne sont, d'ici à leur point le plus élevé, qu'un immense jardin partagé entre quatre on cinq familles princières. Et quels jardins! celui de Piccolomini ne compte plus. Vendu à des bourgeois qui font argent de leur propriété, il n'a de beau que ce que l'on n'a pu lui ôter. Mais la villa Falconieri, qui le borne à l'est, et la villa Aldobrandini, qui le borne au couchant, la villa Conti, qui touche à cette dernière; plus haut, la Ruffinella, et, en revenant vers l'est, la Taverna et Mondragone, tout cela se tient et communique, si bien que j'en aurais pour trois heures à vous décrire ces lieux enchantés, ces futaies monstrueuses, ces fontaines, ces bosquets et ces escarpements semés de ruines romaines et pélasgiques; ces ravins de lierre, de liseron, et de vigne sauvage, où pendent des restes de temples, et où tombent des eaux cristallines. Je renonce au détail qui viendra peut-être par le menu; je ne peux que vous donner une notion de l'ensemble.

"Le caractère général est de deux sortes: celui de l'ancien goût italien, et celui de la nature locale qui a repris le dessus, grâce à l'indifférence ou à la décadence pécuniaire des maîtres de ces folles et magnifiques résidences. Si vous voulez une exacte description de ces résidences, telles qu'elles étaient encore il y a cent ans, vous la trouverez dans les spirituelles lettres du président de Brosses, un des hommes qui, malgré son apparente légèreté, a le mieux vu l'Italie de son temps. Il s'est beaucoup moqué des *jeux* d'eaux et girandes, des statues grotesques et des concerts hydrauliques de ces villégiatures de Frescati. Il a eu raison. Lorsqu'il voyait dépenser des sommes folles et des efforts d'imagination puérile pour créer ces choses insensées, il s'indignait de cette décadence du goût dans le pays de l'art, et il riait au nez de tous ces vilains faunes et de toutes ces grimaçantes naïades outrageusement mêlés aux débris de la statuaire antique. Il appelait cela gâter l'art et la nature à grands frais d'argent et de bêtise, et je m'imagine que, dans ce temps-là, quand tous ces fétiches étaient encore frais, quand ces eaux sifflaient dans ces flûtes, que les arbres étaient taillés en poires, les gazons bien tondus et les allées bien tracées, un homme de sens et de liberté comme lui devait, à bon droit, s'indigner et se moquer.

"Mais s'il revenait ici, il y trouverait un grand et heureux changement: les Pans n'ont plus de flûte, les nymphes n'ont plus de nez. A

beaucoup de dieux badins, il manque davantage encore, puisqu'il rien reste qu'une jambe sur le socle. Le reste gît au fond des bassins. Les eaux ne soufflent plus dans des tuyaux d'orgue ; elles bondissent encore dans des conques de marbre et le long des grandes girandes ; mais elles y chantent de leur voix naturelle. Les rocailles se sont tapissées de vertes chevelures, qui les rendent à la vérité. Les arbres ont repris leur essor puissant sous un climat énergique, et sont devenus des colosses encore jeunes et pleins de santé. Ceux qui sont morts ont dérangé la symétrie des allées ; les parterres se sont remplis de folles herbes ; les fraises et les violettes ont tracé des arabesques aux contours des tapis verts ; la mousse a mis du velours sur les mosaïques criardes : tout a pris un air de révolte, un cachet d'abandon, un ton de ruine et un chant de solitude.

"Et maintenant, ces grands parcs jetés aux flancs des montagnes forment, dans leurs plis verdoyants, des vallées de Tempé, où les ruines rococo et les ruines antiques dévorées par la même végétation parasite donnent à la victoire de la nature un air de gaieté extraordinaire. Comme en somme, les palais sont d'une coquetterie princière ou d'un goût charmant ; que ces jardins, surchargés de détails puérils, avaient été dessinés avec beaucoup d'intelligence sur les ondulations gracieuses du sol, et plantés avec un vrai sentiment de la beauté des sites ; enfin, comme les sources abondantes y ontété habilement dirigées pour assainir et vivifier cette région bocagère, il ne serait pas rigoureusement vrai de dire que la nature y a été mutilée et insultée. Les brimboriens fragiles y tombent en poussière ; mais les longues terrasses d'où l'on dominait l'immense tableau de la plaine, des montagnes et de la mer ; les gigantesques perrons de marbre et de lave qui soutiennent les ressauts du terrain, de qui ont, certes, un grand caractère ; les allées couvertes qui rendent ces vieux Édens praticables en tout temps ; enfin tout ce qui, travail élégant, utile et solide, a survécu au caprice de la mode, ajoute au charme de ces solitudes, et sert à conserver, comme dans des sanctuaires, les heureuses combinaisons de la nature et la monumentale beauté des ombrages. Il suffit de voir, autour des collines de Frascati, l'aride nudité des monts Tusculans, ou l'humidité malsaine des vallées, pour reconnaître que l'art est parfois bien nécessaire à l'œuvre de la création." —*George Sand, La Daniella.*

Nothing can describe the charm of the villa life at Frascati,—the freshness of the never-ceasing fountains, the deep shade of the thick woods, the splendour of the summer fruits, and, above all, the changing glories of the view, which

is unlike any other in the world, over the vast plain, in which the world's capitol seems almost to be lost in the immensity and luminousness of the pink haze.

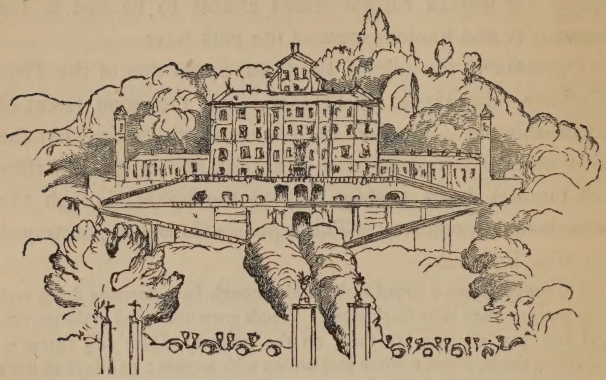
Opposite to the gate of the town, opens that of the *Villa Torlonia*—the Pincio of Frascati—and the great resort of its inhabitants. The villa itself is not worth visiting, but the view from its terrace is most beautiful, and a grand waterfall tumbles down a steep behind the house, through the magnificent ilex-groves. This type of villa is well pourtrayed by Miss Edwards.

"We went down a broad walk, wide enough for a carriage drive, and completely roofed in by thick trees. Weeds grew unheeded in the gravel, and last year's leaves lay thick on the ground. Here and there, in the green shade, stood a stone seat brown with mosses; or a broken urn; or a tiny antique altar, rifled from a tomb—and presently we reached a space somewhat more open than the rest, with a shapeless mass of reticulated brick-work and a low arch guarded by two grim lions, in the midst. Here the leaves had drifted more deeply, and the weeds had grown more rankly than elsewhere; and a faint oppressive perfume sickened on the air. We pushed our way through the grass and brambles, and looked down into the darkness of that cavernous archway. A clinging damp lay on the old marble lions, and on the leaves and blossoms of the trailing shrubs that overgrew them. A green lizard darted by on a fragment of broken wall. A squirrel ran up the shaft of a stately stone pine that stood in the midst of the ruins.

"At length we emerged upon a terrace that bounded the gardens on this side. The Campagna and the hills lay spread before us in the burning sun-set, and a shining zone of sea bounded the horizon. Long shadows streamed across the marble pavement, and patches of brilliant light pierced through the carved interstices of the broken balcony. A little fountain dripped wearily in the midst, surmounted by a headless Triton, and choked with water-weeds; whilst all along the parapet, with many a gap, the statues of the Cæsars stood between us and the sun."—*Barbara's History.*

Below the Villa Torlonia, the *Villa Pallavicini*, with an ilex-crested terrace, projects over the plain. Above it, is the *Villa Aldobrandini*, standing grandly upon a succession of

terraces, designed by Giacomo della Porta, and finished



Palazzo Aldobrandini, Frascati.

by Giovanni Fontana for Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini, nephew of Clement VIII. The villa is adorned internally with frescoes by *Cav. d'Arpino.* Behind it a succession of waterfalls tumble through a glorious old ilex-grove, into a circle of fantastic statues. The scene may once have been ridiculous, but Nature has now made it most beautiful.

"At the Villa Aldobrandini, or Belvidere, we were introduced to the most multifarious collection of monsters I ever hope to behold. Giants, centaurs, fauns, cyclops, wild beasts, and gods, blew, bellowed, and squeaked, without mercy or intermission; and horns, pan's-pipes, organs, and trumpets, set up their combined notes in such a dissonant chorus, that we were fain to fly before them; when the strains that suddenly burst forth from Apollo and the Nine Muses, who were in a place apart, compelled us to stop our ears, and face about again in the opposite direction.

"When this horrible din was over, we were carried back to admire the now silent Apollo and the Muses,—a set of painted wooden dolls, seated on a little mossy Parnassus, in a summer-house,—a plaything we should have been almost ashamed to have made even for the amusement of children. All these creatures, in the mean time, were spouting out

water. The lions and tigers, however, contrary to their usual habits, did nothing else; and the 'great globe itself,' which Atlas was bearing on his shoulders, instead of 'the solid earth,' proved a mere aqueous ball, and was overwhelmed in a second deluge."—*Eaton's Rome.*

Those who are not good walkers, should engage donkeys for the excursion to Tusculum, to which a steep ascent leads from the piazza of the town, between the walls of the villas Aldobrandini and Falconieri. Just beyond the latter, an inscription marks the humble retreat of the learned Cardinal Baronius. A steep hill leads to the Convent of the Cappuccini, but our path passes through the shady and delightful walks of the *Villa Rufinella*, which is now the property of Prince Lancellotti, having formerly belonged to the Buonapartes. The casino was built by Vanvitelli. The chapel contains monuments of the Buonaparte family. During the residence of Lucien Buonaparte here (Nov. 1818), this villa was the scene of one of the boldest acts of brigandage known in the Papal States. A party of robbers, who had their rendezvous at Tusculum, first seized the old priest of the family as he was out walking, and having plundered and stripped him, bound him hand and foot. As they surmised, when the dinner-hour arrived, and the priest was missing, a servant was sent out in search of him, and left the door open, through which five bandits entered, and attacking the servants they met, forced them to silence by threats of instant death. One maid-servant, however, escaped, and gave warning to the party in the dining-room, who all had time to hide themselves, except the Prince's secretary, who had already left the room to discover the cause of the noise, and who was carried off, together with the butler, and a *facchino*. The

old priest meanwhile contrived to escape and conceal himself in some straw.

The next day the *facchino* was sent back to treat with the Prince, and to say that unless he sent a ransom of 4000 crowns the prisoners would be immediately put to death. He sent 2000 and an order on his banker for the remainder. The brigands, greatly irritated, returned the order torn up with a demand for 4000 crowns more, and with this the Prince was forced to comply in order to preserve the lives of his attendants. The brigands escaped scot free!

A tomb which is passed at the entrance of Frascati towards the Villa Rufinella is said to be that of Lucullus, who is known to have had a villa here. This stood near the Villa of Cicero, who was accustomed to borrow books and fetch them with his own hand (*De Fin.* iii. 2) from the library of his friend. The scholiast on Horace describes the Villa of Cicero as being "ad latera superiora" of the hill, and its site is generally believed to have been that now occupied by the Villa Rufinella, and that the Casino stands on the site of his Academica, which had shady walks like those of Plato's Garden—forefathers of the walks which we still see.

The Tusculan Disputations of Cicero take their name from this beloved villa of his, which he bitterly complained of the Roman consuls valuing at only "quingentis millibus" —between £4000 and £5000. A complete picture of the villa may be derived from the many allusions to it in the works of Cicero, thus :—

"We learn that it contained two *gymnasia* (*Div.* i. *s.*), an upper one called the Lycæum, in which, like Aristotle, he was accustomed to walk and dispute in the morning (*Tusc. Disp.* ii. 3), and to which a library was attached (*Div.* ii. 3); and a lower one called the Academy (*Tusc. Disp.* ii. 3). Both were adorned with beautiful statues in marble and

bronze (*Ep. ad Att.* i. 8, 9, 10). The villa likewise contained a little a'rium (atriolum, *Ib.* i. 10 *ad Quint. Fr.* iii. 1), a small portico with exedria (*ad Fam.* vii. 23), a bath (*Ib.* xiv. 20), a covered promenade ('tecta ambulatiuncula,' *ad Att.* xiii. 29), and a horologium (*ad Fam.* xvi. 18). The villa, like the town and neighbourhood, was supplied by the Aqua Crabra (*De Leg. Agr.* iii. 31)."—*Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography.*

In his Essay on Old Age, Cicero describes the delights of country life as enjoyed in a villa of this kind.

"Where the master of the house is a good and careful manager, his wine-cellar, his oil-stores, his larder, are always well stocked; there is a fulness throughout the whole establishment; pigs, kids, lambs, poultry, milk, cheese, honey,—all are in abundance. The produce of the garden is always equal, as our country-folk say, to a second course. And all these good things acquire a double relish from the voluntary labours of fowling and the chase. What need to dwell upon the charm of the green fields, the well-ordered plantations, the beauty of the vine-yards and olive-groves? In short, nothing can be more luxuriant in produce, or more delightful to the eye, than a well-cultivated estate."—*Trans. by Lucas Collins.*

Leaving the Villa Rufinella by shady avenues of laurel and laurestinus, the path to Tusculum emerges on the hill-side, where, between banks perfectly carpeted with anemones and violets in spring, a street paved with polygonal blocks has been laid bare. On the left are remains of the small *Amphitheatre;* all the seats have perished, and it is only recognizable by its form. Beyond, also on the left, are the ruins of a villa, called, without authority, *Scuola di Cicerone.*

The path leads directly up to the most important of the ruins, the *Theatre*, which was excavated in 1839 by Maria Christina, Queen-dowager of Sardinia. With the exception of the walls of the *scena*, the lower walls are almost perfect, and the fifteen rows of seats in the lower circle (*cavea*) remain intact, though the upper rows have perished. The spectators, facing the west, had a magnificent view over the

plains of Latium, with Rome in the distance. Close to the

Theatre of Tusculum.

Theatre are the remains of a piscina, and the fountain supplied from it.

"Je parvins au sommet de la montagne, en m'égarant dans de superbes bosquets. Puis, je me trouvai sur un long plateau dont le versant est aussi nu et aussi désert que celui que l'on monte depuis Frascati est ombragé et habité. Devant moi se présentait une petite voie antique, bordée d'arbres, qui, suivant à plat la crête douce de la montagne, devait me conduire à Tusculum.

"J'arrivai bientôt en vue d'un petit cirque de fin gazon, bordé de vestiges de constructions romaines. Un peu au-dessous, je pénétrai, à travers les ronces, dans la galerie souterraine par laquelle, au moyen de trappes, les animaux féroces, destinés aux combats, surgissaient tout à coup dans l'arène, aux yeux des spectateurs impatients. Ce cirque n'a de remarquable que sa situation. Assis sur le roc, au bout le plus élevé d'une étroite gorge en pente, qui s'en va réjoindre, en sauts gracieux et verdoyants, les collines plus basses de Frascati et en suite la plaine, il est là comme un beau siége de gazon, installé pour offrir au voyageur le plaisir de contempler à l'aise cette triste vue de la Campagne de Rome, qui devient magnifique, encadrée ainsi. Le remplement de la colline autour du cirque le préserve des vents maritimes. Ce serait un emplacement délicieux pour une villa d'hiver.

"J'y pris quelques moments de repos. Pour la première fois depuis que j'ai quitté Gênes, il faisait un temps clair. Les montagnes lointaines étaient d'un ton superbe, et Rome se voyait distinctement au fond de la plaine. Je fus étonné de l'emplacement énorme qu'elle occupe, et de l'importance du dôme de Saint-Pierre, qui, tout le monde vous l'a dit, ne fait pas grand effet, vu de plus près.

"En quittant cet amphithéâtre, je suivis, dans le désert, un chemin jonché de mosaïques des marbres les plus précieux, de verroteries, de tessons de vases étrusques et de gravats de plâtre encore revêtus des tons de la fresque antique. Je ramassai un assez beau fragment de terre

cuite, représentant le combat d'un lion et d'un dragon. Je dédaignai de remplir mes poches d'autres débris ; il y en avait trop pour me tenter. La colline n'est qu'un amas de ces débris, et la pluie qui lave les chemins en met chaque jour à nu de nouvelles couches. Ce sol, quoique souvent fouillé en divers endroits, doit cacher encore des richesses.

"Le plateau supérieur est une vaste bruyère. C'était jadis, probablement, le beau quartier de la ville, car cette steppe est semée de dalles ou de moellons de marbre blanc. Le chemin était, sans doute, la belle rue patricienne. Des fondations de maisons des deux côtés attestent qu'elle était étroite, comme toutes celles des villes antiques. Au bout de cette plaine, le chemin aboutit au théâtre. Il est petit, mais d'une jolie coupe romaine. L'orchestre, les degrés de l'hémicycle sont entiers, ainsi que la base des constructions de la scène et les marches latérales pour y monter. L'avant-scène et les voies de dégagement nécessaires à l'action scénique sont sur place et suffisamment indiquées par leurs bases, pour faire comprendre l'usage de ces théâtres, la place des chœurs et même celle du décor.

"Derrière le théâtre est une piscine parfaitement entière sauf la voûte. On est là en pleine ville romaine. On n'a plus qu'à atteindre le faîte de la montagne pour trouver la partie pélasgique, la ville de Télégone, fils d'Ulysse et de Circé.

"Là, ces ruines prennent un autre caractère, un autre intérêt. C'est la cité primitive, c'est-à-dire la citadelle escarpée ; repaire d'une bande d'aventuriers, berceau d'une societé future. Les temples et les tombeaux des ancêtres y étaient sous la protection du fort. La montagne, semée de bases de colonnes qui indiquent l'emplacement des édifices sacrés, et bordée de blocs bruts dont l'arrangement dessine encore des ramparts, des poternes, et des portes, s'incline rapidement vers d'autres gorges bientôt relevées en collines et en montagnes plus hautes. Ce sont les monts Albains. Dans une de ces prairies humides où paissent les troupeaux, était le lac Régille, on ne sait pas où précisément. Le sort de la jeune Rome, aux prises avec celui des antiques nationalités du Latium, a été décidé là, quelque part, dans ces agrestes solitudes. Soixante-dix mille hommes ont combattu pour *être* ou *n'être pas*, et le destin de Rome, qui en ce terrible jour, écrasa les forces de trente cités latines, a passé sur l'Agro Tusculan comme l'orage, dont la trace est vite effacée par l'herbe et les fleurs nouvelles."—*George Sand, La Daniella.*

Behind the theatre rises the steep hill which was once crowned by the *Arx* of Tusculum, which was of great strength in early times. It was besieged by the Æquians in B.C.

457, and only taken when the garrison were starved out. In B.C. 374 it was successfully defended against the Latins. Dionysius mentions the advantage it received from its lofty position, which enabled its defenders to see a Roman army as it issued from the Porta Latina. The view is indeed most beautiful, over plain and mountains, the foreground formed by the remains of

> —"the white streets of Tusculum,
> The proudest town of all," *

scattered sparsely amongst the furze and thorn-bushes, but the ruins which now exist belong chiefly not to early times but to the mediæval fortress of the Dukes of Tusculum.

Including the Arx, the town of Tusculum was about 1½ mile in circuit. The Roman poets ascribe the foundation of the city to Telegonus, the son of Circe and Ulysses.

> "Inter Aricinos Albanaque tempora constant,
> Factaque Telegoni mœnia celsa manu."
> *Ovid. Fast.* iii. 91.
>
> "Et jam Telegoni, jam mœnia Tiburis udi
> Stabant, Argolicæ quod posuere manus."
> *Ovid. Fast.* iv. 71.
>
> "At Cato, tum prima sparsus lanugine malas,
> Quod peperere decus Circæo Tuscula dorso
> Mœnia, Laërtæ quondam regnata nepoti,
> Cunctantem impellebat equum."
> *Sil. Ital.* vii. 691.
>
> "Linquens Telegoni pulsatos ariete muros,
> Haud dignam inter tanta moram."
> *Sil. Ital.* xii. 535.†

Tusculum was remarkable for the steadiness of its friendship for Rome, which was only interrupted in B.C. 379, when in consequence of a number of Tusculans having been

* Macaulay, *Lays of Ancient Rome.*

† See also Horace, Epode i. 29, and Statius, Silv. i. 3, 83.

found amongst the prisoners made in the Volscian campaign, war was declared, and Camillus was sent against the city.

"But the Tusculans would not accept this declaration of hostilities, and opposed the Roman arms in a manner that has scarcely been paralleled before or since. When Camillus entered their territory he found the peasants engaged in their usual avocations; provisions of all sorts were offered to his army, the gates of the town were standing open; and as the legions defiled through the streets in all the panoply of war, the citizens within, like the countrymen without, were seen intent upon their daily business, the schools resounded with the hum of pupils, and not the slightest token of hostile preparation could be discerned. Then Camillus invited the Tusculan dictator to Rome. When he appeared before the senate in the Curia Hostilia, not only were the existing treaties with Tusculum confirmed, but the Roman franchise was shortly afterwards bestowed upon it, a privilege at that time rarely conferred." —*Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography.*

"In the times of the Latin League, from the fall of Alba to the battle of the Lake Regillus, Tusculum was the most prominent town in Latium. It suffered, like the other towns in Latium, a complete eclipse during the late Republic and the Imperial times; but in the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, under the Counts of Tusculum, it became again a place of great importance and power, no less than seven popes of the house of Tusculum having sat in the chair of S. Peter. The final destruction of the city is placed by Nibby, following the account given in the records of the Podestà of Reggio, in 1191, on the 1st of April, in which year the city was given up to the Romans by the Emperor Henry VI., and, after the withdrawal of the German garrison, was sacked and razed to the ground. Those of the inhabitants who escaped collected round the Church of S. Sebastian, at the foot of the hill, in the district called Frascati, whence the town of Frascati took its origin and name."—*Burn, The Roman Campagna.*

"We had wandered long among those hills,
Watching the white goats on precipitous heights,
Half-hid among the bushes, or their young
Tending new-yeaned: and we had paused to hear
The deep-toned music of the convent bells,
And wound through many a verdant forest path,
Gathering the crocus and anemone,
With that fresh gladness, which when flowers are new

In the first spring, they bring us, till at last
We issued out upon an eminence,
Commanding prospect large on every side;
But largest where the world's great city lay,
Whose features, undistinguishable now,
Allowed no recognition, save where the eye
Could mark the white front of the Lateran
Facing this way, or rested on the dome,
The broad stupendous dome, high over all.
And as a sea around an island's roots
Spreads, so the level champaign round the town
Stretched every way, a level plain, and green
With the new vegetation of the spring;
Nor by the summer ardours scorched as yet,
Which shot from southern suns, too soon dry up
The beauty and the freshness of the plains;
But to the right the ridge of Apennine,
Its higher farther summits all snow-crowned,
Rose, with white clouds above them, as might seem
Another range of more aërial hills.

These things were at a distance, but more near
And at our feet signs of the tide of life,
That once was here, and now had ebbed away—
Pavements entire, without one stone displaced,
Where yet there had not rolled a chariot-wheel
For many hundred years; rich cornices,
Elaborate friezes of rare workmanship,
And broken shafts of columns, that along
This highway side lay prone; vaults that were rooms,
And hollowed from the turf, and cased in stone,
Seats and gradations of a theatre,
Which emptied of its population now
Shall never be refilled: and all these things,
Memorials of the busy life of man,
Or of his ample means for pomp and pride,
Scattered among the solitary hills,
And lying open to the sun and showers,
And only visited at intervals
By wandering herds, or pilgrims like ourselves
From distant lands; with now no signs of life,
Save where the goldfinch built his shallow nest

'Mid the low bushes, or where timidly
The rapid lizard glanced between the stones—
All saying that the fashion of this world
Passes away; that not Philosophy
Nor Eloquence can guard their dearest haunts
From the rude touch of desecrating Time.
What marvel, when the very fanes of God,
The outward temples of the Holy One,
Claim no exemption from the general doom,
But lie in ruinous heaps; when nothing stands,
Nor may endure to the end, except alone
The spiritual temple built with living stones?"

Archbishop Trench.

Descending from the Arx, a path to the right leads through woods full of flowers to the *Camaldoli*, but nobody can pass the cross at the foot of the hill on which the convent stands, upon pain of excommunication. Here Cardinal Passionei lived in retirement, and occupied himself by collecting eight hundred inscriptions found amongst the ruins of Tusculum.

The whole of the inhabitants of the Camaldoli were carried off during an audacious outbreak of brigandage in the reign of Pius VII., but escaped during a skirmish with the Papal troops sent to their rescue. Since then the buildings have been surrounded with defensive walls with loopholes for the discharge of fire-arms. The aspect of the place is beautifully described by Cardinal Wiseman.

"The English college possesses a country house, deliciously situated in the village of Monte-Porzio. Like most villages in the Tusculan territory, this crowns a knoll, which in this instance looks as if it had been kneaded up from the valleys beneath it, so round, so shapely, so richly bosoming does it swell upwards; and so luxuriously clothed is it with the three gifts whereby 'men are multiplied' (Ps. iv. 8), that the village and its church seem not to sit upon a rocky summit, but to be half sunk into the lap of the olive, the vine, and the waving corn, that reach the very houses. While the entrance and front of this villa are

upon the regular streets of the little town, the garden side stands upon the very verge of the hill-top; and the view, after plunging at once to the depths of the valley, along which runs a shady road, rises up a gentle acclivity, vine and olive clad, above which is clasped a belt of stately chestnuts, the bread-tree of the Italian peasant, and thence springs a round craggy mound, looking stern and defiant, like what it was—the citadel of Tusculum. Upon its rocky front the English students have planted a huge cross.

"Such is the view which presents itself immediately opposite to the spectator, if leaning over the low parapet of the English garden. Just where the vineyards touch the woods, as if to adorn both, there lies nestling what you would take to be a very neat and regular village. A row of houses, equidistant and symmetrical, united by a continuous dwarf wall, and a church with its towers in the midst, all of dazzling whiteness, offer no other suggestion. The sight would certainly deceive one, but not so the ears. There is a bell that knows no sleeping. The peasant hears it as he rises at day-break to proceed to his early toil; the vine-dresser may direct every pause for refreshment by its unfailing regularity through the day; the horseman returning home at evening uncovers himself as it rings forth the 'Ave;' and the muleteer singing on the first of his string of mules, carrying wine to Rome, at midnight is glad to catch its solemn peal, as it mingles with the tinkle of his own drowsy bells. Such an unceasing call to prayer and praise can only be answered, not by monks nor by friars, but by anchorites.

"And to such does this sweet abode belong. A nearer approach does not belie the distant aspect. It is as neat, as regular, as clean, and tranquil as it looks. It is truly a village divided by streets, in each of which are rows of houses exactly symmetrical. A small sitting-room, a sleeping cell, a chapel completely fitted up, in case of illness, and a wood and lumber room, compose the cottage. This is approached by a garden, which the occupant tills, but only for flowers, assisted by his own fountain abundantly supplied. While singing None in the choir, the day's meal is deposited in a little locker within the door of the cell, for each one's solitary refection. On a few great festivals they dine together; but not even the Pope, at his frequent visits, has meat placed before him. Everything, as has been said, is scrupulously clean. The houses inside and out, the well-furnished library, the stranger's apartments (for hospitality is freely given), and still more the church, are faultless in this respect. And so are the venerable men who stand in the choir, and whose noble voices sustain the church's magnificent psalmody with unwavering slowness of intonation. They are clad in white from head to foot, their thick woollen drapery falling in large folds; and the shaven

head, but flowing beard, the calm features, the cast-down eyes, and often venerable aspect, make every one a picture, as solemn as Zurbaran ever painted, but without the sternness which he sometimes imparts to his recluses. They pass out of the church, to return home, all silent and unnoticing; but the guest-master will tell you who they are. I remember but a few. This is a native of Turin, who was a general in Napoleon's army, fought many battles, and has hung up his sword beside the altar, to take down in its place the sword of the Spirit, and fight the good fight within. The next is an eminent musician, who has discovered the hollowness of human applause, and has unstrung his earthly harp, and taken up the 'lyre of the Levite,' to join his strains to those of angels. Another comes 'curved like a bridge's arch,' as Dante says, and leaning on a younger arm, as he totters forward, one whose years are ninety, of which seventy have been spent in seclusion, except a few of dispersion, but in peace: for he refuses any relaxation from his duties. Then follows a fourth, belonging to one of the noblest Roman families, who yet prefers his cottage and his lentil to the palace and the banquet."—*Life of Pius VII.*

Below the Camaldoli we reach the gates of the *Villa Mondragone*, the Queen of Frascati villas. It belongs to the family of Borghese, but is used as a Jesuit College. The casino, built, from designs of Vansanzio, by Cardinal Altemps in the reign of Gregory XIII., is exceedingly magnificent, but still more so is the view from the vast and stately terrace in front, adorned with a grand fountain and tall columns.

"Imaginez-vous un château qui a trois cent soixante quatorze fenêtres, un château compliqué comme ceux d'Anne Radcliffe, un monde d'énigmes à débrouiller, un enchaînement de surprises, un rêve de Piranèse.

"Ce palais fut bâti au seizième siècle. On y entre par un vaste corps de logis, sorte de caserne destinée à la suite armée. Lorsque, plus tard, le pape Paul V. en fit une simple *villégiature*, il relia un des côtés de ce corps de garde au palais par une longue galérie, de plein-pied avec la cour intérieure, dont les arcades élègantes s'ouvraient, au couchant, sur un escarpement assez considerable, et laissent aujourd'hui passer le vent et la pluie. Les voûtes suintent, la fresque est devenue une croûte des stalactites bizarrées; des ronces et des orties poussent dans le pavé disjoint; les deux étages superposés au-dessus de cette galerie s'ecroulent tranquillement. Il n'y a plus de toiture; les entable-

ments du dernier étage se penchent et s'appaissent aux risques et périls des passants, quand passants il y a, autour de cette thébaïde.

"Cependant, la villa Mondragone, restée dans la famille Borghèse, à laquelle appartenait Paul V., était encore une demeure splendide, il y a une cinquantaine d'années, et elle revête aujourd'hui un caractère de désolation riante, tout à fait particulier à ces ruines prématurées. C'est durant nos guerres d'Italie, au commencement du siècle, que les Autrichiens l'ont ravagée, bombardée, et pillée. Il en est resulté ce qui arrive toujours en ce pays-ci après une secousse politique : le dégoût et l'abandon. Pourtant la majeure partie du corps de logis principal, la *parte-media*, est assez saine pour qu'en supprimant les dépendances inutiles, on puisse encore trouver de quoi restaurer une délicieuse *villégiature*." —*George Sand, La Daniella.*

Joining the grounds of the Mondragone are those of the *Villa Taverna*, built in the 16th century, from designs of Girolamo Rainaldi. It was much used, until the change of Government, as a summer residence by the Borgheses.

A beautiful road along the ridge of the hill-side leads back to Frascati, or we may go on to the right towards Colonna, about four miles distant.

Not far below the Villa Mondragone is the volcanic *Lake of Cornufelle.* There is no longer any water here, but its bed is a crater about half a mile in diameter, and is evidently the place described by Pliny, where there was a grove of beeches (probably horn-beams—*carpini*) dedicated to Diana, one of which was so much admired by Passienus, the orator and consul, that he used to embrace it, sleep under it, and pour wine upon it. This is the spot described in Macaulay's Lays, as that

"—where, by Lake Regillus,
Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum,
Was fought the glorious fight."

And Arnold says :—

"The lake of Regillus is now a small and weedy pool surrounded by

crater-like banks, and with much lava or basalt about it, situated at some height above the plain, on the right hand of the road as you descend from the high ground under La Colonna (Labicum), to the ordinary level of the Campagna, in going to Rome."—*Hist. of Rome*, i. 120.

"The Battle of the Lake Regillus, as described by Livy, is not an engagement between two armies: it is a conflict of heroes, like those in the *Iliad*. All the leaders encounter hand to hand; and by them the victory is thrown now into one scale, now into the other; while the troops fight without any effect. The dictator Postumius wounds King Tarquinius, who at the first onset advances to meet him. T. Æbutius, the master of the horse, wounds the Latin dictator: but he himself too is disabled, and forced to quit the field. Mamilius, only aroused by his hurt, leads the cohort of the Roman emigrants to the charge, and breaks the front lines of the enemy; this glory the Roman lays could not allow to any but fellow-citizens, under whatever banner they might be fighting. M. Valerius, surnamed Maximus, falls as he is checking their progress. Publius and Marcus, the sons of Publicola, meet their death in rescuing the body of their uncle, but the dictator with his cohort avenges them all, repulses the emigrants, and puts them to flight. In vain does Mamilius strive to retrieve the day: he is slain by T. Herminius, the comrade of Cocles. Herminius again is pierced through with a javelin, while stripping the Latin general of his arms. At length the Roman knights, fighting on foot before the standards, decided the victory: then they mounted their horses, and routed the yielding foe. During the battle the dictator had vowed a temple to the Dioscuri. Two gigantic youths on white horses were seen fighting in the van: and from its being said, immediately after the mention of the vow, that the dictator promised rewards to the first two who should scale the wall of the enemy's camp, I surmise that the poem related, nobody challenged these prizes, because the way for the legions had been opened by the Tyndarids. The pursuit was not yet over, when the two deities appeared at Rome, covered with dust and blood. They washed themselves and their arms in the fountain of Juturna beside the temple of Vesta, and announced the events of the day to the people assembled in the Comitium. On the other side of the fountain the promised temple was built. The print of a horse's hoof in the basalt on the field of battle remained to attest the presence of the heavenly combatants."—*Niebuhr's Hist. of Rome*, i. 557.

On the right is the hill of *Monte Porzio*, said to have derived its name from the Porcian Villa of Cato the younger. It is crowned by a large village, built by Gregory XIII.

(Buoncompagni), whose arms adorn its gateway. The church was consecrated by Cardinal York in 1766.

Beyond this, on the right, is *Monte Compatri*, a large village, cresting another hill, and belonging to the Borgheses. Further on is *Rocca Priora*, now identified with Corbio, the first place attacked by the Latin confederates in behalf of Tarquin, who, when they had expelled the garrison, hence ravaged all the surrounding country.

Rocca Priora stands high up on the *Monte Algido*, the second of the heights of which the Alban Hills are composed. On one of its peaks are remains which are referred to a temple of Diana mentioned by Horace.

> "Quæque Aventinum tenet Algidumque,
> Quindecim Diana preces virorum
> Curet."
>
> *Carm. Sæc.* 69.

The plain which separated the Mons Algidus from the heights near Tusculum was frequently a battle-field. In B.C. 458 Cincinnatus gained here his great victory over the Æquians under Clœlius Gracchus; and here, in B.C. 428, Postumius Tubertus conquered the combined armies of the Æquians and Volscians.

> "Scilicet hic olim Volscos Æquosque fugatos
> Viderat in campis, Algida terra, tuis."
>
> *Ovid. Fast.* vi. 721.

Horace mentions the cold climate of Algidus :—

> "Gelido prominet Algido."
>
> *Carm.* i. 21.
>
> 'Nivali pascitur Algido."
>
> iii. 23.

And its black woods :—

> "Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido."
>
> iv. 4.

Silius Italicus, however, speaks of the pleasures of a residence here :—

> " . . Nec amœna retentant
> Algida."
>
> xii. 536.

On the left we now reach an insulated hill crowned by the picturesque little mediæval town of *Colonna*, for seven centuries the stronghold of the great family of that name, but now belonging to Prince Rospigliosi.

Colonna occupies the site of Labicum, which, according to Virgil, existed before the foundation of Rome, for he represents its warriors as joining the army of Turnus :—

> " Auruncæque manus, Rutuli, veteresque Sicani,
> Et Sacranæ acies, et picti scuta Labici."
>
> *Æn.* vii. 795.

Hannibal approached Rome from hence :—

> "Jamque adeo est campos ingressus et arva Labici,
> Linquens Telegoni pulsatos ariete muros."
>
> *Sil. Ital.* xii. 534.

Silius alludes to the fertility of its lands :—

> ". . . atque habiles ad aratra Labici."
>
> viii. 368.

Through the Middle Ages, Colonna was the scene of endless sieges, and consequently perhaps suffered more than any other town in the neighbourhood of Rome.

"The private story of the Colonna and Ursini is an essential part of the annals of modern Rome. The name and arms of Colonna have been the theme of much doubtful etymology ; nor have the orators and antiquarians overlooked either Trajan's Pillar, or the columns of Hercules, or the pillar of Christ's flagellation, or the luminous column that guided the Israelites in the desert. Their first historical appearance in the year 1104, attests the power and antiquity, while it explains the simple meaning, of the name. By the usurpation of Cavi, the Colonna provoked the arms of Paschal II. ; but they law-

fully held, in the Campagna of Rome, the hereditary fiefs of Zagarolo and *Colonna;* and the latter of these towns was probably adorned with some lofty pillar, the relic of a villa or temple. They likewise possessed one moiety of the neighbouring city of Tusculum; a strong presumption of their descent from the counts of Tusculum, who in the 10th century were the tyrants of the apostolic see. According to their own and the public opinion, the primitive and remote source was derived from the banks of the Rhine; and the sovereigns of Germany were not ashamed of a real or fabulous affinity with a noble race, which in the revolutions of seven hundred years has been often illustrated by merit, and always by fortune. About the end of the 13th century, the most powerful branch was composed of an uncle and six brothers, all conspicuous in arms, or in the honours of the Church. Of these, Peter was elected senator of Rome, introduced to the Capitol in a triumphant car, and hailed in some vain acclamations with the title of Cæsar; while John and Stephen were declared Marquis of Ancona and Count of Romagna by Nicholas IV., a patron so partial to their family, that he has been delineated, in satirical portraits, imprisoned as it were in a hollow pillar. After his decease, their haughty behaviour provoked the displeasure of the most implacable of mankind. The two cardinals, the uncle and the nephew, denied the election of Boniface VIII.; and the Colonna were oppressed for a moment by his temporal and spiritual arms. He proclaimed a crusade against his personal enemies; their estates were confiscated; their fortresses on either side of the Tiber were besieged by the troops of S. Peter, and those of the rival nobles; and after the ruin of Palestrina or Præneste, their principal seat, the ground was marked with a plough-share, the emblem of perpetual desolation. Degraded, banished, proscribed, the six brothers, in disguise and danger, wandered over Europe without renouncing the hope of deliverance and revenge. In this double hope, the French court was their surest asylum; they prompted and directed the enterprise of Philip; and I should praise their magnanimity, had they respected the misfortune and courage of the captive tyrant. His civil acts were annulled by the Roman people, who restored the honours and possessions of the Colonna; and some estimate may be formed of their wealth by their losses, of their losses by the damages of one hundred thousand gold florins, which were granted them against the accomplices and heirs of the deceased pope. All the spiritual censures and disqualifications were abolished by his prudent successors; and the fortune of the house was more firmly established by this transient hurricane. The boldness of Sciarra Colonna was signalized in the captivity of Boniface, and long afterwards in the coronation of Lewis of Bavaria; and by

the gratitude of the Emperor the pillar in their arms was encircled with a royal crown. But the first of the family in fame and merit was the elder Stephen, whom Petrarch loved and esteemed as a hero superior to his own times, and not unworthy of ancient Rome. Persecution and exile displayed to the nations his abilities in peace and war; in his distress, he was an object, not of pity, but of reverence; the aspect of danger provoked him to avow his name and country: and when he was asked, 'Where is now your fortress?' he laid his hand on his heart, and answered, 'Here.' He supported with the same virtue the return of prosperity: and, till the ruin of his declining age, the ancestors, the character, and the children of Stephen Colonna, exalted his dignity in the Roman republic and at the court of Avignon."—*Gibbon's Roman Empire*, ch. lxix.

The ancient *Via Labicana*, now the high road to Naples by Valmontone, runs at the foot of the hill upon which Colonna is situated.

An excellent new road leads from Frascati to Palestrina, passing for the most part through the remains of the fine old chestnut forest, with which these mountain slopes were once covered. The road ascends first to Monte Porzio, which most picturesquely crowns an olive-clad hill with its gaily painted houses. Hence, by a beautiful terrace, with glorious views through the vineyards into the Sabina, we climb up to Monte Compatri, above which stands the great *Convent of S. Silvestro.* We are now high above Colonna, and Monte Porzio becomes very effective rising against the faint distances of the vast plain in which Rome is asleep. From Monte Compatri the new road descends, and falls into the high road from Rome before reaching the Villa Doria at S. Cesareo. On the left, Zagarolo is seen, in a striking position at the end of a ravine. We pass some Roman tombs hewn in the rocks of the hollow way; the

Via Prenestina with its ancient paving-blocks appears by the side of the road ; and, passing a great Casino called *Il Parco dei Barberini*, we reach the foot of the hill, up which Palestrina clambers, at the inn of S. Rocco.

CHAPTER V.

GROTTA FERRATA AND MARINO.

(This is a very pleasant excursion from Rome, and may be taken between two trains from the Frascati station; or, both Grotta Ferrata and Marino may be visited in driving from Frascati to Albano.)

THE great castellated monastery of Grotta Ferrata is only about two miles from Frascati on the slopes of the Alban hills. It is the only Basilian monastery in the Papal States, and its monks perform the service in Greek according to the Greek ritual. The story of its foundation is that of S. Nilus.

S. Nilus was a Calabrian Greek, born near Tarentum. He did not embrace a religious life till his old age, when his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, was dead, and then he became a Greek monk of the order of S. Basil, and soon was elected abbot of his convent. Driven by the Saracens from the east of Italy, he fled with his brotherhood to Monte Cassino, where the abbot received them kindly, and appointed them a residence in the neighbourhood. While he was here, Aloare, widow of Pandolfo, Prince of Capua, who had incited her two sons to the murder of their cousin, came to S. Nilus to beseech absolution for her crime. He refused, unless she would yield up one of her sons to

the family of the murdered man, but she could not make up her mind to the sacrifice, upon which S. Nilus denounced her sin as unforgiven and foretold her punishment. Shortly after, one of the princes was assassinated in a church by his brother, who was himself put to death by order of Hugh Capet, King of France.

S. Nilus next took up his abode at Rome in the convent of S. Alexis, where he wrought many miracles, among others the cure of an epileptic boy. Rome was at this time distracted with internal dissensions, and had been besieged by the Emperor Otho III., who had persuaded Crescentius, Consul of Rome, by his false promises, to deliver up S. Angelo, and had there murdered him; and, putting out the eyes of Pope John XVI., had set up Gregory V. in his place. S. Nilus alone ventured to oppose the marauders, rebuking them as the enemies of God, and writing to the Emperor, "Because ye have broken faith, and because ye have had no mercy for the vanquished, nor compassion for those who had no longer the power to injure or resist, know that God will avenge the cause of the oppressed, and ye shall both seek for mercy and shall not find it." He then fled to Gaeta, and afterwards to a cave at the spot now called Grotta Ferrata.

Two years after, Gregory V. died miserably, and Otho, on his knees at Grotta Ferrata, implored the intercession of Nilus, promising a rich endowment for his convent. But his offers were all sternly refused by the saint, who said with solemnity, that he asked nothing from him but that he would repent of his sins and save his own soul. A few weeks after, Otho was obliged to fly from the people, and was poisoned by the widow of Crescentius. Nilus had betaken himself in

1004 to the solitudes of Grotta Ferrata because of the certainty of canonization if he remained at Gaeta. Here, asleep in a grotto, he had a dream of the Virgin, who commanded him to build a church on that spot, placing a golden apple in the foundations, as a pledge of her protection. Nilus built the church, but first placed in the grotto, where he had received the mandate, a picture of the Virgin which he had brought with him from Gaeta, and guarded it with an iron railing, which gave it the name of Grotta Ferrata. S. Nilus died in the same year with Otho, commanding that his burial-place should be concealed, in order that no undue honours might be paid to his remains; but over the cavern where he had lived, his friend and successor Bartolomeo began to raise the church and castellated convent of Grotta Ferrata, in which, in memory of the Greek Nilus, the rule of S. Basil should always be followed, and mass celebrated in the Greek language. The Count of Tusculum protected the work, which rose rapidly, and the church was consecrated by John XIX., only twenty years after the death of its founder. Several of the popes resided here, especially the boy Pope Benedict IX. (nephew of the Count of Tusculum), who had resigned the honours of the Papacy, of which he was most unworthy, in 1033, at the entreaty of the first Abbot, S. Bartholomew. Pope Julius II. (Della Rovere) had been Abbot here, and began the buildings on which the Rovere oak may still be seen. He, the warlike Pope who commanded at the siege of Mirandola, built, as Abbot, the picturesque fortifications of the monastery. Benedict XIV. ordained that the Abbot, Prior, and Fathers of Grotta Ferrata should always celebrate in the Greek rite. The last Abbot Commendator was Cardinal Gonsalvi, who renounced the baronial juris-

diction which had hitherto belonged to the abbots in 1816.

Grotta Ferrata, at a distance, looks more like a castle than a monastery. It is surrounded by walls with heavy machicolations and low bastion towers. Within, the greater part of the two courts have been modernized, but the church retains its campanile of the tenth century. In the atrium is a black cross supposed to mark the exact height of our Saviour, and a model of the golden apple given by the Virgin to S. Nilus and buried in the foundations of the belfry. Over the western door (now enclosed) is the inscription :—

οἴκου Θεοῦ μέλλοντες εἰσβαίνειν πύλην
ἔξω γένοισθε τῆς μέθης τῶν φροντίδων
ἵν' εὐμενῶς εὕροιτε τὸν κριτὴν ἔσω.

[Ye who would enter here the house of God
Cast out the leaven of pride and worldly thought
That kindly ye may find the Judge within.]

Above, is a very interesting mosaic of 1005, representing the Saviour between the Virgin and S. J. Baptist, with a small standing figure supposed to represent the Abbot S. Bartholomew. The doors are beautifully carved. At the end of the right aisle is a curious piece of perforated carving found in the Campagna, and believed to have belonged to a screen between the nave and choir through which the voices of the monks could reach the congregation: it is inscribed with the names of the thirteen first abbots. At the end of the left aisle is the tomb of Pope Benedict IX., with the imperial eagle in mosaic, and above it two angels with torches in their hands. In the middle of the floor is an enormous dish of porphyry: it was broken by the French in their attempts to remove it. Over the entrance of the choir is a second mosaic, of the Twelve Apostles, with the

Saviour, typified by the Lamb, represented *below*, not *on* the throne. The high altar, decorated with two angels of the Bernini school, sustains a reliquary of bronze with agate pillars, which was intended for S. Peter's, but, being found too small, was given to Grotta Ferrata by Cardinal Barberini.

From the left aisle we enter the famous chapel of the first Abbot, S. Bartholomew. It is a parallelogram with a small dome over the east end. The wall on the left is occupied by the famous frescoes of S. Nilus praying before the crucifix; the visit of Otho III. to S. Nilus; and, in the choir, the healing of the demoniac by S. Nilus. The frescoes on the right represent Nilus and Bartholomew, who by their prayers avert a thunder-storm from the crops which husbandmen are gathering in; the building of the Monastery; and, in the choir, the vision of the Madonna who gives the golden apple. At the sides of the altar are: S. Eustace, because he was the protector of the Farnese family, and S. Edward, because of the name of the Cardinal who built the chapel. In the dome, beneath the figure of the Almighty, are the Roman saints, Agnese, Cecilia, and Francesca Romana. All the frescoes are by *Domenichino*. The altar-piece, representing Nilus and Bartholomew with the Virgin, is by *Ann. Caracci*. At the west end of the chapel is a curious urn used as a baptismal font.

"About the year 1610, when Cardinal Odoardo Farnese was Abbot of Grotta Ferrata, he undertook to rebuild a defaced and ruined chapel, which had in very ancient times been dedicated to the interesting Greek saints S. Adrian and his wife S. Natalia. The chapel was accordingly restored with great magnificence, rededicated to S. Nilus and his companion, S. Bartolomeo, who are regarded as the two first Abbots; and Domenichino, then in his twenty-eighth year, was employed to represent

on the wall some of the most striking incidents connected with the foundation of the monastery.

"The walls, in accordance with the architecture, are divided into compartments, varying in form and size. In the first large compartment, he has represented the visit of Otho III. to S. Nilus; a most dramatic composition, consisting of a vast number of figures. The Emperor has just alighted from his charger, and advances in a humble attitude to claim the benediction of the saint. The accessories in this grand picture are wonderful for splendour and variety, and painted with consummate skill. The whole strikes us like a well-got-up scene. The action of a spirited horse, and the two trumpeters behind, are among the most admired parts of the picture. It has always been asserted that these two trumpeters express, in the muscles of the face and throat, the quality of the sounds they give forth. This, when I read the description, appeared to me a piece of fanciful exaggeration; but it is literally true. If painting cannot imitate the power of sound, it has here suggested both its power and kind, so that we *seem* to hear. Among the figures is that of a young page, who holds the Emperor's horse, and wears over his light flowing hair a blue cap with a plume of white feathers; according to tradition, this is a portrait of a beautiful girl, with whom Domenichino fell violently in love while he was employed on the frescoes. Bellori tells us that, not only was the young painter rejected by the parents of the damsel, but that when the picture was uncovered and exhibited, and the face recognized as that of the young girl he had loved, he was obliged to fly from the vengeance of her relatives.

"The great composition on the opposite wall represents the building of the monastery after the death of S. Nilus by his disciple and coadjutor S. Bartolomeo. The master builder, or architect, presents the plan, which S. Bartolomeo examines through his spectacles. A number of masons and workmen are busied in various operations, and an antique sarcophagus, which was discovered in the foundation, and is now built into the wall of the church, is seen in one corner; in the background, is represented one of the legends of the locality. It is related that when the masons were raising a column, the ropes gave way, and the column would have fallen on the heads of the assistants, had not one of the monks, full of faith, sustained the column with his single strength.

"One of the lesser compartments represents another legend. The Madonna appears in a glorious vision to S. Nilus and S. Bartolomeo in this very Grotta Ferrata, and presents to them a golden apple, in testimony of her desire that a chapel should rise on this spot. The golden apple was reverently buried in the foundation of the belfry, as we now bury coins and medals when laying the foundation of a public edifice.

"Opposite is the fresco which ranks as one of the finest and most expressive of all Domenichino's compositions. A poor epileptic boy is brought to S. Nilus to be healed; the saint, after beseeching the Divine favour, dips his finger into the oil of a lamp burning before the altar, and with it anoints the mouth of the boy, who is instantly relieved from his malady. The incident is simply and admirably told, and the action of the boy, so painfully true, yet without distortion or exaggeration, has been, and I think with reason, preferred to the epileptic boy in Raphael's Transfiguration.

"In a high, narrow compartment, Domenichino has represented S. Nilus before a crucifix: the figure of our Saviour extends his arm in benediction over the kneeling saint, who seems to feel, rather than perceive, the miracle. This also is beautiful.

"S. Nilus having been a Greek monk, and the convent connected with the Greek order, we have the Greek fathers in their proper habits—venerable figures pourtrayed in niches round the cornice. The Greek saints, S. Adrian and S. Natalia; and the Roman saints, S. Agnes, S. Cecilia, and S. Francesca, are painted in medallions.

"A glance back at the history of S. Nilus and the origin of the chapel will show how significant, how appropriate, and how harmonious is this scheme of decoration in all its parts. I know not if the credit of the selection belongs to Domenichino; but, in point of vivacity of conception and brilliant execution, he never exceeded these frescoes in any of his subsequent works; and every visitor to Rome should make this famous chapel a part of his pilgrimage."—*Jameson's Monastic Orders*, p. 35.

Grotta Ferrata formerly possessed the finest Greek library in Italy, but its treasures were removed, partly to the Vatican by Sixtus V., and partly to the Barberini collection by Urban VIII.

In the Palace of the Abbots, in Jan. 1824, died Cardinal Gonsalvi, the famous minister and friend of Pius VII., having survived his master only five months. His body, being opened after death, in consequence of unfounded suspicions, proved that he died from entirely natural causes.

About $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Grotta Ferrata, on the way to

Albano, is the very picturesque mediæval town of *Marino*, which has been identified, from inscriptions which have been found there, as occupying the site of Castrimonium, a town fortified by Sylla, and which continued to be a "municipium" to the time of Antoninus Pius. As, in the Middle Ages, Colonna was a principal fortress of the family of that name, so Marino was the stronghold of the great rival family of the Orsini, from whom, however, it was wrested in the 14th century by the Colonnas, who built the walls which still remain.

Beyond the town is the beautiful glen called *Parco* Colonna, once the "Lucus Ferentinæ," which was the meeting-place of the Latin league after the destruction of Alba. A pleasant walk leads up the valley through the green wood fresh with rushing streams and carpeted with flowers, to a pool formed by several springs, with an old statue and remains of 17th-century grottoes. One of the small springs on the right is pointed out as the "Caput Aquæ Ferentinæ," where Turnus Herdonius of Aricia, who had inveighed against the pride of Tarquinius Superbus and warned his countrymen against placing any trust in him, having been accused of plotting the death of the King and condemned by the great council of the Latins, was drowned in the shallow water, being held down by a hurdle, upon which stones were piled.*

* *Livy*, i. 50—52.

CHAPTER VI.

VEII.

(An excursion should be made to Veii before the weather becomes too hot for enjoyment in walking about its steep ravines. A sunny day in February is the best time to choose.)

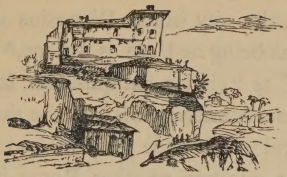
IT is a drive of about an hour and a half from Rome to Veii. At first we follow the Via Cassia, one of the three roads which led to Cisalpine Gaul, and which passed through the centre of Etruria: Cicero says—"Etruriam discriminat Cassia." It is now one of the pleasantest drives near the city, with its high upland views over the wide plains of the Campagna to the towns which sparkle in the sun under the rifted purple crags of the Sabina, or down bosky glades studded with old cork-trees, whose rich dark green forms a charming contrast to the burnt grass and poetic silvery thistles. Three miles from Rome, on a bank on the left of the road, is the fine sarcophagus adorned with griffins in low relief, which is popularly known as *Nero's tomb*, and is really that of Publius Vibius Marianus and his wife Reginia Maxima. Beyond this, on the right, is the castellated farm-house of *Buon-Ricovero*, picturesquely situated with pine trees upon a grassy knoll.

About 10 miles from Rome we reach the dismal post-house of *La Storta*, where, in *vetturino* days, horses were changed for the last time before reaching the city. Just beyond this the by-road to Veii turns off on the right. As we wind along the hill-sides, we see below us the picturesque little mediæval town of Isola Farnese.

"From La Storta it is a mile and a half to Isola by the carriage road; but the visitor, on horse or foot, may save half a mile by taking a pathway across the downs. When Isola Farnese comes into sight, let him halt awhile to admire the scene. A wide sweep of Campagna lies before him, in this part broken into ravines or narrow glens, which, by varying the lines of the landscape, redeem it from the monotony of a plain, and by patches of wood relieve it of its usual nakedness and sterility. On a steep cliff, about a mile distant, stands the village of Isola—a village in fact, but in appearance a large château, with a few out-houses around it. Behind it rises the long, swelling ground, which once bore the walls, temples, and palaces of Veii, but is now a bare down, partly fringed with wood, and without a single habitation on its surface. At a few miles distance rises the conical tufted hill of Musino, the supposed scene of ancient rites, the Eleusis, the Delphi, it may be, of Etruria. The eye is then caught by a tree-crested mound or tumulus, standing in the plain beyond the site of the city; then it stretches away to the triple paps of the Monticelli, and to Tivoli, gleaming from the dark slopes behind; and then it rises and scans the majestic chain of Apennines, bounding the horizon with their dark-grey masses, and rests with delight on La Leonessa and other well-known giants of the Sabine range, all capt with snow. Oh, the beauty of that range! From whatever part of the Campagna you view it, it presents those long, sweeping outlines, those grand, towering crests—not of Alpine abruptness, but consistently with the character of the land, preserving, even when soaring highest, the true Italian dignity and repose—the *otium cum dignitate* of Nature."
—*Dennis' Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria.*

The fortress, which clings more than half-dismantled to the crumbling tufa-rock, was built by the barons of the Middle Ages, was constantly taken and retaken in the Orsini and Colonna feuds, and was eventually ruined by Cæsar Borgia when he took it after a twelve days' siege.

Here we must leave our carriage and find and engage the



Isola Farnese.

custode who opens the painted tomb. A deep lane between high banks of tufa overhung by bay and ilex, leads into the ravine, where a brook called Fosso de' due Fossi (from the two little torrents, Storta and Pino, of which it is formed) tumbles over a steep rock into the chasm near an old mill, and rushes away down the glen to join the Crimera. The craggy hill-side is covered with luxuriant foliage, and snow-drifted with laurestinus-bloom in spring; the ground is carpeted with violets and blue and white wood-anemonies. Beyond the mill, where we cross the brook upon stepping-stones, a small gateway of mediæval times, opening upon a green lawn overhanging the chasm, with the castle of Isola crowning the opposite cliff, forms a subject dear to artists, and many are the picnics which meet on the turfy slope under the shade of the old cork-trees.

From hence we may begin our explorations of the ancient city, and if we are to visit all its principal remains, it is no short or easy excursion which we are going to undertake. The ruins are widely scattered, and the labyrinthine ravines formed by the windings of the Crimera and the Fosso de' due Fossi, which almost surround the city and meet beneath it, are so bewildering, that a guide is necessary. At first it

seems quite impossible that these woody valleys, which only echo now to the song of a thousand nightingales, can really have been Veii, the city which Dionysius underrates when he describes it as being as large as Athens,* which Eutropius (i. 20) writes of as "civitas antiquissima Italiæ atque ditissima," which was a flourishing State at the time of the foundation of Rome, and which once possessed so many attractions that it became a question whether Rome itself should not be abandoned for its sake.

"The city of Veii was not inferior to Rome itself in buildings, and possessed a large and fruitful territory, partly mountainous, and partly in the plain. The air was pure and healthy, the country being free from the vicinity of marshes, which produce a heavy atmosphere, and without any river which might render the morning air too rigid. Nevertheless there was abundance of water, not artificially conducted, but rising from natural springs, and good to drink."—*Dion.* xii. *frag.* 21.

Gradually, as we push through the brushwood, traces of the old walls may be discovered here and there, and of the nine gates to which from local circumstances topographers have assigned the imaginary names of Porta de' Sette Pagi, Porta dell' Arce, Porta Campana, Porta Fidenate, Porta di Pietra Pertusa, Porta dell' Are Muzie, Porta Capenate, Porta del Columbario, and Porta Sutrina.

A long walk through the woods leads to the *Porta Capenate*, which might easily pass unobserved, so slight are its remains. But beneath it is the most interesting spot in the whole circuit of the city, the *Ponte Sodo*, where the Crimera or Fosso di Formello, as it is called here, forces its way for 240 yards through a natural(?) tunnel over-grown with luxuriant bay and ilex. It is necessary to climb down

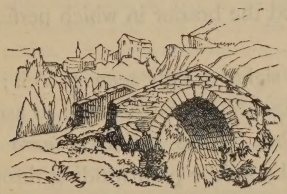
* The circuit of Veii was 43 stadia, that of Athens only 35.

to the level of the stream to enjoy the view through the dark recesses to the light beyond.

"It would be easy to pass the Ponte Sodo without observing it. It is called a bridge; but is a mere mass of rock bored for the passage of the stream. Whether wholly or but partly artificial may admit of dispute. It is, however, in all probability, an Etruscan excavation—a tunnel in the rock, two hundred and forty feet long, twelve or fifteen wide, and nearly twenty high. From above it is scarcely visible. You must view it from the banks of the stream. You at first suspect it to be of natural formation, yet there is a squareness and regularity about it which prove it artificial. The steep cliffs of tufa, yellow, grey, or white, overhung by ilex, ivy, and brushwood—the deep, dark-mouthed tunnel with a ray of sunshine, it may be, gleaming beyond—the masses of lichen-clad rock, which choke the stream, give it a charm apart from its antiquity."—*Dennis' Cities of Etruria.*

Near the Ponte Sodo are remains of an aqueduct of imperial times, confirming the opinion that Veii had a temporary revival during the reign of Tiberius, whose statue, with several inscriptions of his time, has been found here.

About a mile up the stream from this, passing the Roman



Ponte dell' Isola, Veii.

bridge called *Ponte Formello*, we reach the tall Etruscan bridge *Ponte dell' Isola*, which crosses the river with an arch twenty-two feet wide. About the same distance in the opposite direction, descending the river, the remains of a ruined *Columbarium* are seen in the grey rock on the opposite

bank, and a little further, on the slope of the hill-side called Poggio Reale, is the *Painted Tomb*.

Before the entrance of the tomb, which is sometimes known as the *Grotta Campana*, are the almost shapeless remains of the stone lions which once guarded it. The custode opens a door in the rock and admits one with lights to the interior of two low vaulted chambers hewn out of the tufa, and they are well worth seeing. On either side of the outer room are stone benches, on which, when the tomb was first opened, skeletons were seen lying, but crumbled away in a few minutes. With one of these, who had been a warrior, lay his breast-plate, helmet, and spear's-head, which still remain, and all around were the large earthen jars and vases which yet stand here. The walls are covered with fantastic paintings of figures, with horses, dogs, leopards, and other animals, all of rude execution, but still fresh in form and colour. The inner-chamber is surrounded by a shelf still laden with vases and curious little cinerary sarcophagi, and in its centre stood the brazier in which perfumes were burnt to purify the air.

These are the sights usually seen at Veii; but if possible another two hours should be devoted to ascending the hill of the *Arx*, called by the natives *Piazza d'Armi*, which may be reached by a little path winding through the brush-wood above the Columbarium. Of late years this has been decided to be the citadel of Veii, formerly supposed to have occupied the rock of Isola Farnese, which was separated from the rest of the city by a deep glen, so that, had it been the citadel, Camillus by its capture would not, as Livy tells us, have obtained immediate possession of the town.

These desolate heights, now overgrown with thorns and

thistles, amongst which fragments of precious marbles and alabasters may still be found in abundance, formed the citadel whose fourteen wars are matters of history, and which, having been successfully able to resist the whole forces of Rome during an eight years' siege, was at last only taken (A.C. 393) by a stratagem.

"It was a time of truce round the walls of Veii; and many who from living so near had known each other before the war, would often fall into discourse. In this manner the inhabitants heard of the prodigy of the (Alban) lake: and a soothsayer was impelled by destiny to scoff at the efforts of the Romans, the futility of which was foretold in the prophetic books. Some days after, a Roman centurion invited the soothsayer to come into the plain between the walls and the Roman trenches, to hear an account of a portent that had fallen out at his house, and to teach him in what way to appease the gods: the aruspex was seduced by the reward promised him, and incautiously let himself be led near the Roman lines. On a sudden the stout centurion seized the old man, and dragged him, an easy prey, into the camp. From hence he was carried to Rome before the senate; where he was forced by threats to speak the truth, and, loudly bewailing the destiny that had infatuated him to betray the secret of his nation, confessed that the Veientine books of fate announced that, so long as the lake kept on overflowing, Veii could not be taken, and that if the waters were to reach the sea, Rome would perish. Not long afterwards the ambassadors returned from Delphi, and brought an answer to a like effect: whereupon the tunnel was begun, in order that the lake might cease to overflow, and that the water drawn from it might be spread through the fields in ditches. This work was carried on unremittingly; and the Veientines learnt that the fatal consummation, on which their ruin hung, was at hand. They sent an embassy to implore forbearance; but they found no compassion. The chief of the envoys, before they quitted the senate-house with the unrelenting answer, warned the Romans once more of the penalty that would inevitably await them: for, as certainly as Veii was now doomed to fall, so surely did the same oracles foretell, that, soon after the fall of Veii, Rome would be taken by the Gauls. Nobody listened to him.

"Camillus was already commanding as dictator before the city, and was unsuspectedly executing the work which opened the way for its destruction. The Romans seemed to be standing quietly at their posts, as if

they were waiting the slow issue of a blockade which could not be forced. But the army was divided into six bands; and these, relieving one another every six hours, were labouring incessantly in digging a mine, which was to lead into the citadel of Veii, and there to open into the temple of Juno.

"Before the assault was made, the dictator inquired of the senate, what was to be done with the spoil. Appius Claudius, the grandson of the decemvir, advised selling it for the benefit of the treasury, that it might supply pay for the army without need of a property-tax. This was opposed by P. Licinius, the most eminent among the plebeian military tribunes: he even declared it would be unfair if none but the soldiers then on the spot were to have a share in the booty, for which every citizen had made some sacrifice or other. Notice, he said, ought to be given, for all who wished to partake in it to proceed to the camp. This was decreed; and old and young flocked toward the devoted city. Hereupon, as soon as the water was dispersed over the fields, and the passage into the citadel finished, Camillus made a vow to Matuta, a goddess highly revered on the adjacent Tyrrhenian coast, and addressed prayers to Juno, whose temple covered the way destined to lead the Romans into the city, with promises that she should receive higher honours than ever. Nor were his adjurations fruitless. To the Pythian Apollo, whose oracle, when it encouraged the Romans to put faith in the words of the aruspex, demanded an offering for Delphi, he vowed a tenth of the spoil. Then, at the appointed hour, the passage was filled with cohorts: Camillus himself led the way. Meanwhile the horns blew the signal for the assault; and the countless host brought scaling ladders, as if they meant to mount the walls from every side. Here the citizens stood expecting the enemy, while their king was sacrificing in the temple of Juno. The aruspex, when he saw the victim, declared that whoever brought the goddess her share of the slaughtered animal would conquer. This was heard by the Romans underground. They burst forth and seized the flesh; and Camillus offered it up. From the citadel they rushed irresistibly through the city, and opened the nearest gates to the assailants.

"The incredible amount of the spoil even surpassed the expectations of the conquerors. The whole was given to the army, except the captives who had been spared in the massacre, before the unarmed had their lives granted to them, and who were sold on account of the state. All objects of human property had already been removed from the empty walls: the ornaments and statues of the gods alone were yet untouched. Juno had accepted the vow of a temple on the Aventine. But every one trembled to touch her image; for, according to the Etruscan re-

ligion, none but a priest of a certain house might do so without fear of death. A body of chosen knights, who took courage to venture upon removing it from its place, proceeded to the temple in white robes, and asked the goddess whether she consented to go to Rome. They heard her voice pronounce her assent; and the statue of its own accord followed those who were leading it forth.

"While Camillus was looking down from this temple on the magnificence of the captured city, the immense wealth of which the spoilers were amassing, he called to mind the threats of the Veientines, and that the gods were wont to regard excessive prosperity with displeasure; and he prayed to the mighty queen of heaven to let the calamity that was to expiate it be such as the republic and he himself could support. When after ending his prayer he turned round to the right, with his head veiled according to custom, his foot stumbled, and he fell. It seemed as if the goddess had graciously appeased destiny with this mishap: and Camillus, forgetting the foreboding which had warned him, provoked the angry powers by the unexampled pomp and pride of his triumph. Jupiter and Sol saw him drive up with their own team of white horses to the Capitol. For this arrogance he atoned by a sentence of condemnation, Rome by her destruction."—*Niebuhr's Hist. of Rome*, ii. 476.

From this time, with the exception of a brief revival under the Empire, the site of Veii has been utterly desolate. In 117 Florus (in allusion to the Etruscan city) wrote, "Who knows the situation of Veii? It is only to be found in our annals."

> . . . "Tarpeia sede perusta
> Gallorum facibus, Veiosque habitante Camillo,
> Illic Roma fuit."
>
> *Lucan.* v. 27.

> . . . "Tunc omne Latinum
> Fabula nomen erit; Gabios, Veiosque, Coramque
> Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare ruinæ."
>
> *Id.* vii. 392.

There are many other points which may be visited in or near the circle of the ancient city. Such is the *Scaletta*, a staircase of uncemented blocks of masonry near the Porta Fidenate, which attracted much attention twenty years ago,

but is now greatly mutilated; and most especially the *Arco di Pino*, a very picturesque arch in the tufa, whether natural or artificial is unknown, on the east of the city near the large tumulus called *La Vaccareccia.** Many other remains are doubtless still waiting to be discovered, but the place has never been fully investigated. None of the dangers now await travellers which are described by Mrs Hamilton Gray.

"Isola is a sweet quiet-looking hamlet, but about three weeks after our visit forty of the inhabitants were taken up as leagued banditti, and brought to Rome. The master of the inn was one of their leaders, and said at times to have given his guests human flesh to eat—detected by a young surgeon, who found a finger in his plate."—*Sepulchres of Etruria.*

The rock of Isola itself is perforated with tombs, and was probably the necropolis of the city.

"Such, then, is Veii—once the most powerful, the most wealthy city of Etruria, renowned for its beauty, its arts, and refinement, which in size equalled Athens and Rome, in military force was not inferior to the latter, and which for its size, strong by nature and almost impregnable by art, and for the magnificence of its buildings and the superior extent and fertility of its territory, was preferred by the Romans to the Eternal City itself, even before the destruction of the latter by the Gauls,—now void and desolate, without one house or inhabitant, its temples and palaces level with the dust, and nothing beyond a few fragments of walls, and some empty sepulchres, remaining to tell the traveller that here Veii was. The plough passes over its bosom, and the shepherd pastures his flock on the waste within it. Such must it have been in the earlier years of Augustus, for Propertius pictures a similar scene of decay and desolation.

'Et Veii veteres, et vos tum regna fuistis;
Et vestro posita est aurea sella foro;
Nunc intra muros pastoris buccina lenti
Cantat, et in vestris ossibus arva metunt.'

* Those who ride may visit this on the way to or from Rome.

"Veii, thou hadst a royal crown of old,
And in thy forum stood a throne of gold!—
Thy walls now echo but the shepherd's horn,
And o'er thine ashes waves the summer corn.'

How are we to account for this neglect? The city was certainly not destroyed by Camillus, for the superior magnificence of its public and private buildings were temptations to the Romans to desert the Seven Hills. But after the destruction of Rome by the Gauls Veii was abandoned, in consequence of the decree of the senate threatening with the severest punishment the Roman citizens who should remain within its walls; and Niebuhr's conjecture is not perhaps incorrect, that it was demolished to supply materials for the rebuilding of Rome, though the distance would preclude the transport of more than the architectural ornaments. Its desolation must have been owing either to the policy of Rome which proscribed its habitation, or to *malaria;* otherwise a city which presented so many advantages as almost to have tempted the Romans to desert the hearths and the sepulchres of their fathers would scarcely have been suffered to fall into utter decay, and remain so for nearly four centuries."—*Dennis.*

A leading feature in all the views from Veii, is the conical hill called *Monte Musino*, six miles distant. This curious place may be reached by following the Via Cassia as far as the posthouse of *Baccano*, the ancient "Ad Baccanas," 18 miles from Rome. It is situated in the crater of a volcano, afterwards a lake, which was drained in very early times. Two miles further north lies *Campagnano*, a village with a few insignificant Etruscan and Roman remains. Hence a path runs eastward for five miles to *Scrofano*, which has many Etruscan tombs and lies at the foot of Monte Musino, which is most easily ascended from thence. The hill is conical, and is cut into a series of artificial terraces whose origin cannot be satisfactorily explained, unless this is the "Oscum" mentioned by Festus, the sacred country retreat of the Roman augurs. Near the summit is a cave. The whole is crested by a wood which has been preserved intact

by the superstition of the inhabitants of Scrofano, who believe that the felling of the trees would be followed by the death of the head of each family. On the top of the hill a treasure is supposed to be buried, and protected by demons, who would arouse a tempest, were any attempt made to discover it. The view is very striking.

Twenty-two miles from Rome on the Via Cassia is the large inn of *Le Sette Vene*, near which there is a small Etruscan bridge in good preservation.

CHAPTER VII.

GALERA AND BRACCIANO.

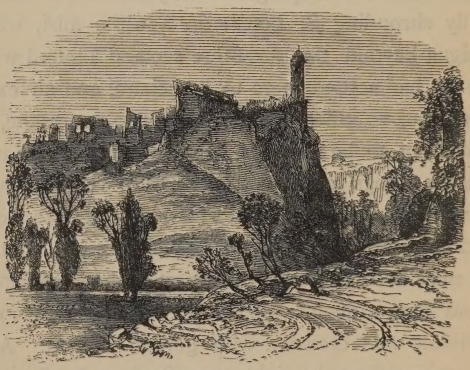
(There is a public conveyance daily from Rome to Bracciano, which toils along the road in five hours. Two good horses will take a light carriage containing four persons thither in three hours. Though it is *said* to be 26 miles distant, Bracciano is within an easy day's excursion from Rome. There are two tolerably decent inns at Bracciano, which has a population of above 2000.)

STORMS were sweeping over the Janiculan, and occasionally shrouding S. Peter's in a white mist, while the Campagna beyond the Aventine seemed blotted with ink, but as we had settled to go to Bracciano, and an excursion of more than 20 miles is very difficult to re-arrange, we determined not to be deterred by weather, and, as usual in such cases, things turned out better than we anticipated.

It was again the Via Cassia, which had led us to Veii; but, beyond La Storta, the road to Bracciano turns to the left, over a most dreary thistle-grown part of the Campagna, with here and there a deep cutting in the tufa, and banks covered with violets and crowned with golden genista. A bridle road, turning off on the right, one mile from La Storta, leads to the picturesque and lonely convent of *La Madonna del Sorbo* (about seven or eight miles distant), founded in 1400 by the Orsini.

On the main road there is little interest, till the tiny rivulet Arrone, an outlet of the lake of Bracciano, crosses the road, and tumbles in a waterfall over a cliff into one of those deep glens which suggest the sites of so many Etruscan cities, and which here encircles that of the forgotten Etruscan fortress of Galeria, afterwards occupied by the mediæval town of *Galera.* Those who pass along the high road catch glimpses of its tall tower and ivy-grown walls, but they must cross the fields, and descend into its ravine (leaving their carriage at the farm-house called Santa Maria di Galera) to realize that the whole place is absolutely deserted except by bats and serpents, and that it is one of the most striking of "the lost cities of the Campagna."

The situation is wonderfully picturesque, the walls rising from the very edge of a steep lava precipice, round which



Galera.

the beautiful Arrone circles and sparkles through the trees, and unites itself to another little stream, the Fosso, just be-

low the citadel. In the eleventh century Galera belonged to the Counts Tosco, troublesome barons of the Campagna, against whom in 1058 Pope Benedict X. called in the assistance of the Normans, who were only too happy to ravage and plunder the town. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the place became an important stronghold of the Orsini, who held it by tenure of an annual payment of three pounds of wax to the Pope. Their arms are over the gateway, and they built the tall handsome tower of the church, which was dedicated to S. Nicholas; but they were unable to defend the town against their deadly enemies the Colonnas, who took it and utterly sacked it in July, 1485. The last historical association of the place is that Charles V. slept there, the day he left Rome, April 18, 1536.

Only a short time ago Galera had ninety inhabitants. Now

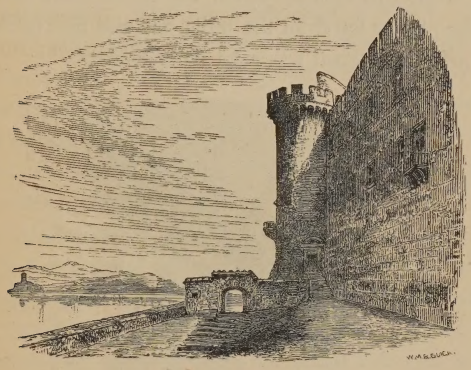
Castle of Galera.

it has none. There is no one to live in the houses, no one to pray in the church. Malaria reigns triumphant here,

and keeps all human creatures at bay. Even the shepherd who comes down in the day to watch the goats who are scrambling about the broken walls, would pay with his life for passing the night here. It is a bewitched solitude, with the ghosts of the past in full possession. All is fast decaying: the town walls, some of which date from the eleventh century, are sliding over into the thickets of brambles. Above them rise the remains of the fine old Orsini castle, from which there is an unspeakably desolate view, the effect of the scene being enhanced by the knowledge that the strength of Galera has fallen beneath no human foe, but that a more powerful and invincible enemy has been found in the mysterious "scourge of the Campagna." The only bright point about the ruins is the old washing-place of the town in the glen, where the waters of the Arrone, ever bright and sparkling, are drawn off into stone basons overhung with fern and creepers.

Beyond Galera, leaving the Convent of Santa Maria in Celsano to the east, the road to Bracciano enters a more fertile district. On the left is passed a marsh, once a lake, called the *Lago Morto*. Green corn now covers the hill-sides, and here and there is an olive garden. Soon, upon the right, the beautiful *Lake of Bracciano*, 20 miles in circumference, and six miles across in its widest part, is seen sleeping in its still bason surrounded by green wooded hills. Then the huge Castle of the Odescalchi, built of black lava, and fringed by deeply-machicolated towers, rises before us, crowning the yellow lichen-gilded roofs of the town. We rattle into the ill-paved street, and, between the dull white-washed houses, we see the huge towers frowning down upon us. At last the carriage can go no further and stops

in a little piazza. The steep ascent to the fortress can only be surmounted on mule-back or on foot, and is cut out of the solid rock. On and in this rock the castle was built by the Orsini in the fifteenth century, just after their normal enemies, the Colonnas, had destroyed a former fortress of theirs. So they were determined to make it strong enough. As we enter beneath the gateway surmounted by the arms of the Orsini, we see that the rock still forms the pavement, and reaches half-way up the walls around us. The rest of these grim walls is of black lava, plundered, it is said, from the paving-blocks of the Via Cassia. Gloomy passages, also cut out of the solid rocks, lead into profundities suggestive

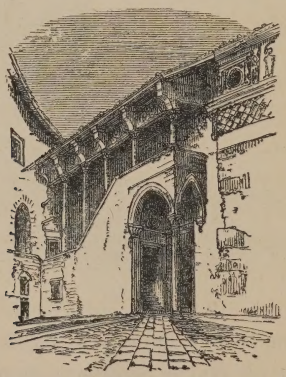


Bracciano.

of the most romantic adventures and escapes. One does not wonder that Sir Walter Scott was more anxious to see Bracciano than anything else in Italy, and set off thither almost immediately after his arrival in Rome.

The inner court of the castle is much more cheerful. It

has a gothic loggia and a curious outside staircase, at once descending and ascending, and adorned with frescoes. As we were sitting here to draw, the old housekeeper came out to welcome us. She had been the German nurse of the young Prince Odescalchi, to whom the castle now belongs ; we brought her a letter from the Princess-mother, and she was delighted to have the break in the monotony of her life. She had "told the Princess she wished for repose — she wished to have time to think in her old age—and here she found it, but sometimes the repose was almost too much. The wind whistled through the long galleries louder than was pleasant, when there was no voice to enliven it ; and last week in the earthquake—when the castle went crick-crack, and the plaster fell from the walls, and the tiles rattled upon the roof—oh, then it was roba da spaventare."



Castle Court. Bracciano.

Of the few mediæval castles in Italy which are still inhabited Bracciano is one of the largest. The Odescalchi

family still occasionally come here in summer, when the vast chambers must be delightfully cool, and the views over lake and town and mountains most enjoyable. On the upper floor is the Hall of Justice, where the Orsini barons, who had the right of appointing magistrates, and being judges in their own persons, used for several centuries to sit in judgment upon their dependants. The Great Hall on the ground floor has some rapidly-vanishing frescoes of Zucchero, and looks like a place where ten thousand ghosts might hold carnival, only perhaps their revels would be hindered by the tiny chapel which opens out of it. In the living apartments are some fine old chairs and carved modern furniture, splendid beds and wardrobes, and infinitesimal washing-apparatus. One room has family portraits from old times down to the present possessors. These are very proud of their home, though they are not often here. Some years ago, poverty obliged them to sell their castle, but they did so with aching hearts, and when it was bought by Prince Torlonia, a reservation was made, that if the wheel of their fortunes should revolve within a limited space of years, they should be allowed to buy it back again at the same price which he had given. Torlonia felt secure, spent much time and money at Bracciano, and was devoted to his new purchase. As the time was drawing to a conclusion, all doubt as to the future vanished from his mind, but, just in time, the fortune of the Princess-mother Odescalchi enabled the family to redeem their pledge, and the former possessors returned, to their own triumph and the delight of the inhabitants. The Princess Odescalchi, whose fortune redeemed Bracciano, is almost a historical character in Rome. She has been one of the strongest supporters of the Pope,

which is not unnatural, for in a great illness, the physicians had given up her case as hopeless, and declared that nothing short of a miracle could save her. At this juncture, when all her family were assembled to see her die, the Pope, from the Vatican, sent her his absolution and blessing, and with it a very tiny loaf of bread—"panetella,"* which he desired her to swallow, — he had prayed over it and blessed it, and perhaps it would save her life. She *did* swallow it, recovered, and the next day went in person to the Vatican to return thanks to the Holy Father!

But it was only in the last century that the Odescalchi purchased Bracciano from the Orsini, who were then beginning to fall into decadence, after a splendid historical career of more than six hundred years. Pope Celestin III. (1191—98) was an Orsini, and Pope Nicholas III. (1277—81), whom Dante sees in hell, among the Simonists.

> "Sappi ch'io fui vestito del gran manto.
> E veramente fui figliuol dell' Orsa
> Cupido sì per avanzar gli Orsatti,
> Che su l'avere, e qui me misi in borsa."
>
> *Inferno*, xix.

But having bestowed two popes upon the Church is the least of the glories of the Orsini, and it is their ceaseless contests with the Colonnas, in which they were alternately victorious and defeated, which gives them their chief historical consequence.

> "*Orsi*, lupi, leone, aquile e serpi
> Ad una gran marmorea *Colonna*
> Fanno noja sovente e à se danno."
>
> *Petrarca, Canz.* vi.

* "Panetelle di San Nicolo" are still eaten by the lower classes in and near Rome on the festival of that popular saint—the Bishop of Myra—"per divozione," in remembrance of the little loaves of this kind which he used to distribute to the poor.

"The Ursini migrated from Spoleto: the sons of Ursus, as they are styled in the twelfth century, from some eminent person, who is only known as the father of their race. But they were soon distinguished among the nobles of Rome, by the number and bravery of their kinsmen, the strength of their towers, the honours of the senate and sacred college, and the elevation of two popes, Celestin III. and Nicholas III., of their name and lineage. Their riches may be accused as an early abuse of nepotism; the estates of S. Peter were alienated in their favour by the liberal Celestin; and Nicholas was ambitious for their sakes to solicit the alliance of monarchs; to found new kingdoms in Lombardy and Tuscany; and to invest them with the perpetual office of senators of Rome. All that has been observed of the greatness of the Colonna, will likewise redound to the glory of the Ursini, their constant and equal antagonists in the long hereditary feud, which distracted above two hundred and fifty years the ecclesiastical state. The jealousy of pre-eminence and power was the true ground of their quarrel; but as a specious badge of distinction, the Colonna embraced the name of Ghibellines and the party of the Empire; the Ursini espoused the title of Guelphs and the cause of the Church. The eagle and the keys were displayed in their adverse banners; and the two factions of Italy most furiously raged when the origin and nature of the dispute were long since forgotten. After the retreat of the popes to Avignon, they disputed in arms the vacant republic; and the mischiefs of discord were perpetuated by the wretched compromise of electing each year two rival senators. By their private hostilities, the city and country were desolated, and the fluctuating balance inclined with their alternate success. But none of either family had fallen by the sword, till the most renowned champion of the Ursini was surprised and slain by the younger Stephen Colonna. His triumph is stained with the reproach of violating the truce; their defeat was basely avenged by the assassination, before the church door, of an innocent boy and his two servants. Yet the victorious Colonna, with an annual colleague, was declared senator of Rome during the term of five years. And the muse of Petrarch inspired a wish, a hope, a prediction, that the generous youth, the son of his venerable hero, would restore Rome and Italy to their pristine glory; that his justice would extirpate the wolves and lions, the serpents and *bears*, who laboured to subvert the eternal basis of the marble *Column*."—*Gibbon's Roman Empire*, ch. lxix.

——"genuit quem nobilis Ursæ
Progenies, Romana domus, veterataque magnis
Fascibus in clero, pompasque experta senatûs,
Bellorumque manu grandi stipata parentum

Cardineos apices, necnon fastigia dudum
Papatûs *iterata* tenens."

Cardinal St. George on Celestin V.

The broad terrace immediately under the castle looks down upon the great Lake of Bracciano, which in ancient times was called the Lacus Sabatinus, and is mentioned by Festus. Near the site of Bracciano, says tradition, stood the city of Sabate, which was overwhelmed by the lake long ago, though its houses, its temples, and statues, may still be seen, on a clear day, standing intact beneath the glassy waters. The silvery expanse is backed by distant snow mountains, and here and there a little feudal town crowns the hill-sides or stands on the shore and is reflected in the lake. *Oriolo* has a villa of the Altieri, and its church-porch bears an inscription, which shows that it occupies the site of Pausilypon, built by Metia, wife of Titus Metius Herdonius. *Vicarello* (from Vicus Aureliæ) has the ruins of a Roman villa, and is still celebrated for the baths so useful in cutaneous disorders, which were well known in old times as Aquæ Aureliæ. Many curious Roman coins and vases have been found there. Beyond Vicarello is *Trevignano*, another Orsini stronghold, picturesquely crowned by their old castle. Lastly we must notice *Anguillara*, with a fine machicolated castle, bearing the celebrated 'crossed eels' of the famous Counts of Anguillara, of whom were Pandolfo d'Anguillara who built the church of S. Francesco a Ripa at Rome, Everso d'Anguillara, celebrated as a robber chief of the fifteenth century, and Orso d'Anguillara, the senator who crowned Petrarch upon the Capitol, and lived in the old palace which still remains in the Trastevere. Their country castle, which successfully withstood a siege from the Duke of Calabria in

1486, overhangs the quiet lake, which indeed at one time bore its name, and the town, which is 20 miles from Rome, is well worth visiting, by a road which turns off on the right not far from Galera.

As we stood on the terrace, looking down upon all these historical scenes, the violet sky suddenly opened, a rainbow arched across the expanse of waters, and rays of light flitting along the green encircling slopes, lit up one old fortress after another, as with a golden glory, which lasted for an instant, and faded again into the purple mist. It was a beautiful effort of Nature, cheering the monotony of a cloudy, misty day.

CHAPTER VIII.

GABII AND ZAGAROLO.

(Gabii, 11 miles from Rome, is a pleasant short-day's excursion in a carriage (which, with two horses, ought not to cost more than 15 francs). On horseback Gabii, Collatia, and Lunghezza, may be visited in the same day.)

THE road which leads to Gabii is the *Via Prænestina*, sometimes called *Via Gabina*, which emerges from the Porta Maggiore, and turns to the left (the central road of three). On the left, about half a mile from the walls, we pass a tomb said to be that of T. Quintus Atta, A.U.C. 678. Then, crossing a small streamlet in a hollow, believed to be the *Aqua Bollicante*, which marked the limits of ancient Rome, where the Arvales sang their hymn, we reach the ruins of the *Torre degli Schiavi*, the villa and temple of the Gordian Emperors (see *Walks in Rome*, ii. 133), which, in their richness of colour, backed by the lovely mountains of the Sabina, present one of the most beautiful scenes in the whole Campagna.

At the foot of the little hill upon which the ruins stand, the road to Lunghezza turns off on the left. The Campagna now becomes excessively wild and open. Here and there a tomb or a tower breaks the wide expanse. Far on the left is the great castle of Cervaretto, and beyond it Cervara and

Rustica; further still is the Tor dei Pazzi. To the left the valley is seen opening towards the Hernican and Volscian hills, between the great historic sites of Præneste and Colonna. All is most beautiful, yet unutterably desolate :—

> "The very sepulchres lie tenantless
> Of their heroic dwellers."

Now, on the left, rises, on a broad square basement, the fine tower called *Tor Tre Teste*, from the three heads (from a tomb) built into its walls. Beyond, also on the left, is the *Tor Sapienza*.

The eighth mile from Rome is interesting as the spot where Roman legend, as narrated by Livy (v. 49), tells that Camillus overtook the army of the Gauls laden with the spoils of Rome, and defeated them so totally, that he left not a single man alive to carry the news home to their countrymen.

"Among the fictions attached to Roman history, this was one of the first to be rejected."—*Niebuhr.*

"Such a falsification, scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of any other people, justifies the strongest suspicion of all those accounts of victories and triumphs which appears to rest in any degree on the authority of the family memorials of the Roman aristocracy."—*Arnold.*

At the ninth mile the road passes over the magnificent viaduct called *Pontenona*, consisting of seven arches, built of the gloomy stone called "lapis gabinus." The pavement of the bridge, and even part of the parapet, exist, showing what it was when entire.

"C'est certainement à la plus belle époque de l'architecture republicaine qu'appartient le pont de Nona, sur la voie Prenestine, probablement à l'époque du Tabularium, c'est à dire au temps de Sylla. Il est bati en peperin dont les blocs ont quelquefois dix ou douze pieds de longueur ; au-dessous des arches, qui ont de dix-huit à vingt-quatre pieds de hauteur, est un pont beaucoup plus petit, qui a précédé l'autre. Ce

petit pont primitif était sans doute l'œuvre des habitants du lieu et leur suffisait ; mais Rome est venue ; elle a élevé le niveau du pont jusqu'au niveau de la voute, à laquelle il était lié, et a laissé subsister à ses pieds son humble prédécesseur comme pour servir à mesurer sa grandeur par le contraste."—*Ampère*, iv. 71.

More and more desolate becomes the country, till at the Osteria del Osa, 11 miles from Rome, the road to Gabii, now exceedingly rough for carriages, leaves the Via Prænestina to the right, and, skirting the edge of the crater-lake of Gabii, now almost dried up, reaches the few huts which mark the site of the town, and a low massive ruin, which might easily pass overlooked, but which is no less than a fragment—the *cella*—of the famous *Temple of Juno*, celebrated by Virgil :—

". . . . . quique arva Gabinæ
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt."

Æn. vii. 682.

and by Silius Italicus ;

". . . . nec amœna retentant
Algida, nec juxta Junonis tecta Gabinæ."

xii. 5, 36.

"The temple (the cell of which remains almost entire, but rent in certain parts apparently by lightning) is built of rectangular blocks of peperino. It has the same aspect as that of Diana at Aricia ; that is, the wall of the posticum is prolonged beyond the cella, to the width of the portico on each side :

'Columnis adjectis dextrâ et sinistrâ ad humeros pronäi.'

Vitruvius.

The number of columns could scarcely be less than six in front ; those of the flanks have not been decided. The columns were fluted, and of peperino, like the rest of the building ; but it might perhaps be hazardous to assign them to a very remote period. The pavement is a mosaic of large white tesseræ."—*Sir W. Gell.*

"The form of this temple was almost identical with that at Aricia. The interior of the cella was twenty-seven feet wide, and forty-five feet

long. It had columns of the Doric order in front and at the sides, but none at the back. The surrounding area was about fifty-four feet at the sides, but in front a space of only eight feet was left open, in consequence of the position of the theatre, which abutted closely upon the temple. On the eastern side of the cella are traces of the rooms in which the priests in charge of the temple lived."—*Burn, The Roman Campagna.*

From the temple we look across the grey-green crater of the lake—which has lately been drained by Prince Torlonia, to whom it belongs, to the great destruction of its beauty, and the improvement of his property—to the mediæval tower of *Castiglione* (which is mentioned in a deed of 1225) occupying the highest part of the ridge, and marking the site of the citadel of Gabii. Slight remains of wall exist near the tower, and small fragments of ruins with scattered pieces of marble may be found all along the ridge. Near the temple remains of semi-circular seats, perhaps indicating a *Theatre*, have been discovered, and nearer the high-road it has become possible to trace the plan of the *Forum*, a work of imperial times, surrounded on three sides by porticoes, and adorned with statues.

These fragments, ill-defined and scattered at long intervals in the corn or rank weeds with which the Campagna is overgrown, are all that remains of Gabii.

Virgil and Dionysius say that Gabii was a Latin colony of Alba. Solinus asserts that it was founded by two Siculian brothers Galatios and Bios, from whose united names that of the city was formed. Dionysius says that it was one of the largest and most populous of Latin cities. It seems to have been the university of Latium, and Plutarch and Strabo narrate that Romulus and Remus were sent there to learn Greek and the use of arms. In the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, Gabii gave refuge to exiles from Rome

and other cities of Latium, and so aroused the hostility of the King.

"Ultima Tarquinius Romanæ gentis habebat
Regna; vir injustus, fortis ad arma tamen.
Ceperat hic alias, alias everterat urbes;
Et Gabios turpi fecerat arte suos."

Ovid. Fast. ii. 687.

"The primeval greatness of Gabii is still apparent in the walls of the cell of the temple of Juno. Dionysius saw it yet more conspicuous in the ruins of the extensive walls, by which the city, standing in the plain, had been surrounded, and which had been demolished by a destroying conqueror, as well as in those of several buildings. It was one of the thirty Latin cities: but it scorned the determination of the confederacy—in which cities far from equal in power were equal in votes—to degrade themselves. Hence it began an obstinate war with Rome. The contending cities were only twelve miles apart; and the country betwixt them endured all the evils of military ravages for years, no end of which was to be foreseen: for within their walls they were invincible.

"But Sextus, the son of Tarquinius Superbus, pretended to rebel. The king, whose anger appeared to have been provoked by his wanton insolence, condemned him to a disgraceful punishment, as if he had been the meanest of his subjects. He came to the Gabines under the mask of a fugitive. The bloody marks of his stripes, and still more the infatuation which comes over men doomed to perish, gained him belief and goodwill. At first he led a body of volunteers: then troops were trusted to his charge. Every enterprise succeeded; for booty and soldiers were thrown in his way at certain appointed places; and the deluded citizens raised the man, under whose command they promised themselves the pleasures of a successful war, to the dictatorship. The last step of his treachery was yet to come. None of the troops being hirelings, it was a hazardous venture to open a gate. Sextus sent to ask his father in what way he should deliver Gabii into his hands. Tarquinius was in his garden when he received the messenger: he walked along in silence, striking off the heads of the tallest poppies with his stick, and dismissed the man without an answer. On this hint, Sextus put to death, or by means of false charges banished, such of the Gabines as were able to oppose him. By distributing their fortunes he purchased partisans among the lowest class; and, acquiring the uncontested rule, brought the city to submit to his father."—*Niebuhr's Hist. of Rome*, i. 491.

The treaty concluded at this time between Rome and Gabii was preserved on a wooden shield in the temple of Jupiter Fidius at Rome. It is evidently one of those alluded to by Horace as the :—

"fœdera regum
Cum Gabiis aut cum rigidis æquata Sabinis."*

After the expulsion of the kings, Sextus Tarquinius took refuge at Gabii, where, according to Livy, he was murdered. But Gabii was one of the cities which combined in behalf of the Tarquins at the Lake Regillus. After that battle it became subject to Rome, and almost disappears from history for several centuries, and was so reduced that :—

". . . Gabios, Veiosque, Coramque
Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare ruinæ."
Lucan. vii. 392.

"Scis Lebedus quam sit Gabiis desertior atque
Fidenis vicus."
Hor. i. *Ep.* 11.

"Quippe suburbanæ parva minus urbe Bovillæ ;
Et, qui nunc nulli, maxima turba Gabi."
Propert. iv. *El.* 1.

"Hujus qui trahitur prætextam sumere mavis ;
An Fidenarum, Gabiorumque esse potestas?"
Juvenal. Sat. x. 100.

"Quis timet, aut timuit gelida Præneste ruinam ;
Aut positis nemorosa inter juga Volsiniis ; aut
Simplicibus Gabiis."
Juvenal. Sat. iii. 189.

". . . . . cum jam celebres notique poëtæ
Balneolum Gabiis, Romæ conducere furnos
Tentarent."
Juvenal. Sat. vii. 4.

The Gabini had a peculiar mode of girding the toga,

* See Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography.

which gave more freedom to the limbs, and which was found useful when hurrying to battle from a sacrifice. Virgil alludes to it :—

> "Ipse, Quirinali trabea cinctuque Gabino
> Insignis, reserat stridentia limina consul."
>
> *Æn.* vii. 612.

Under Tiberius the town had a slight revival, which was increased under Hadrian, who adorned it with handsome public buildings, colleges, and an aqueduct. In the first ages of Christianity it became the seat of a bishopric (a list of its bishops from A.D. 465 to 879 is given in Ughelli's *It alia Scra*), but it was finally ruined when Astolphus ravaged the Campagna, at the head of 6000 Lombards. It is only a mile's walk or ride from the Osteria del Osa (turning left) to the Castello del Osa or Collatia, for which see chapter ix.

Continuing along the Via Prænestina, much of the old pavement is visible. This is most perfect at *Cavamonte* (seven miles beyond Gabii), where the road passes through a deep cutting in the rocks which guard the valley of Gallicano. The cliffs on either side of the road reach a height of 70 feet, and are most picturesquely overhung with shrubs and ivy. The road, which is generally only 14 feet wide, here has a width of 27 feet. After passing through Cavamonte, the Via Prænestina ascends towards Præneste by the Convent of the Buon Pastore.

On the left of the road (19 miles from Rome) is the village of *Gallicano*, supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Pedum, whose name is familiar to readers of Horace, from the epistle to Albius Tibullus.

"Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?"
i. *Ep.* iv.

The present name is derived from Ovinius Gallicanus, Prefect of Rome in the time of Constantine, who was afterwards canonized for his charities, and in whose honour the Hospital in the Trastevere was dedicated. The place was formerly a fief of the Colonnas, and now gives a title to the Rospigliosi.

"The towns of Scaptia, Ortona, and Querquetula lay somewhere in this neighbourhood. Scaptia was one of the cities which conspired to restore the Tarquins to the Roman throne. It gave a name to one of the tribes at Rome, but in Pliny's time had fallen entirely into ruins. The site of Passerano has been fixed upon as the representative of Scaptia by most modern topographers. But this opinion rests upon a false reading in Festus, and must be rejected. Ortona lay on the frontier, between the Latins and Æquians, but belonged to the Latins. It seems to have been near Corbio, and on the further side of Mount Algidus. The site of Querquetula is entirely unknown. Gell and Nibby place it at Corcolo, arguing from the similarity of the name. Corcolo is four miles from Gallicano, and six from Zagarolo, at a point where there is an artificial dyke separating a small hill from the neighbouring plateau. There are traces of ancient roads converging to this spot from Præneste, Castellaccio, and Gallicano."—*Burn, The Roman Campagna.*

Zagarola, 21 miles from Rome, will scarcely be made the object of an especial excursion, but may be visited by those who drive to Palestrina. It is a curious old mediæval town chiefly built by the Colonnas, in whose wars it was twice sacked, first by Boniface VIII., and afterwards by Cardinal Vitelleschi in the reign of Eugenius IV. It now gives a ducal title to the Rospigliosi. Many Roman antiquities found in the neighbourhood are built up into the walls and houses, and over the Roman gate is a seated statue of Jupiter. The commission for the revision of the Vulgate under Gregory XIV. met in the palace of Zagarolo.

CHAPTER IX.

CERVARA, LUNGHEZZA, AND COLLATIA.

(It is a short and pleasant afternoon's drive to Cervara, but a day must be given to Lunghezza and Collatia, though, if visited on horseback, they may be combined with the ruins of Gabii.)

AFTER passing the Torre degli Schiavi, the road to Lunghezza turns off to the left. On the right is the Tor Tre Teste, on the left we pass close to a fountain of the Acqua Vergine. On the left is now seen the great castellated farm of the Borgheses called *Cervaretto*, rising above the low marshy ground. The field-road which passes in front of the further side of this castle, leads on a mile further to another Campagna castle, *Cervara*, a most picturesque red-brick tower with some farm buildings attached to it.

Close to this, are the famous *Caves of Cervara*, which are said to have been formed when excavating the materials for the Coliseum. It is a strange place. You are quite unconscious of any break in the wide grassy Campagna, till you suddenly find yourself on the edge of a precipice, with deep, narrow, miniature ravines yawning beneath you and winding in all directions till they emerge on a meadow near the Anio. And when you descend into these, openings in the rocks

beneath lead into vast chambers opening one upon another, their roof supported by huge pillars of natural rock, while the floor is deep in sand, and long tresses of ivy, and branches of flowering laurestinus, wave in upon the gloom, whenever the light streams in through a rift overhead. One point is especially charming, where the Anio and the hills beyond it are seen through a great arch of natural rock.

In May these solitudes are enlivened by the revels of the *Festa degli Artisti*, which is well worth seeing. Some historical scene, such as the triumph of Vitellius (as in 1870), is taken as the groundwork of a costumed procession,—tournaments are held in the meadow near the Anio, wonderful cavalcades of Arabs in rich dresses ride waving their long spears through the Petra-like ravines, and a bellowing Dragon vomiting forth fire and smoke emerges from the caves, and is slain by an imaginary S. George in the rock-girt hollow.

Cervara.

About two miles beyond Cervara, the tall tower of *Rustica* rises above the swellings of the Campagna. It stands on the very edge of the Anio in a beautiful situation, and is well worth visiting. It was once the property of Elius, father of the Emperor Lucius Verus, who was adopted by Hadrian as his successor. Rustica is most easily seen from

the opposite side of the river, reached by the road to Tivoli, turning off to the right beyond Ponte Mammolo. Returning to the Via Collatina, a tolerable road leads us over an uninhabited part of the Campagna for about five miles further. Then it descends into the valley of the Anio, which is here bordered with willows. The great castle or rather fortified farm of *Lunghezza* is seen on the opposite slope, backed by the purple peaks of the Sabina. This was an ancient possession of the Strozzi family, but has lately been sold to the Duke of Grazioli, one of the richest of the modern Roman nobles.

"C'est le bon plaisir des souverains pontifes qui a fait entrer quelques riches parvenus dans l'aristocratie romaine.

"Un boulanger du nom de Grazioli fait une grande fortune, et le pape ordonne qu'il soit inscrit sur la liste du patriciat romain. Il achète une baronnie et le pape le fait baron. Il achète un duché et le voilà duc Grazioli. Son fils épouse une Lante de la Rovere."—*About.*

There is little remarkable about Lunghezza, except its situation, but some hours may be pleasantly spent in sketching on the river-bank lower down the valley.

A pleasant walk of about two miles up the stream of the Osa (turning to the left in descending from the Castle) leads along fields and through a wood, filled in spring with the snow-drops which are sold in Rome in such abundance, to the ruined castle called *Castellaccio* or *Castello dell' Osa*, which occupies a declivity of lava on the left of the stream.

It is disputed whether Castel dell' Osa or Lunghezza is the site of the famous Collatia. Beneath the ruined castle near the Osa some fragments of ancient wall, in regular blocks, may be observed, but this is the only fact in favour of its being the site of the home of Lucretia, while Sir W. Gell,

in favour of Lunghezza, draws attention to the existence of the Via Collatina (apparently leading direct to Lunghezza),

Castello dell' Osa.

which would have been unnecessary had Collatia occupied a site such as Castel dell' Osa, which is only two miles from Gabii, as a slight turning from the Via Gabina would have led to it. Lunghezza accords much better than Castel dell' Osa with the description of Virgil :—

"Collatinas imponent montibus arces."

Æn. vi. 774.

Virgil and Dionysius notice Collatia as a colony of Alba-Longa. It was reduced into subjection to Rome in the reign of Tarquinius Priscus, who established a garrison there, and appointed his nephew Egerius as its governor, who forthwith took, and transmitted to his descendants, the name of Collatinus. His daughter-in-law, Lucretia, was residing here during the siege of Ardea, and thus Collatia became the scene of the events which led to the overthrow of the Roman monarchy.

"As the king's sons and their cousin L. Tarquinius were sitting over their cups at Ardea, a dispute arose about the virtue of their wives. This cousin, surnamed Collatinus, from Collatia, where he dwelt as an

independent prince, was the grandson of Aruns, the elder brother of the first Tarquinius, after whose death Lucumo removed to Rome. Nothing was doing in the field: so they straightway mounted their horses to visit their homes by surprise. At Rome, the princesses were revelling at a banquet, surrounded by flowers and wine. From thence the youths hastened to Collatia, where at the late hour of the night Lucretia the wife of Collatinus was spinning amid the circle of her handmaids.

". . . The next day Sextus, the eldest of the king's sons, returned to Collatia, and, according to the rights of gentle hospitality, was lodged in his kinsman's house. At the dead of night he entered sword-in-hand into the matron's chamber, and by threatening that he would lay a slave with his throat cut beside her body, would pretend to have avenged her husband's honour, and would make her memory for ever loathsome to the object of her love, wrung from her what the fear of death could not obtain.

"Who, after Livy, can tell of Lucretia's despair? She besought her father and her husband to come to her, for that horrible things had taken place. Lucretius came, accompanied by P. Valerius, who afterwards gained the name of Publicola; Collatinus with the outcast Brutus. They found the disconsolate wife in the garb of mourning, sitting in a trance of sorrow. They heard the tale of the crime, and swore to avenge her. (Saying, 'I am not guilty, yet must I too share the punishment, lest any should think that they may be false to their husbands and live,' Lucretia drew a knife from her bosom, and stabbed herself to the heart.) Over the body of Lucretia, as over a victim, the vows of vengeance were renewed. Her avengers carried the corpse into the market-place of Collatia. The citizens renounced Tarquinius, and promised obedience to the deliverers. Their young men attended the funeral procession to Rome. Here with one voice the decree of the citizens deposed the last king from his throne, and pronounced sentence of banishment against him and his family."—*Niebuhr's Hist. of Rome.*

Silius Italicus notices Collatia as the birth-place of the elder Brutus:—

" . . . altrix casti Collatia Bruti."

viii. 363.

In the time of Strabo (v. 229) Collatia was little more than a village. It is only two miles from the ruins to Gabii, up the valley of the Osa.

CHAPTER X.

ANTEMNÆ AND FIDENÆ.

(This is a pleasant afternoon's drive. Pedestrians may vary the way by going first to the Acqua Acetosa (see *Walks in Rome*, ii. 420), and turning to the right across the hill of Antemnæ to the Ponte Salara.)

LEAVING the Porta Salara, by which Alaric entered Rome (August 24, 410), the Via Salara runs between the walls of half-deserted villas till it reaches the brow of the hill above the Anio. Here, on the left, about two miles from the city, is the green hill-side, which was once the site of the "Turrigeræ Antemnæ"* of Virgil, one of the most ancient cities of Italy.

"Antemnaque prisco
Crustumio prior."

Silius Ital. viii. 367.

"Not a tree—not a shrub on its turf-grown surface—not a house—not a ruin—not one stone upon another, to tell you the site had been inhabited. Yet here once stood Antemnæ, the city of many towers. Not a trace remains above-ground. Even the broken pottery, that infallible indicator of bygone civilization, which marks the site and determines the limits of habitation on many a now desolate spot of classic ground, is here so overgrown with herbage that the eye of an antiquary would alone detect it. It is a site strong by nature, and well adapted for a city, as cities then were; for it is scarcely larger than the Palatine Hill, which, though at first it embraced the whole of Rome, was afterwards too small for a single palace. It has a peculiar interest as the site of one of the three cities of Sabina, whose daughters, ravished

* *Æn.* vii. 630.

by the followers of Romulus, became the mothers of the Roman race." *—*Dennis.*

"It would seem that the high point nearest the road was the citadel; and the descent of two roads, now scarcely perceptible, one toward Fidenæ and the bridge, and the other toward Rome, marks the site of a gate. On the other side of the knoll of the citadel is a cave, with signs of artificial cutting in the rock, being a sepulchre under the walls. There was evidently a gate also in the hollow which runs from the platform of the city to the junction of the Aniene and the Tiber, where there is now a little islet. Probably there was another gate toward the meadows, on the side of the Acqua Acetosa, and another opposite; and from these two gates, which the nature of the soil points out, one road must have run up a valley, tending in the direction of the original Palatium of Rome; and the other must have passed by a ferry toward Veii, up the valley near the present Torre di Quinto. It is not uninteresting to observe how a city, destroyed at a period previous to what is now called that of authentic history, should, without even one stone remaining, preserve indications of its former existence. From the height of Antemnæ, is a fine view of the field of battle between the Romans and the Fidenates, whence Tullus Hostilius despatched M. Horatius to destroy the city of Alba Longa. The isthmus, where the two roads from Palatium and Veii met, unites with the city a higher eminence, which may have been another citadel. The beauty of the situation is such, that it is impossible it should not have been selected as the site of a villa in the flourishing times of Rome.

"The spot is frequently adverted to in the early periods of history. Servius, Varro, and Festus, agree that Antemnæ was so called, '*quasi ante amnem posita.*' "—*Gell.*

Just below the site of Antemnæ the Via Salara crossed the Anio by a fine old bridge built by Narses in the sixth century upon the site of the famous *Ponte Salara*, where Manlius fought with the Gaul. The bridge was blown up during the panic caused by the approach of Garibaldi and the insurgents in 1867 (see *Walks in Rome*, ii. 19), and the ruins, which were of the greatest interest, were destroyed by the Government in 1874. Beyond the ugly modern bridge

* The other two were Cæcina and Crustumium.

is a great mediæval tower, *Torre Salara*, built upon a Roman tomb, which is itself used as an Osteria.

The road now runs for several miles through a plain called the Prato Rotondo, the scene of the battle which led to the destruction of Alba.

When the combat between the Horatii and Curiatii was agreed upon, "the compact had been, that the nation whose champions should be victorious, was to command the obedience and service of the other: and the Albans fulfilled it. When Fidenæ, however, having driven out or overpowered the Roman colonists, was defending itself with the help of the Veientines against Tullus and the Romans, in the battle that ensued, the Romans stood against the Veientines: on the right, over against the Fidenates, were the Albans under their dictator Mettius Fuffetius. Faithless, and yet irresolute, he drew them off from the conflict to the hills. The Etruscans, seeing that he did not keep his engagement, and suspecting that he meant to attack their flank, gave way, and fled along his line; when the twofold traitor fell upon them in their disorder, in the hope of cloaking his treachery. The Roman King feigned himself deceived. On the following day the two armies were summoned to receive their praises and rewards. The Albans came without their arms, were surrounded by the Roman troops, and heard the sentence of the inexorable King; that, as their dictator had broken his faith both to Rome and to the Etruscans, he should in like manner be torn in pieces by horses driven in opposite directions, while, as for themselves and their city, they should be removed to Rome, and Alba should be destroyed."—*Niebuhr*, i. 349.

"On the same field was fought many a bloody fight between the Romans and Etruscans. Here, in the year of Rome 317, the Fidenates, with their allies of Veii and Falerii, were again defeated, and Lars Tolumnius, chief of the Veientines, was slain. And a few years later, Mamilius Æmilius and Cornelius Cossus, the heroes of the former fight, routed the same foes in the same plain, and captured the city of Fidenæ. Here, too, Annibal seems to have pitched his camp when he marched from Capua to surprise the City."—*Dennis*.

A low range of hills now skirts the road on the right, and a few crumbling bits of wall near some old bay-trees are pointed out as fragments of the *Villa of Phaon*, the freedman of Nero, where the emperor died.

"The Hundred Days of Nero were drawing rapidly to a close. He was no longer safe in the city. . . He would have thrown himself into the Tiber, but his courage failed him. He must have time, he said, and repose to collect his spirits for suicide, and his freedman Phaon at last offered him his villa in the suburbs, four miles from the city. In undress and bare-footed, throwing a rough cloak over his shoulders, and a kerchief across his face, he glided through the doors, mounted a horse, and, attended by Sporus and three others, passed the city gates with the dawn of the summer morning. The Nomentane road led him beneath the wall of the prætorians, whom he might hear uttering curses against him, and pledging vows to Galba; and the early travellers from the country asked him as they met, *What news of Nero?* or remarked to one another, *These men are pursuing the tyrant.* Thunder and lightning, and a shock of earthquake, added horror to the moment. Nero's horse started at a dead body on the road-side, the kerchief fell from his face, and a prætorian passing by recognized and saluted him. At the fourth milestone the party quitted the highway, alighted from their horses, and scrambled on foot through a corn-brake, laying their own cloaks to tread on, to the rear of the promised villa. Phaon now desired Nero to crouch in a sand-pit hard by, while he contrived to open the drain from the bath-room, and so admit him unperceived; but he vowed he would not go *alive*, as he said, *under-ground*, and remained trembling beneath the wall. Taking water in his hand from a puddle, *This*, he said, *is the famous drink of Nero.* At last a hole was made, through which he crept on all fours into a narrow chamber of the house, and there threw himself on a pallet. The coarse bread that was offered him he could not eat, but swallowed a little tepid water. Still he lingered, his companions urging him to seek refuge, without delay, from the insults about to be heaped on him. He ordered them to dig a grave, and himself lay down to give the measure; he desired them to collect bits of marble to decorate his sepulchre, and prepare water to cleanse and wood to burn his corpse, sighing meanwhile, and muttering, *What an artist to perish!* Presently a slave of Phaon's brought papers from Rome, which Nero snatched from him, and read that the senate had proclaimed him an enemy, and decreed his death, *in the ancient fashion.* He asked what that was? and was informed that the culprit was stripped, his head placed in a fork, and his body smitten with a stick till death. Terrified at this announcement, he took two daggers from his bosom, tried their edge one after the other, and again laid them down, alleging that *the moment was not yet arrived.* Then he called on Sporus to commence his funeral lamentations; then he implored some of the party to set him the example; once and again he reproached

himself with his own timidity. *Fie! Nero, fie!* he muttered in Greek, *Courage, man! come, rouse thee!* Suddenly was heard the trampling of horsemen, sent to seize the culprit alive. Then at last, with a verse of Homer hastily ejaculated, *Sound of swift-footed steeds strikes on my ears*, he placed a weapon to his breast, and the slave Epaphroditus drove it home. The blow was scarcely struck, when the centurion rushed in, and thrusting his cloak against the wound, pretended he was come to help him. The dying wretch could only murmur, *Too late*, and, *Is this your fidelity?* and expired with a horrid stare on his countenance. He had adjured his attendants to burn his body, and not let the foe bear off his head; and this was now allowed him: the corpse was consumed with haste and imperfectly, but at least without mutilation."—*Merivale's Hist. of Romans under the Empire*, vii. 45.

"Neron vit que tout était perdu. Son esprit faux ne lui suggérait que des idées grotesques : se revêtir d'habits de deuil, aller haranguer le peuple en cet accoutrement, employer toute sa puissance scénique pour exciter la compassion, et obtenir ainsi le pardon du passé, ou, faute de mieux, la préfecture de l'Egypte. Il écrivit son discours; on lui fit remarquer qu'avant d'arriver au forum, il serait mis en pièces. Il se coucha : se réveillant au milieu de la nuit, il se trouva sans gardes; on pillait déjà sa chambre. Il sort, frappe à diverses portes, personne ne répond. Il rentre, veut mourir, demande le mirmillon Spiculus, brillant tueur, une des célébrités de l'amphithéâtre. Tout le monde s'écarte. Il sort de nouveau, erre seul dans les rues, va pour se jeter dans le Tibre, revient sur ses pas. Le monde semblait faire le vide autour de lui. Phaon, son affranchi, lui offrit alors pour asile sa villa située entre la voie Salaria et la voie Nomentane, vers la quatrième borne milliare. Le malheureux, à peine vetu, couvert d'un méchant manteau, monté sur un cheval misérable, le visage enveloppé pour n'être pas reconnu, partit accompagné de trois ou quatre de ses affranchis, parmi lesquels étaient Phaon, Sporus, Epaphrodite, son secrétaire. Il ne faisait pas encore jour; en sortant par la porte Colline, il entendit au camp des prétoriens, près duquel il passait, les cris des soldats qui le maudissaient et proclamaient Galba. Un écart de son cheval, amené par la puanteur d'un cadavre jeté sur le chemin, le fit reconnaître. Il put cependant atteindre la villa de Phaon, en se glissant à plat ventre sous les broussailles et en se cachant derrière les roseaux.

"Son esprit drolatique, son argot de gamin ne l'abandonnèrent pas. On voulut le blottir dans un trou à Pouzzolane comme on en voit beaucoup en ces parages. Ce fut pour lui l'occasion d'un mot à effet!

'Quelle destinée,' dit-il ; 'aller vivant sous terre!' Ses réflexions étaient comme un feu roulant de citations classiques, entremêlées des lourdes plaisanteries d'un bobèche aux abois. Il avait sur chaque circonstance une réminiscence littéraire, une froide antithèse : 'Celui qui autrefois était fier de sa suite nombreuse n'a plus maintenant que trois affranchis ?' Par moments, le souvenir de ses victimes lui revenait, mais n'aboutissait qu'à des figures de rhétorique, jamais à un acte moral de repentir. Le comédien survivait à tout. Sa situation n'était pour lui qu'un drame de plus, un drame qu'il avait répété. Se rappelant les rôles où il avait figuré des parricides, des princes réduits à l'état de mendiants, il remarquit que maintenant il jouait tout cela pour son compte, et chantonnait ce vers qu'un tragique avait mit dans la bouche d'Œdipe :

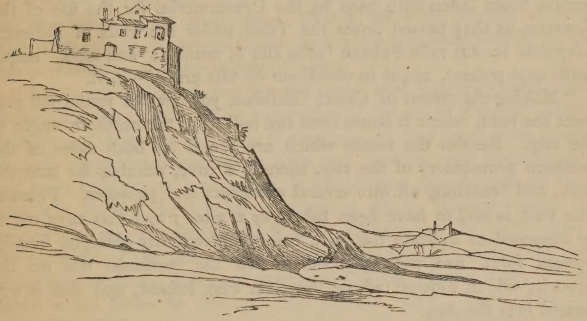
Ma femme, ma mère, mon père
Prononcent mon arrêt de mort.

Incapable d'une pensée serieuse, il voulut qu'on creusât sa fosse à la taille de son corps, fit apporter des morceaux de marbre, de l'eau, du bois pour ses funérailles ; tout cela, pleurant et disant : 'Quel artiste va mourir ?'

"Le courrier de Phaon, cependant, apporte une dépêche ; Néron la lui arrache. Il lit que le sénat l'a déclaré ennemi public et l'a condamné à être puni 'selon la vieille coutume.'—'Quelle est cette coutume ?' demande-t-il. On lui répond que la tête du patient tout nue est engagée dans une fourche, qu'alors on le frappe de verges jusqu'à ce que mort s'ensuive, puis que le corps est traîné par un croc et jeté dans le Tibre. Il frémit, prend deux poignards qu'il avait sur lui, en essaye la pointe, les resserre, disant que l'heure fatale n'était pas encore venu ? Il engageait Sporus à commencer sa nénie funèbre, essayait de nouveau de se tuer, ne pouvait. Sa gaucherie, cette espèce de talent qu'il avait pour faire vibrer faux toutes les fibres de l'âme, ce rire à la fois bête et infernal, cette balourdise prétentieuse qui fait ressembler sa vie entière aux miaulements d'un sabbat grotesque, atteignaient au sublime de la fadeur. Il ne pouvait réussir à se tuer. 'N'y aura-t'il donc personne ici, demanda-t-il, pour me donner l'exemple ?' Il redoublait de citations, se parlait en grec, faisait des bouts de vers. Tout-à-coup on entend le bruit du détachement de cavalerie qui vient pour le saisir vivant.

"'Le pas des lourds chevaux me frappe les oreilles,' dit-il. Epaphrodite alors pesa sur le poignard et le lui fit entrer dans la gorge. Le centurion arrive presque au même moment, veut arrêter le sang, cherche à faire croire qu'il vient le sauver. 'Trop tard !' dit le mourant,

dont les yeux sortaient de la tête et glaçaient d'horreur. 'Voila oû en est la fidélité!' ajouta-t-il en expirant. Ce fut son meilleur trait comique. Néron laissant tomber une plainte mélancholique sur la méchanceté de son siècle, sur la disposition de la bonne foi et de la vertu! . . . . Applaudissons. La drame est complet. Une seule fois, nature aux mille visages, tu as su trouver un acteur digne d'un pareil rôle."—*Ernest Renan*, '*L'Antechrist*.'



Castel Giubeleo.

On the left of the road now rises an almost isolated hill, overlooking the valley of the Tiber, called *Castel Giubeleo*, from the farm-buildings upon it, which were erected by Boniface VIII. in the year of Jubilee. This hill is believed to have been the arx of ancient Fidenæ. Towards the river it is very steep, but it is united by a kind of isthmus to the high table-land, where the rest of the city is supposed to have stood.

"Dionysius, who is generally an excellent antiquary, says that Fidenæ was an Alban colony, founded at the same time with Nomentum and Crustumerium, the eldest of three emigrant brothers building Fidenæ. But it is evident that the great mass of the original inhabitants were Etruscans, for it appears, from Livy (lib. i. 27), that only a portion of the inhabitants '(ut qui coloni additi Romanis essent) Latinè

sciebant.' The same author elsewhere relates, that when the Romans wanted a spy upon the Fidenates, they were obliged to employ a person who had been educated at Cære, and had learned the language and writing of Etruria: and in another place (lib. i. 15) he expressly says, 'Fidenates quoque Etrusci fuerunt.' The Fidenates were the constant allies of the Veientes, with whom they were probably connected by race.

"'The city,' says Dionysius, 'was in its glory in the time of Romulus, by whom it was taken and colonized; the Fidenates having seized certain boats laden with corn by the Crustumerini for the use of the Romans, as they passed down the Tiber under the walls of Fidenæ.' Livy (lib. iv. 22) calls Fidenæ 'urbs alta et munita;' and says, 'neque scalis capi poterat, neque in obsidione vis ulla erat.'"—*Gell.*

"Making the circuit of Castel Giubeleo, you are led round till you meet the road, where it issues from the hollow at the northern angle of the city. Besides the tombs which are found on both sides of the southern promontory of the city, there is a cave, running far into the rock, and branching off into several chambers and passages. Fidenæ, like Veii, is said to have been taken by a mine; and this cave might be supposed to indicate the spot, being subsequently enlarged into its present form, had not Livy stated that the *cuniculus* was on the opposite side of Fidenæ, where the cliffs were loftiest, and that it was carried into the Arx.

"The ruin of Fidenæ is as complete as that of Antemnæ. The hills on which it stood are now bare and desolate: the shepherd tends his flock on its slopes, or the plough furrows its bosom. Its walls have utterly disappeared; not one stone remains on another, and the broken pottery and the tombs around are the sole evidences of its existence. Yet, as Nibby observes, 'few ancient cities, of which few or no vestiges remain, have had the good fortune to have their sites so well determined as Fidenæ.' Its distance of forty stadia, or five miles, from Rome, mentioned by Dionysius, and its position relative to Veii, to the Tiber, and to the confluence of the Anio with that stream, as set forth by Livy, leave not a doubt of its true site."—*Dennis.*

"When we climb the promontory of Castel Giubeleo, and look around, standing in the shelter of the old house, what a strange prospect opens before us! Once how full of life and conflict!—now, how entirely a prey to decay and solitude! At our feet the lordly Tiber winds, with many a sweeping curve, away to Rome, which bristles in the horizon with its domes and towers. It is hardly possible to imagine that two hundred thousand human beings are living and moving two leagues off. As we turn the eye northwards not a creature

is seen, not a single habitation of man. Still, how memory peoples the waste! That stream, which, marking its devious valley with a line of bare wintry trees, enters the Tiber opposite to the marshy meadow under our feet, is the Crimera—name of fatal omen, and yet eloquent of heroic daring. On that stream the race of the Fabii, who had undertaken on their own account the war with the people of Veii, perished, all, to the number of 306, being cut off by an ambush of the enemy.

"Further to the right, another stream, more faintly marked, comes into the Tiber on the other side. That is the Allia, a name of even more fatal sound; for on its banks took place that great defeat by the Gauls which issued in the taking of Rome.

"This scene surveyed, we descend again into the valley, and climb the lower opposite hill, which was evidently the site of Fidenæ. Here, as in several other places in the Campagna, we find mysterious ranges of rock-caverns communicating with one another, and opening into vast halls, now the stalls of cattle. It would seem that this was Fidenæ. Yet, how should these holes represent a city? Whence issued the legions that met the legions of Rome? Where are the walls—where the materials of the houses? One ruin only appears containing anything like masonry, and that apparently of the Middle Ages. Were these caves, hewn in the tufa, the ancient city? Then were the inhabitants little more than savages; then were the narratives of the historians impossible and self-contradicting. The whole matter is wrapped in impenetrable darkness."—*Dean Alford.*

Horace speaks of Fidenæ as if it was almost deserted in his time:—

> "Scis Lebedus quam sit Gabiis desertior atque
> Fidenis vicus—"
>
> 1 *Epist.* ii. 7.

but in the reign of Tiberius it appears to have been a municipal town:—

> "Hujus quī trahitur prætextam sumere mavis,
> An Fidenarum, Gabiorumque esse potestas."
>
> *Juvenal, Sat.* x. 99.

and that its population was considerable is attested by the greatness of a public calamity which took place there.

"The retirement of Tiberius was followed by a succession of public

calamities. . . . A private speculator had undertaken, as a matter of profit, one of the magnificent public works, which in better times it was the privilege of the chief magistrates or candidates for the highest offices to construct for the sake of glory or influence. In erecting a vast wooden amphitheatre in the suburban city of Fidenæ, he had omitted the necessary precaution of securing a solid foundation; and when the populace of Rome, unaccustomed, from the parsimony of Tiberius, to their favourite spectacles at home, were invited to the diversions of the opening day, which they attended in immense numbers, the mighty mass gave way under the pressure, and covered them in its ruins. Fifty thousand persons, or, according to a lower computation, not less than twenty thousand, men and women of all ranks, were killed or injured by this catastrophe."—*Merivale's Hist. of the Romans*, ch. xiv.

CHAPTER XI.

MENTANA AND MONTE ROTONDO.

(This is a delightful day's excursion from Rome, and comprises much of interest. It may be easily made in a carriage with two horses. Monte Rotondo may be visited between two trains on the Ancona line of railway.)

THE ancient road which led from Rome to Nomentum was called the *Via Nomentana*. It issued from the city by the now closed gate of the Porta Collina, and separating from the Via Salaria, proceeded almost in a direct line to its destination. The modern road nearly follows the Roman Way. It was on this side that the Italian troops approached Rome, on the day which so many patriotic spirits regarded as the dawn of freedom for Rome.

"The blind, and the people in prison,
Souls without hope, without home,
How glad were they all that heard!
When the winged white flame of the word
Passed over men's dust, and stirred
Death; for Italia was risen,
And risen her light upon Rome.

The light of her sword in the gateway
Shone, an unquenchable flame,
Bloodless, a sword to release,
A light from the eyes of peace,
To bid grief utterly cease,
And the wrong of the old world straightway
Pass from the face of her fame:

Hers, whom we turn to and cry on,
Italy, mother of men:
From the sight of the face of her glory,
At the sound of the storm of her story,
That the sanguine shadows and hoary
Should flee from the foot of the lion,
Lion-like, forth of his den."

Swinburne, "*The Halt before Rome.*"

Below the basilica of S. Agnese (see *Walks in Rome*, ii. 26) we cross the Anio by the picturesque Ponte Nomentana or Lomentana, occupying the site of the ancient bridge, but in itself mediæval, with forked battlements. The green slopes beyond the bridge are those of the *Mons Sacer*, where the famous secession and encampment of the plebs, in B.C. 549, extorted from the patricians the concessions of tribunes who were to represent the interests of the people.

"The spot on which this great deliverance had been achieved became to the Romans what Runnymede is to Englishmen: the top of the hill was left for ever unenclosed and consecrated, and an altar was built on it, and sacrifices offered to Jupiter, who strikes men with terror and again delivers them from their fear; because the commons had fled thither in fear, and were now returning in safety. So the hill was known for ever by the name of the Sacred Hill."—*Arnold's Hist. of Rome*, i. 149.

Passing the Casale dei Pazzi, and the tomb known as Torre Nomentana, we reach, on the right, the disinterred Basilica of S. Alessandro (see *Walks in Rome*, ii. 32). A little beyond this, after passing the farm called Cesarini, the road divides. The turn to the right passes under the Montes Corniculani, of which the nearest height is occupied by S. Angelo in Cappoccia, considered by Nibby (quoted by Murray), without any authority, to occupy the site of the Latin city Medullia. It finally leads to *Palombara*, a town of the Sabina, once a fortress of the Savelli, but now belonging to

the Borghese, most beautifully situated at the foot of Monte Gennaro.

Following (to the left) the Via Nomentana, where the ancient pavement is now very perfect, we reach Casa Nuova, and, about 11 miles from Rome (on the left) the fine mediæval tower called *Torre Lupara*, built of alternate courses of brick and stone. The next hill is called *Monte Gentile*, and is the supposed site of the Latin city of *Ficulea* or Ficulnea, which is frequently mentioned both by Livy and Dionysius in the early history of Rome. Gell speaks of the ground near Torre Lupara as "strewn with tiles and pottery—perhaps one of the surest indications of an ancient city." It has been supposed, from an inscription found near the farm Cesarini referring to a charitable institution of M. Aurelius for "Pueri et Puellæ Alimentarii Ficolensium," and from the expression "Ficulea vetus" used by Livy (i. 38), and "Ficelias veteres" by Martial (vi. 27), that there may have been a second town called Ficulea, built in later times nearer the capital. Ficulea was the seat of an early bishopric. It is said to derive its name from the wild figs, which are still found in abundance on its supposed site. In the acts of Pope Caius and St. Lawrence the Martyr it is called "Civitas Figlina extra Portam Salariam." The Via Nomentana is sometimes spoken of as Via Ficulea.

Beyond Monte Gentile, the road passes through forests of oaks, a great contrast to the bare Campagna, till, when it first comes in sight of the village of Mentana, it reaches the height which was the site of the battle, in which, Oct. 1867, the Papal troops, assisted by the French, entirely defeated the Italians under Garibaldi.

Some blocks of marble in the village street are the only

remains of the ancient Latin city Nomentum, which is spoken of by Virgil (vi. 773) and Dionysius (ii. 53) as a colony of Alba. It was one of the thirty cities of the Latin league,* and continued to flourish in the times of the Empire, when Seneca had a country house-there,† and also Martial, who frequently speaks of it in his poems, and contrasts its peaceful retirement with the vanities of Baiæ and more fashionable summer *villeggiature.*

"Me Nomentani confirmant otia ruris,
Et casa jugeribus non onerosa suis,
Hîc mihi Baiani soles, mollisque Lucrinus;
Hîc vestræ mihi sunt, Castrice, divitiæ.
Quondam laudatas quocunque libebat ad undas
Currere, nec longas pertimuisse vias:
Nunc urbi vicina juvant, facilesque recessus,
Et satis est, pigro si licet esse mihi."

vi. 43.

"Numæ colles, et Nomentana relinques
Otia? nec retinent rusque focusque senem."

x. 44.

"Cur sæpe sicci parva rura Nomenti,
Laremque villæ sordidum petam, quæris?
Nec cogitandi, Sparse, nec quiescendi:
In urbe locus est pauperi."

xii. 57.

Martial praises its wine, which is also extolled by Seneca and Pliny.

"In Nomentanis, Ovidi, quod nascitur agris,
Accepit quoties tempora longa merum,
Exuit annosæ mores nomenque senectæ,
Et quidquid voluit, testa vocatur anus."

i. 106.

In the Middle Ages the place was called Civitas Nomentana, and was the seat of a bishopric. Here, in A.D. 800,

* *Niebuhr*, ii. 17. † *Sen. Ep.* 104.

Leo III. met Charlemagne, when he came to be crowned at Rome, and here the great Consul Crescentius was born. Mentana was granted by Nicholas III. (1277-81) to his own family, the Orsini, by whom it was sold to the Peretti, whose arms still remain upon the walls of its 15th-century castle. The place now belongs to the Borghese.

The Via Nomentana proceeds to join the Via Salara near Correse, passing—three miles beyond Mentana—*Grotta Marozza*, which is believed with much reason to occupy the site of the Sabine Eretum, which, from its position on the frontier between the Latins and Sabines, was constantly the scene of warfare between the two nations. It was never a place of much importance. Valerius Maximus speaks of it as "Vicus Sabinæ regionis."

It is two miles from Mentana to *Monte Rotondo*, also the site of a battle between the Papal troops and the Garibaldians. Here is a fine old castle built by the Barberini, on the site of a fortress of the Orsini: it is now the property of the Buoncompagni. There is a wide and beautiful view from its summit. A road of two miles leads to the railway station in the valley, whence we may return to Rome by the Via Salara.

One and a half mile from hence, near Fonte di Papa, the road crosses an insignificant brook, which is decided to coincide more than any other with the description which Livy (v. 37) gives of the fatal *Allia*, a description so accurate as to show that the place was not necessarily familiar to his readers, viz.:

"Ægre ad undecimum lapidem occursum est, qua flumen Allia Crustuminis montibus prælto defluens alveo, haud multum infra viam Tiberino amni miscetur."

Here, then, and in the upland hollows, which are watered by the same brook, the Romans underwent their famous defeat by the Gauls under Brennus (B.C. 390), which led to the capture of the city, on the 18th of July (A.D. XV. Kal. Sextiles) called thenceforth Dies Alliensis, and regarded as so ill-omened, that no business was transacted upon it.

"Hæc est in fastis cui dat gravis Allia nomen."
Ovid in Ibin. 221.

"Quosque secans infaustum interluit Allia nomen."
Æn. vii. 717.

"Damnata diu Romanis Allia fastis."
Lucan. vii. 408.

At about nine miles from the city, we pass (on the left) beneath the extensive farm-buildings called *Marcigliana Vecchia*, which are usually believed to occupy the site of the city of Crustumerium, though some place it at *Sette Bagni*, the next large farm on the left of the road to Rome, where there are traces of ancient buildings; while others refer it to Monte Rotondo.

Dionysius speaks of Crustumerium as an Alban colony sent out long before the building of Rome. The city was taken by Romulus, again by Tarquinius Priscus, and again during the Roman Republic, B.C. 499, after which it remained subject to Rome. In B.C. 477 occurred the "Crustumerina Secessio," when the army which was being led by the Decemvirs against the Sabines deserted, and retreated to Crustumerium. Virgil * mentions the Crustumian pears, and Servius says that they were red only on one side. It is interesting that wild pears of this kind still grow in abundance

* *Georgics*, ii. 88.

over all these desolate uplands, amongst which Crustumerium must certainly have been situated. Two miles further we reach, on the right, Castel Giubileo, the site of Fidenæ, described in chapter x.

CHAPTER XII.

TIVOLI.

(This, 18 miles distant, is the most attractive of all the places in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, and *the* one excursion which no one should omit, even if they are only at Rome for a week. A carriage with two horses ought not to cost more than 25 francs for the day. The Villa Adriana may be visited on the way: then the Temple of the Sibyl, the Cascades, the view of the Cascatelle from the opposite side of the valley, and last of all the Villa d'Este. Those who are not strong enough for the whole should see the view of the Cascatelle and the Villa d'Este. The round which Tivoli guides and donkey-men take strangers, through the woods and underneath the waterfalls, is very long and fatiguing. There are two hotels at Tivoli, la Regina (in the town), which is comfortable, clean, and well-furnished, but where it is necessary to come to a very strict agreement as to prices on arriving, and La Sibylla, far humbler, but not uncomfortable, and in the most glorious situation. In the former, guests are received *en pension* at 8 francs; at the latter, at 6 francs a day. Those who stay long will find endless points of interest both in the place itself and the excursions which may be made from it. Visitors who are pressed for time may omit the Villa Adriana, but on no account the Villa d'Este.)

THE road to Tivoli follows the ancient Via Tiburtina for the greater part of its course, and leads through one of the most desolate and least interesting parts of the Campagna. Issuing from the Porta S. Lorenzo, we pass the great basilica of the same name, and descending into the valley of the Anio, cross the river by a modern bridge, near the ancient *Ponte Mammolo*, which took its name (Pons Mammæus) from Mammæa, mother of Alexander Severus.

The little river Teverone, or Anio, in which Silvia, the mother of Romulus and Remus, exchanged her earthly life for that of a goddess, adds greatly to the charm of the Campagna.—It rises near Treba in the Simbrivian hills, and flows through the gorges of Subiaco and the country of the Æquians till it forms the glorious falls of Tivoli. After this stormy beginning it assumes a most peaceful character, gliding gently between deep banks, and usually marked along the brown reaches of the burnt-up Campagna by its fringe of green willows. Silius calls it "sulphureus," from the sulphuretted hydrogen which is poured into it by the springs of Albula.

> "Sulphureus gelidus qua serpit leniter undis
> Ad genitorem Anio labens sine murmure Tybrim."
>
> *Sil. Ital.* xii. 539.

On its way through the plain a whole succession of historical brooks pour their waters into the Anio. Of these, the most remarkable, as we ascend it, are (on the left) the torrent Le Molette (the Ulmanus), the Magliano, the Tutia, and the Albula; and (on the right) the Marrana, and the Osa which flows beneath the walls of Collatia. Nibby says that "anciently the Anio was navigable from the Ponte Lucano to its mouth." Strabo mentions "that the blocks of travertine from the quarries near Tibur, and of Lapis Gabina from Gabii, were brought to Rome by means of it. But in the dark ages the channel was neglected, and the navigation interrupted and abandoned."

When we reach the dismal farm-buildings, which encircle the Osteria del Fornaccio, the caves of Cervara and the mediæval towers of Rustica and Cervara are visible at no great distance, rising above the Campagna on the opposite

bank of the Anio. Nothing more is to be seen, except, here and there, the pavement of the ancient road, till we pass, on the left, the ruins of the mediæval Castel Arcione. Across the Campagna, on the left, near the Sabine mountains, the picturesque little hills called Montes Corniculani may be seen, their three summits occupied by the villages of St. Angelo, Colle Cesi, and Monticelli; on the right we overlook the distant sites of Collatia and Gabii, with many other cities of the plain, whose exact positions are unknown. After crossing the brook Tuzia, the ancient Tutia on whose banks Hannibal encamped,* and leaving to the left the now drained Lago de' Tartari, a terrible smell of sulphur announces the neighbourhood, about a mile distant on the left, of the lakes of the *Solfatara*, the Aquæ Albulæ, from which a canal, cut in 1549 by Cardinal d'Este, to take the place of the ancient Albula, carries their rushing milk-white waters under the road towards the Anio. Here, near "the hoary Albula," was the hallowed grove of the Muses mentioned by Martial:—

> "Itur ad Herculei gelidas qua Tiburis arces,
> Canaque sulphureis Albula fumat aquis,
> Rura, nemusque sacrum, dilectaque jugera musis
> Signat vicina quartus ab urbe lapis."
>
> *I. Ep.* 13.

There are now three lakes. On the largest, the *Lago delle Isole Natanti*, are some floating islands formed by matted weeds. The ruins near it, called Bagni della Regina, are supposed to have been the baths of Queen Zenobia during her semi-captivity at Tibur. The two smaller lakes have the names of *Lago di S. Giovanni* and *Lago delle Colonelle*. There is no reason for supposing the temple of Faunus (Æn. vii.), which is spoken of by Murray as if it were here, to

* *Livy*, xxvi. 10.

have been in this neighbourhood. It was more probably at La Solfatara in the great Laurentine wood sacred to Picus and Faunus. Thither, and not hither, the king of Laurentum would naturally go to consult the oracle.*

"Sir Humphrey Davy made some curious experiments on the process by which the water in these lakes continually adds to the rocks around, by petrifaction or incrustation. He says, that the water taken from the most tranquil part of the lake, even after being agitated and exposed to the air, contained in solution more than its own volume of carbonic acid gas, with a very small quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen. The temperature is 80 degrees of Fahrenheit. It is peculiarly fitted to afford nourishment to vegetable life. Its banks of Travertino are everywhere covered with reeds, lichen, confervæ, and various kinds of aquatic vegetables; and at the same time that the process of vegetable life is going on, crystallizations of the calcareous matter are everywhere formed, in consequence of the escape of the carbonic acid of the water.

"In the line between the bridge and the Solfatara, the rocky crust was broken in on the left near the stream, in the year 1825, and a portion of the water was lost; and another stream, called Acqua Acetosa, falls into a hole on the right: these instances show that the crust is but thin in some places. It probably covers an unfathomable abyss; for a stone thrown into the lake, occasions in its descent so violent a discharge of carbonic acid gas, and for so long a time, as to give the idea of an immense depth of water. The taste is acid, and the sulphureous smell so strong, that when the wind assists, it has sometimes been perceived in the higher parts of Rome."—*Gell.*

Two miles beyond the canal is the *Ponte Lucano*, well known by engravings from the beautiful picture by G. Poussin in the Doria Palace. Close beyond the bridge rises, embattled into a tower by Pius II., the massive round tomb of the Plautii, built by M. Plautius Silvanus in B.C. 1, and long used by his descendants. At Barco, near this, were the principal quarries for the Travertino used in the buildings of ancient Rome.

* But two inscriptions have been found which show that there was once a temple of Cybele here, and that the waters themselves were honoured as "Aquæ Albulæ Sanctissimæ."

About half a mile beyond the bridge a lane to the left leads to the gates of the *Villa Adriana*, which is said once to have been from 8 to 10 miles in extent. It is believed to have been ruined during the siege of Tibur by Totila. The chief interest of the ruins arises from their vast extent, and from the lovely carpet of the shrubs and flowers, with which Nature has surrounded them. In spring nothing can exceed the beauty of the violets and anemonies here.* Successive generations of antiquaries have occupied themselves with the nomenclature of the different masses of ruin, and they always disagree: most travellers will consider such discussions of little consequence, and, finding them exceedingly fatiguing, will rest satisfied in the knowledge that the so-called villa was once a most stupendous conglomeration of unnecessary buildings, and in the joyful contemplation of its present loveliness.

"I went down to Adrian's villa with exalted ideas of its extent, variety, and magnificence. On approaching it, I saw ruins overgrown with trees and bushes; I saw mixt-reticular walls stretching along the side of a hill, in all the confusion of a demolished town; but I saw no grandeur of elevation, no correspondence in the parts. I went on. The extent and its variety opened before me—baths, academies, porticos, a library, a *palestra*, a *hippodrome*, a menagerie, a *naumachia*, an aqueduct, theatres both Greek and Latin, temples for different rites, and every appurtenance suitable to an imperial seat. But its magnificence is gone: it is removed to the Vatican, it is scattered over Italy, it may be traced in France. Anywhere but at Tivoli you may look for the statues and *caryatides*, the columns, the oriental marbles, and the mosaics, with which the villa was once adorned, or supported, or wainscoted, or floored."—*Forsyth.*

"The drive was less beautiful than most of those which lie round Rome. Thus two hours and a half went by, dully; and I was not sorry when, turning aside from the castellated tomb of the Plautii family,

* Since this account was written (1873) the destroying hand of Signor Rosa has been here, the flowers are all rooted up, the ruins stripped of their creepers, and of the fringes of lovely shrubs which gave them all their charm; and, for the present, the Villa Adriana—a mass of bare walls in a naked country—is little worth visiting—

we passed down a shady lane, and stopped at the gate of Hadrian's Villa. Alighting here, we passed into that wide and wondrous wilderness of ruin, through avenues dark with cypress, and steep banks purple with violets. The air was heavy with perfume. The glades were carpeted with daisies, wild periwinkle, and white and yellow crocus-blooms. We stepped aside into a grassy arena which was once the Greek theatre, and sate upon a fallen cornice. There was the narrow shelf of stage on which the agonies of Œdipus and Prometheus were once rehearsed; there was the tiny altar which stood between the audience and the actors, and consecrated the play; there, row above row, were the seats of the spectators. Now, the very stage was a mere thicket of brambles; and a little thrush lighted on the altar, while we were sitting by, and filled all the silent space with song.

"Passing hence, we came next upon open fields, partly cultivated, and partly cumbered with shapeless mounds of fallen masonry. Here, in the shadow of a gigantic stone pine, we found a sheet of mosaic pavement, glowing with all its marbles in the sun; and close by, half buried in deep grass, a shattered column of the richest porphyry. Then came an olive plantation; another theatre; the fragments of a temple; and a long line of vaulted cells, some of which contained the remains of baths and conduits, and were tapestried within with masses of the delicate maiden-hair fern. Separated from these by a wide space of grass, amid which a herd of goats waded and fed at their pleasure, rose a pile of reticulated wall, with part of a vast hall yet standing, upon the vaulted roof of which, sharp and perfect, as if moulded yesterday, were encrusted delicate bas-reliefs of white stucco, representing groups of Cupids, musical instruments, and figures reclining at table. Near this spot, on a rising ground formed all of ruins, overgrown with grass and underwood, we sate down to rest, and contemplate the view.

"A deep romantic valley opened before us, closed in on either side by hanging woods of olive and ilex, with here and there a group of dusky junipers, or a solitary pine, rising like a dark green parasol above all its neighbours. Interspersed among these, and scattered about the foreground, were mountainous heaps of buttressed wall, arch, vault, and gallery, all more or less shattered out of form, or green with ivy. At the bottom of the valley, forming, as it were, the extreme boundary of the middle distance, rose two steep volcanic hills, each crowned with a little white town, that seemed to wink and glitter in the sun; while beyond these again, undulating, melancholy, stretching mysteriously away for miles and miles in the blue distance, lay the wastes of the Campagna."—*Barbara's History.*

"Autour de moi, à travers les arcades des ruines, s'ouvraient des

points de vue sur la campagne romaine : des buissons de sureau remplissaient les salles désertes, où venaient se réfugier quelques merles solitaires ; les fragments de maçonnerie étaient tapissés de feuilles de scolopendre, dont la verdure satinée se dessinait comme un travail en mosaïque sur la blancheur des marbres. Çà et là de hauts cyprès remplaçaient les colonnes tombées dans ces palais de la mort. L'acanthe sauvage rampait à leurs pieds sur des débris, comme si la nature s'était plu à reproduire sur ces chefs d'œuvre inutiles de l'architecture l'ornement de leur beauté passée ; les salles diverses, et les sommités des ruines, ressemblaient à des corbeilles et à des bouquets de verdure ; le vent en agitait les guirlandes humides, et les plantes s'inclinaient sous la pluie du ciel."—*Chateaubriand.**

The villa formed part of a large estate purchased by Pius VI. It is now the property of his representative, Duke Braschi.

On *Monte Affliano*, which rises behind the Villa Adriana, to the south of Tivoli, most authorities place the site of the Latin city Æsula. The mountain of Tivoli is divided into three positions : Ripoli, towards the town ; Spaccato, in the centre ; and Monte Affliano, at the southern extremity. Porphyrion has accurately described the position of Æsula as on this southern extremity of the centre of Tibur.

"Udum Tibur propter aquarum copiam. . . Æsula, nomen urbis, alterius in latere montis constitutæ."

There are remains of a city having stood here.

"Æsula declive contempleris arvum."
Horace, iii. *Ode* 29.

It was probably deserted on account of its inconvenient situation, and the temple of Bona Dea or Ops was its representative, in later times.†

A winding road, constructed by the Braschi, winds up the

* The powerful description of Chateaubriand cannot be realized *now*, but is inserted, in the hope that when the reign of Signor Rosa is over, Nature will be permitted to restore the ruins of the Villa Adriana to their former beauty.

† See Gell's "Topography of Rome and its Vicinity."

hill to Tivoli, through magnificent olive-groves, the silvery trunks of the old trees caverned, loop-holed, and twisted in every possible contortion.

"It is well to have felt and seen the olive-tree; to have loved it for Christ's sake, partly also for the helmed Wisdom's sake which was to the heathen in some sort as that nobler Wisdom which stood at God's right hand, when he founded the earth and established the heavens: to have loved it, even to the hoary dimness of its delicate foliage, subdued and faint of hue, as if the ashes of the Gethsemane agony had been cast upon it for ever; and to have traced, line by line, the gnarled writhing of its intricate branches, and the pointed petals of its light and narrow leaves, inlaid on the blue field of the sky, and the small rosy-white stars of its spring blossoming, and the beads of sable fruit scattered by autumn along its topmost boughs—the right, in Israel, of the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow,—and, more than all, the softness of the mantle, silver grey, and tender like the down on a bird's breast, with which, far away, it veils the undulation of the mountains."—*Ruskin*, *Stones of Venice*, iii. 176.

As we drive slowly up the ascent it may be pleasant to consider the history of Tibur, which claims to go back much further than that of Rome. Dionysius says that it was a city of the Siculi, and called Siculetum or Sicilis, and that the original inhabitants were expelled by Tiburtus, Corax, and Catillus, the three grandsons of Amphiaraus, the king and prophet of Thebes, who flourished a century before the Trojan war. Tibur was named after the eldest of the brothers.

"Tum gemini fratres Tiburtia mœnia linquunt,
Fratris Tiburti dictam cognomine gentem,
Catillusque, acerque Coras, Argiva juventus."
Æn. vii. 670.

"Jam mœnia Tiburis udi
Stabant, Argolicæ quod posuere manus."
Ovid. Fast. iv. 71.

"Nullam, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem
Circa mite solum Tiburis, et mœnia Catili."
Horace, Od. l. xviii. 1.

"Hic tua Tiburtes Faunos chelys et juvat ipsum
Alciden dictumque lyra majore Catillum."

Statius, Silv. I. 3.

The inhabitants of Tibur frequently incurred the anger of Rome by assistance they gave to the Gauls upon their inroads into Latium, and they were completely subdued by Camillus in B.C. 335. Ovid narrates how when they were requested to send back the Roman pipers, "tibicines," who had seceded to Tibur from offence which they had taken at an edict of the censors, they made them drunk, and took them thus in carts to Rome.

"Exilio mutant urbem, Tiburque recedunt!
—Exilium quodam tempore Tibur erat!—
Quæritur in scena cava tibia, quæritur aris,
Ducit supremos nænia nulla choros.
. . . . . .
Alliciunt somnos tempus, motusque, merumque,
Potaque se Tibur turba redire putat.
Jamque per Esquilias Romanam intraverat urbem;
Et mane in medio plaustra fuere foro."

Fasti, vi. 665.

The second line of this passage expresses the fact that Tibur was an asylum for Roman fugitives, a result of its never having been admitted to the Roman franchise.

In his Pontic Epistles, also, Ovid says:—

"Quid referam veteres Romanæ gentis, apud quos
Exilium tellus ultima Tibur erat?"

Pont. I. *El.* 3.

Brutus and Cassius are said to have fled thither after the murder of Cæsar. Under the earlier emperors, Tibur was the favourite retreat of the wealthy Romans,—the Richmond of Rome—and, as such, it was celebrated by the poets. It was also the scene of the nominal imprisonment of Zenobia,

the brave and accomplished Queen of Palmyra, who lived here like a Roman matron, after having appeared in the triumph of Aurelian. She was presented with a beautiful villa by the Emperor. "Here the Syrian queen insensibly sunk into a Roman matron, her daughters married into noble families, and her race was not yet extinct in the fifth century." * In an earlier age, Syphax, king of Numidia, died here B.C. 201, having been brought from Africa to adorn the triumph of Scipio. The town was surrendered by the Isaurian garrisons, which Belisarius had placed there, to the Goths under Totila, who both burnt and rebuilt it. In the eighth century the name was changed to Tivoli. In the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines it bore a prominent part and was generally on the imperial side.

The climate of Tivoli was esteemed remarkably healthy, and was considered to have the property of blanching ivory.

> "Quale micat, semperque novum est, quod Tiburis aura
> Pascit, ebur."
>
> *Sil. Ital.* xii. 229.

> "Lilia tu vincis, nec adhuc delapsa ligustra,
> Et Tiburtino monte quod albet ebur."
>
> *Martial*, viii. 28.

But since the existence of malaria, modern poetry has told a different tale :—

> "Tivoli di mal conforto,
> O piove, o tira vento, o suona a morte."

As we ascend the hill, its wonderful beauty becomes more striking at every turn.

"The hill of Tivoli is all over picture. The town, the villas, the ruins, the rocks, the cascades, in the foreground ; the Sabine hills, the three Monticelli, Soracte, Frascati, the Campagna, and Rome in the

* Gibbon, ch. xi.

distance; these form a succession of landscapes superior, in the delight produced, to the richest cabinet of Claude's. Tivoli cannot be described: no true portrait of it exists: all views alter and embellish it: they are poetical translations of the matchless original. Indeed, when you come to detail the hill, some defect of harmony will ever be found in the foreground or distance, something in the swell or channelling of its sides, something in the growth or the grouping of its trees, which painters, referring every object to its effect on canvas, will often condemn as bad Nature. In fact, the beauties of the landscape are all accidental. Nature, intent on more important ends, does nothing exclusively to please the eye. No stream flows exactly as the artist would wish it: he wants mountains where he finds only hills: he wants hills where he finds a plain. Nature gives him but scattered elements, the composition is his own."—*Forsyth.*

Close to the gate of the town, on the right, is the picturesque five-towered *Castle*, built by Pius II. (1458-64).

A street, full of mediæval fragments, leads to *the Regina* and on to *the Sibylla*, which all artists will prefer, and which has never merited the description of George Sand:—

"L'affreuse auberge de la Sibylle, un vrai coupe-gorge de l'Opera-Comique."

It stands on the very edge of the precipice:—

"The green steep whence Anio leaps
In floods of snow-white foam."

Macaulay.

This is an almost isolated quarter of the town, occupying a distinct point of rock, called *Castro Vetere*, which is supposed to have been the *arx* or citadel of ancient Tibur —the Sicelion of Dionysius. Here, on the verge of the abyss, with coloured cloths hanging out over its parapet-wall, as we have so often seen it in pictures, stands the beautiful—the most beautiful—little building, which has been known for ages as the *Temple of the Sibyl.* It was once encircled by 18 Corinthian columns, and of these 10

still remain. In its delicate form and its rich orange colour, standing out against the opposite heights of Monte Peschiavatore, it is impossible to conceive anything more picturesque, and the situation is sublime, perched on the very edge of the cliff, overhung with masses of clematis and ivy, through which portions of the ruined arch of a bridge are just visible, while below the river foams and roars. Close behind the circular temple is another little oblong temple of travertine, with Ionic columns, now turned into the Church of S. Giorgio. Those who contend that the circular temple was dedicated to Vesta, or to Hercules Saxonus, call this the Temple of the Sibyl: others * say it is the Temple of Tiburtus, the founder of the city; others, that it was built in honour of Drusilla, sister of Caligula. We know from Varro that the 10th and last of the Sibyls, whose name was Albunea, was worshipped at Tivoli, and her temple seems to be coupled by the poets with the shrine of Tiburtus above the Anio.

"Illis ipse antris Anienus fonte relicto,
Nocte sub arcana glaucos exutus amictus,
Huc illuc fragili prosternit pectora musco:
Aut ingens in stagna cadit, vitreasque natatu
Plaudit aquas: illa recubat Tiburnus in umbra,
Illic sulphureos cupit Albula mergere crines."

Statius, Silv. 1. 3.

Close to the temples a gate will admit visitors into the beautiful walks begun by General Miollis, and finished under the Papal government. Those who are not equal to a long round, should not enter upon these, and in taking a local guide it should be recollected that there is scarcely the slightest ground for anything they say, and that the names they give to villas and temples are generally the merest conjecture.

* Nibby. *Dintorni*, iii. 205.

The walks, however, are charming, and lead by a gradual descent to the caves called the *Grottoes of Neptune and the Sirens*, into the chasm beneath which the Anio fell magnificently till 1826,* when an inundation which carried away a church and twenty-six houses led the Papal government to divert the course of the river in order to prevent the temples from being carried away also, and to open the new artificial cascade, 320 feet high, in 1834. The Anio at Tivoli, as the Velino at Terni, has extraordinary petrifying properties, and the mass of stalactites and petrified vegetation hanging everywhere from the rocks adds greatly to their wild picturesqueness.

"Puisque vous me dites que vous avez sous les yeux tous les guides et itinéraires de l'Italie pour suivre mon humble pérégrination, je dois vous prévenir que, dans aucun vous ne trouverez une description exacte de ces grottes, par la raison que les éboulements, les tremblements de terre, et les travaux indispensables à la sécurité de la ville, menacée de s'écrouler aussi, ou d'être emportée par l'Anio, ont souvent changé leur aspect. Je vais tâcher de vous donner succinctement une idée exacte ; car, en dépit des nouveaux itinéraires qui prétendent que ces lieux ont perdu leur principal intérêt, ils sont encore une des plus ravissantes merveilles de la terre.

"Je vous ai parlé d'un puits de verdure ; c'est ce bocage, d'environ un mille de tour à son sommet, que l'on a arrangé dans l'entonnoir d'un ancien cratère. L'abîme est donc tapissé de plantations vigoureuses, bien libres et bien sauvrages, descendant sur les flancs de montagne presque à pic, au moyen des zig-zags d'un sentier doux aux pieds, tout bordé d'herbes et de fleurs rustiques, soutenu par les terrasses naturelles du roc pittoresque, et se dégageant à chaque instant des bosquets qui l'ombragent pour vous laisser regarder le torrent sous vos pieds, le rocher perpendiculaire à votre droite, et le joli temple de la Sibylle au-dessus de votre tête. C'est à la fois d'une grâce et d'une majesté, d'une âpreté et d'une fraicheur qui résument bien les caractères de la nature italienne. Il me semble qu'il n'y a ici rien d'austère et de terrible qui ne soit tout à coup tempéré on dissimulé par des voluptés souriantes.

* This fall, though natural, was itself the result of an inundation in A.D. 105, which is recorded by Pliny the Younger. (Ep. viii. 17.)

"Quand on a descendu environ les deux tiers du sentier, il vous conduit à l'entrée d'une grotte latérale complétement inaperçue jusque-là. Cette grotte est un couloir, une galerie naturelle que le torrent a rencontrée dans la roche, et qui semble avoir été une des bouches du cratère dont le puits de verdure tout entier aurait été le foyer principal.

"De quelles scènes effroyables, de quelles dévorantes éjaculations, de quels craquements, de quels rugissements, de quels bouillonnements affreux cette ravissante cavité de Tivoli a dû être le théâtre! Il me semblait qu'elle devait son charme actuel à la pensée, j'allais presque dire au souvenir évoqué en moi, des ténébreuses horreurs de sa formation première. C'est là une ruine du passé autrement imposante que les débris des temples et des aqueducs; mais les ruines de la nature ont encore sur celles de nos œuvres cette supériorité que le temps bâtit sur elles, comme des monuments nouveaux, les merveilles de la végétation, les frais édifices de la forme et de la couleur, les véritables temples de la vie.

"Par cette caverne, un bras d'Anio se précipite et roule, avec un bruit magnifique, sur des lames de rocher qu'il s'est chargé d'aplanir et de creuser à son usage. A deux cents pieds plus haut, il traverse tranquillement la ville et met en mouvement plusieurs usines; mais, tout au beau milieu des maisons et des jardins, il rencontre cette coulée volcanique, s'y engouffre, et vient se briser au bas du grand rocher, sur les débris de son couronnement détaché, qui gisent là dans un désordre grandiose." —*George Sand, La Daniella.*

"Above the cold deep dell into which you dive to see the mysteries of Anio's urn, raised high on a pedestal of sharply-cut rock and seated as on a throne of velvet verdure, towers, like a pinnacle projected on the deep blue sky, the graceful temple of the Sibyl, that most exquisite specimen of art crowning nature, in perfect harmony of beauties."—*Cardinal Wiseman.*

The small ruins of two Roman bridges were rendered visible when the course of the river was changed. Ascending again the upper road beyond the falls, guides, on no authority whatever, point out some ruins as those of the Villa of Vopiscus, a poet of the time of Domitian. That he had a property at Tibur, we know from the verses of Statius, who has left a pleasant account of the villa of his friend: his grounds appear to have extended on both sides of the river.

"Cernere facundi Tibur glaciale Vopisci
Si quis et inserto geminos Aniene penates,
Aut potuit sociæ commercia noscere ripæ.
. . . . . .
Ingenium quam mite solo! quæ forma beatis
Arte manus concessa locis! Non largius usquam
Indulsit natura sibi. Nemora alta citatis
Incubuere vadis; fallax responsat imago
Frondibus, et longes eadem fugit unda per umbras.
Ipse Anien—miranda fides—infraque superque
Saxeus, hic tumidam rabiem spumosaque ponit
Murmura, ceu placidi veritus turbare Vopisci
Pieriosque dies et habentes carmina somnos.
Litus utrumque domi, nec te mitissimus amnis
Dividit. Alternas servant prætoria ripas
Non externa sibi, fluviumve obstare queruntur.
. . . . . .
Hic æterna quies, nullis hic jura procellis,
Nusquam fervor aquis. Datur hic transmittere visus
Et voces, et pæne manus."

Silv. I. 3.

We now turn round the base of Monte Catillo to that of Monte Peschiavatore and the point opposite the Cascatelle, which is known to have borne the name of Quintiliolo in the 10th century, and where a little church is still called *La Madonna di Quintiliolo.* It is possible this name may be derived from Quintilius Varus, and that his villa, mentioned by Horace (ode I. 18) as near the town, may have been in this neighbourhood. Remains of a sumptuous villa with inlaid pavements and statues—especially two Fauns now in the Vatican—have certainly been found here.

Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the views from the road which leads from Tivoli by the chapel of S. Antonia to the Madonna di Quintiliolo. On the opposite height rises the town with its temples, its old houses and churches, clinging to the edge of the cliffs, which are overhung with

such a wealth of luxuriant vegetation as is almost indescribable; and beyond, beneath the huge piles of building known

Tivoli.

as the Villa of Mæcenas, the thousand noisy cataracts of the Cascatelle leap forth beneath the old masonry, and sparkle and dance and foam through the green—and all this is only the foreground to vast distances of dreamy campagna, seen through the gnarled hoary stems of grand old olive-trees—rainbow-hued with every delicate tint of emerald and amethyst, and melting into sapphire, where the solitary dome of S. Peter's rises, invincible by distance, over the level line of the horizon.

And the beauty is not confined to the views alone. Each turn of the winding road is a picture; deep ravines of solemn dark-green olives which waken into silver light as the wind shakes their leaves,—old convents and chapels buried in

shady nooks on the mountain-side,—thickets of laurestinus, roses, genista, and jessamine,—banks of lilies and hyacinths, anemonies and violets,—grand masses of grey rock, up which white-bearded goats are scrambling to nibble the myrtle and rosemary, and knocking down showers of the red tufa on their way;—and a road, with stone seats and parapets, twisting along the edge of the hill through a constant diorama of loveliness, and peopled by groups of peasants in their gay dresses returning from their work, singing in parts wild canzonetti which echo amid the silent hills, or by women washing at the wayside fountains, or returning with brazen *conche*, poised upon their heads, like stately statues of water-goddesses wakened into life.

"The pencil only can describe Tivoli; and though unlike other scenes, the beauty of which is generally exaggerated in pictures, no representation has done justice to it, it is yet impossible that some part of its peculiar charms should not be transferred upon the canvas. It almost seems as if Nature herself had turned painter when she formed this beautiful and perfect composition."—*Eaton's Rome.*

Deep below Quintiliolo, reached by a winding path through grand old olive-woods, is the *Ponte dell' Acquoria*—"the bridge of the golden water," so called from a beautiful spring which rises near it. It is a fine single arch of travertine, crossed by the Via Tiburtina.

Passengers now cross the Anio by a wooden bridge, and ascend the Clivus Tiburtinus on the other side. Much of the ancient pavement remains. On the right of the road is the curious circular-domed building, somewhat resembling the temple of Minerva-Medica at Rome, and called by local antiquaries *Il Tempio della Tosse*, or "The Temple of Cough." The fact being, that it was probably the sepulchre of the Turcia family, one of the members of which, Lucius

Arterius Turcius, is shown by an inscription to have repaired the neighbouring road in the time of Constans. In the interior are some remains of 13th-century frescoes, which indicate that this was then used as a Christian church.

The *Via Constantina*, which leads into the town from the Ponte Lucano, falls into the Via Tiburtina near this.

On the brow of the hill, we may now visit the immense ruins called *The Villa of Mœcenas*, though there is no reason whatever to suppose that it was his villa, or even that he had a villa at Tibur at all.

"It is an immense quadrilateral edifice, 637½ feet long, and 450 broad, surrounded on three sides by sumptuous porticoes. The fourth side, or that which looks towards Rome, which is one of the long sides, had a theatre in the middle of it, with a hall or saloon on each side. The porticoes are arched, and adorned on the side towards the area with half-columns of the Doric order. Behind is a series of chambers. An oblong tumulus now marks the site of the house, or, according to Nibby, who regards it as the temple of Hercules, of the Cella. The pillars were of travertine, and of a beautiful Ionic order. One of them existed on the ruins as late as 1812. This immense building intercepted the ancient road, for which, as appears from an inscription preserved in the Vatican, a vault or tunnel was constructed, part of which is still extant. Hence it gave name to the *Porta Scura* or *Obscura*, mentioned in the Bull of Benedict, which it continued to bear at least as late as the 15th century."—*Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography.*

These ruins are the only remains in Tivoli which at all correspond with the allusions in the poets to the famous Heracleum, or Temple of Hercules, which was of such a size as to be quoted, with the waterfall, by Strabo as characteristics of Tivoli, just as the great temple of Fortune was the distinguishing feature of Præneste. It contained a library, and had an oracle, which answered by sortes like that of Præneste. Augustus, when at Tibur, frequently administered justice in the porticoes of the temple of Hercules.

To trace all the poetical allusions to it would be endless: here are a few of them.

"Curve te in Herculeum deportant esseda Tibur.'
Propertius, II. 32.

"Tibur in Herculeum migravit nigra Lycoris."
Martial, iv. 62.

"Venit in Herculeos colles: quid Tiburis alti
Aura valet?"
Mart. vii. 12.

"Nec mihi plus Nemee, priscumve habitabitur Argos,
Nec Tiburna domus, solisque cubilia Gades."
Stat. Silv. iii. 1. 182.

"Quosque sub Herculeis taciturno flumine muris
Pomifera arva creant Anienicolæ Catilli."
Sil. Ital. iv. 224.

We re-enter the town by a gate with Ghibelline battlements, near which are two curious mediæval houses, one with a beautiful outside loggia. Passing through the dirty streets almost to the Porta Santa Croce, by which we entered Tivoli, a narrow alley on the right leads us to a little square, one side of which is occupied by the *Cathedral of S. Francesco*, a picturesque little building, with a good rose-window. Behind the church is a *cella* of the age of Augustus, which some antiquaries have referred to the temple of Hercules.

"But it would be difficult to regard these vestiges as forming part of a temple 150 feet in circumference, nor was it usual to erect the principal Christian church on the foundations of a heathen temple. It is pretty certain, however, that the Forum of Tibur was near the cathedral, and occupied the site of the present Piazza dell' Ormo and its environs, as appears from a Bull of Pope Benedict VII., in the year 978. The round temple at the cathedral belonged therefore to the Forum, as well as the crypto-porticus, now called *Porto di Ercole* in the street *del Poggio*. The exterior of this presents ten closed arches about 200 feet in length,

which still retain traces of the red plaster with which they were covered. Each arch has three loop-holes to serve as windows. The interior is divided into two apartments or halls, by a row of 28 slender pillars. Traces of arabesque painting on a black ground may still be seen. The mode of building shows it to be of the same period as the circular remains."—*Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography.*

Close to the Cathedral is the door of the famous *Villa d'Este,* where we are admitted on ringing a bell, and crossing a court-yard, and descending a long vaulted passage, are allowed unaccompanied to enter and wander about in one of the grandest and wildest and most impressive gardens in the world. The villa itself, built in 1549, by Pirro Ligorio, for Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, son of Alfonso II., Duke of Ferrara, is stately and imposing in its vast forms, bold outlines, and deeply-projecting cornices. Beneath it runs a broad terrace (rather too much grown up now), ending in an archway, which none but the most consummate artist would have placed where it stands, in glorious relief against the soft distances of the many-hued Campagna. Beneath the twisted staircases which lead down from this terrace, fountains send up jets of silvery spray on every succeeding level against the dark green of the gigantic cypresses, which line the main avenue of the garden, and which also, interspersed with the richer verdure of Acacias and Judas trees, snowy or crimson with flowers in spring, stand in groups on the hill-side, with the old churches of Tivoli and the heights of Monte Catillo seen between them. The fountains at the sides of the garden are colossal, like everything else here, and overgrown with maiden-hair fern, and water glitters everywhere in stone channels through the dark arcades of thick foliage. Flowers there are few, except the masses of roses, guelder roses, and lilacs, which grow and blossom where they will.

The villa now belongs to the Duke of Modena, the direct descendant of its founder.

(Those who return to Rome the same evening will do well to order their carriages to wait for them at the entrance of the Villa d'Este.)

Outside the Porta Santa Croce are the old Jesuits' College, with its charming terrace called *La Veduta*, and the *Villa Braschi*, in whose cellar the aqueduct of the Anio Novus may be seen. Some disappointment will doubtless be felt at the uncertainty which hangs over the different homes of the poets at Tivoli, especially over that of Horace, which was near the grove of Tiburnus ;* but then, though the actual ruins pointed out to us may not have belonged to them, there is so much of which they tell us that remains unchanged, the luxuriant woods, the resounding Anio, the thymy uplands, that the very atmosphere is alive with their verses ; and amid such soul-inspiring loveliness, one cannot wonder that Tibur was beloved by them.

"Mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet."

Horace, I *Ep.* 7.

"Vester, Camœnæ, vester in arduos
Tollor Sabinos : seu mihi frigidum
Præneste, seu Tibur supinum,
Seu liquidæ placuere Baiæ."

iii. *Od.* 4.

". . . Ego, apis Matinæ
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus
Carmina fingo."

iv. *Od.* 2.

* Suet. *Vit. Hor.*

"Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt,
Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem."

iv. *Od.* 3.

"Que de vers charmants dans Horace, consacrés à peindre ce Tibur tant aimé, ce délicieux Tivoli dont il est si doux de goûter après lui, je dirai presque avec lui, les impérissables enchantements! Comment ne pas y murmurer cette ode ravissante dans laquelle, après avoir énuméré les beaux lieux qu'il avait admirés dans son voyage de Grèce, revenant à son cher Tibur, il s'écrie, comme d'autres pourraient le faire aussi: 'Rien ne m'a frappé autant que la demeure retentissante d'Albunée, l'Anio qui tombe, le bois sacré de Tiburnus, et les vergers qu'arrosent les eaux vagabondes!'

'Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.'

Carm. i. 7, 12.

Est-il rien de plus gracieux, de plus sonore, et de plus frais? Malheureusement il ne reste d'Horace à Tivoli que les cascatelles, dont le murmure semble un écho de ses vers. Les ruines qu'on montre au voyageur, comme celles de la maison d'Horace, ne lui ont jamais appartenu, bien que déjà du temps de Suétone à Tibur on fît voir au curieux la maison du poëte."—*Ampère, Emp. Rom.* i. 360.

Catullus had a villa here on the boundary between the Sabine and Tiburtine territories, but which he chose to consider in the latter, while his friends, if they wished to tease him, said it was Sabine:—

"O funde noster, seu Sabine, seu Tiburs
(Nam te esse Tiburtem autumant, quibus non est
Cordi Catullum lædere: at quibus cordist,
Quovis Sabinum pignore esse contendunt),
Sed seu Sabine sive verius Tiburs,
Fui libenter in tua suburbana
Villa, malamque pectore expuli tussim."

Carm. 44.

Here also lived "Cynthia," whose real name was Hostia, the beloved of Propertius, who did not hesitate to test his

devotion by summoning him to face the dangers of the road from Rome to Tibur at midnight.

"Nox media, et dominæ mihi venit epistola nostræ,
Tibure me missa jussit adesse mora,
Candida qua geminas ostendunt culmina turres,
Et cadit in patulos lympha Aniena lacus."

iii. *El.* 16.

And here she died and was buried, and her spirit, appearing to her lover, besought him to take care of her grave.

"Pelle hederam tumulo, mihi quæ pugnante corymbo
Mollia contortis alligat ossa comis.
Pomosis Anio qua spumifer incubat arvis,
Et nunquam Herculeo numine pallet ebur.
Hic carmen media dignum me scribe columna,
Sed breve, quod currens vector ab urbe legat,
Hic Tiburtina jacet aurea Cynthia terra:
Accessit ripæ laus, Aniene, tuæ."

v. 7.

Beyond the Porta Santa Croce is the suburb *Carciano*, a corruption from Cassianum, its name in the 10th century from the villa of the gens Cassia, of which there are considerable remains beneath the Greek College. From the excavations made here in the reign of Pius VI. many of the finest statues in the Vatican were obtained, especially those in the Hall of the Muses.

Painters, and all who stay long enough at Tivoli, should not fail to visit the picturesque ruins of the Marcian and Claudian aqueducts beyond the Porta S. Giovanni. Delightful excursions may also be made to Subiaco, to S. Cosimato and Licenza, to Monte Gennaro, and to Montecelli. A pleasant road leads by the old castle of *Passerano* and Zagarolo to Palestrina.

CHAPTER XIII.

LICENZA AND MONTE GENNARO.

(This is one of the most interesting of the excursions from Tivoli. A carriage may be taken from Tivoli to the farm of Horace itself, or good walkers may take the morning diligence to Subiaco as far as S. Cosimato, and walk from thence to Licenzâ, returning to meet the diligence in the evening. For the excursion to Monte Gennaro, horses must be ordered beforehand.)

SOON after leaving Tivoli some magnificent arches of the Claudian Aqueduct are seen crossing a ravine on the left, through which a road leads to *Ampiglione* (probably the ancient Empulum), where some of the ancient walls remain. Then, also on the left, rises the most picturesque village of *Castel Madama* crowning a ridge of hill. Then the road passes close to some ruins supposed to be those of the tomb of C. Mænius Bassus of the time of Caligula.

Seven miles from Tivoli we reach *Vicovaro*, the Varia of Horace. Some of the ancient walls remain, of huge blocks of travertine. The place now belongs to Count Bolognetti Cenci, who has a dismal palace here. At one end of a piazza facing the principal church in the upper town, is the beautiful *Chapel of S. Giacomo*, built for one of the Orsini, Count of Tagliacozzo, by Simone, a pupil of Brunelleschi, who (says Vasari) died when he was employed upon it. It is octagonal, with a dome crowned by the figure of a

saint. The Italian-gothic is very peculiar. The principal door is richly adorned with saints: above are angels floating over the Virgin and Child, their attitude of adoration very beautiful. Santa Severa is buried here, as well as at Anagni! Pope Pius II. in his "Commentaria" (LVI.) speaks of this church as "nobile sacellum ex marmore candidissimo," and as adorned with "statuis egregiis." Of late years it has become important as a place of pilgrimage from "the miraculous picture" which it contains.

"Outside the church was a stall, at which I bought a copy of a hymn addressed by the inhabitants of the town, 'to their miraculous picture of the most Holy Mary our advocate, which on July 22, 1868, began to move its eyes miraculously.' Then follows the hymn, which is poor enough. Inside the church, over the high altar, surrounded with decorations and with lights, is placed the picture, a beautiful one, full of feeling and pathos. The hands are united as in prayer, and the face is turned upwards, the eyes being large and lustrous, and in the very act of beginning to weep. It is a work of the school of Guido, and might be by the master himself.

"Before the altar were kneeling a group of *contadini*, or country people, on their way from the Easter services at Rome. The priest was kneeling at the altar, singing the Litany of the Virgin, in which she is addressed in direct prayer, 'Mother of mercy, have mercy on us:' 'Mother of grace, have mercy upon us,' &c.: the *contadini* repeating the '*Miserere nobis*' after each title of invocation had been given out by the priest. This being ended, the worshippers all bent down and kissed the pavement, and then went backwards out of the church, bowing repeatedly as they passed down the nave.

"Meantime we were invited into the sacristy to see the book of testimonials to the fact of the miracle. The witnesses were many, of all nations. The purport of their testimony was mainly this: that at such a time the deposer had seen the left, or the right eye, or both, move or enlarge, or fill with tears; or the expression of the face change, or the throat become agitated. Many of the depositions were accompanied with fervent expressions of thankfulness and joy.

"Now as to the account to be given of the phenomena thus deposed to. It is well known that certain arrangements of lines and of colours cause the appearance, when long contemplated, of unsteadiness and of motion

in a picture: especially if combined with the representation of an expression of countenance itself emotioned, and, if I may thus use the word, transitional. Now this last is eminently the case at Vicovaro. I am convinced, that were I a devotee kneeling before that picture, I could in ten minutes imagine it to undergo any such change as those recorded in the book. All is engaging, lustrous, suggestive."—*Dean Alford*, 1865.

A short distance beyond Vicovaro, almost opposite the convent of S. Cosimato (see ch. xix.), a road to the left turns up the valley of Licenza. On the right is the castle of the Marchese del Gallo. About two miles up the valley, on the left, the castle of *Rocca Giovane* is seen rising above its little town. Here was a temple of Vacuna, the Victoria of the Sabines.

The scenery is now classical, for:—

"where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight
The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's delight."
Childe Harold.

The village upon the right, *Bardella*, is Mandela. Between us and it flows the brook *Licenza*, the Digentia of Horace; the hill in front, *Monte Libretti*, is the famous Mons Lucretilis.

"Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus;
Quid sentire putas? quid credis, amice, precari?
Sit mihi quod nunc est."
i. *Epist.* xviii. 104.

Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycæo Faunus, et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis pluviosque ventos.
i. *Ode* 17.

"Le véritable pèlerinage à la demeure champêtre d'Horace, c'est celui qu'on peut faire a sa villa de la Sabine, dont l'emplacement a été

si bien déterminé, près de Rocca Giovane, par M. Rosa. S'il ne reste de la maison que des briques et des pierres enfouies à l'endroit où une esplanade en fait connaitre aujourd'hui l'emplacement, les lieux d'alentour portent des noms dans lesquels on a pu retrouver les anciens noms. Varia (Ep. i. 14, 3) est *Vico Varo;* la village de *Mandela* (Ep. i. 18, 105), dont Horace était voisin, s'appelle *Bardella;* la Digentia (Ep. i. 18, 104) est devenue la *Licenza.* Il y a aussi la fontaine d'*Oratini*, et, tout près des débris de l'habitation, la colline du poëte, *colle del Poetello.* On a reconnu encore le mont Lucrétile, qui protégeait les chèvres d'Horace contre l'ardeur de l'été et les vents pluvieux (Carm. i. 13, 1—4).

"Cette villa est celle que Mécène avait donnée à Horace. C'était 'ce champ modeste qu'il avait rêvé, avec un jardin, auprès d'une eau toujours vive' (Sat. ii. 6, 2, et Ep. iii. 16, 12)—celle qui s'appelle encore *fonte d'Oratini,*—et un peu de forêts au-dessus.' La végétation a été changée par la culture, mais les grands traits du paysage subsistent. L'on voit toujours la chaîne des montagnes qui est coupée par une vallée profonde, celle où coule la Licenza; et l'on peut remarquer la justesse de tous les détails de cette description, que le poëte semble s'excuser de faire si longue, *loquaciter*, et qui est renfermée dans quelques vers charmants et précis:

> 'Continui montes nisi dissocientur opaca
> Valle; sed ut veniens dextrum latus aspiciet sol,
> Lævum decedens curru fugiente vaporet.'—Ep. i. 16, 5."
>
> *Ampère, Emp. Rom.* i. 363.

The Sabine farm was presented to Horace by Mæcenas, c B. C. 33.

"To the munificence of Mæcenas we owe that peculiar charm of the Horatian poetry, that it represents both the town and country life of the Romans of that age; the country life, not only in the rich and luxurious villa of the wealthy at Tivoli, or at Baiæ; but in the secluded retreat and among the simple manners of the peasantry. It might seem as if the wholesome air which the poet breathed, during his retirement on his farm, re-invigorated his natural manliness of mind. There, notwithstanding his love of convivial enjoyment in the palace of Mæcenas and other wealthy friends, he delighted to revert to his own sober and frugal way of living."—*Milman.*

The road comes to an end on the margin of the clear

brook Digentia, which is here sometimes swollen into a broad river by the winter rains. On the further side of the wide stony bed it has made for itself, rises *Licenza*, cresting

Licenza.

a high hill and approached by a steep rocky path through the olives. Further up the valley is the "Fonte Blandusino," still pointed out as the spring of Horace. Just where the road ends, a steep bank covered with chestnuts rises on the left. Passing through the wood (only a few steps from the road) to a garden, we find a *contadino*, who shovels up the rich loam with his spade, exposes a bit of tesselated pavement, and says "Ecco la villa d'Orazio."

"The Sabine farm was situated in the valley of Ustica, thirty miles from Rome, and twelve miles from Tivoli. It possessed the attraction, no small one to Horace, of being very secluded—Varia (Vico Varo), the nearest town, being four miles off—yet, at the same time, within an easy distance of Rome. When his spirits wanted the stimulus of society or the bustle of the capital, which they often did, his ambling mule could speedily convey him thither; and when jaded, on the other hand, by the noise and racket and dissipations of Rome, he could, in the same

homely way, bury himself within a few hours among the hills, and there, under the shadow of his favourite Lucretilis, or by the banks of the clear-flowing and ice-cold Digentia, either stretch himself to dream upon the grass, lulled by the murmurs of the stream, or do a little farming in the way of clearing his fields of stones, or turning over a furrow here and there with the hoe. There was a rough wildness in the scenery and a sharpness in the air, both of which Horace liked, although, as years advanced and his health grew more delicate, he had to leave it in the colder months for Tivoli or Baiæ. He built a villa upon it, or added to one already there, the traces of which still exist. The farm gave employment to five families of free *coloni*, who were under the superintendence of a bailiff; and the poet's domestic establishment was composed of eight slaves. The site of the farm is at the present day a favourite resort of travellers, of Englishmen especially, who visit it in such numbers, and trace its features with such enthusiasm, that the resident peasantry, 'who cannot conceive of any other source of interest in one so long dead and unsainted than that of co-patriotism or consanguinity,' believe Horace to have been an Englishman.* What aspect it presented in Horace's time we gather from one of his Epistles "(i. 16) :—

"About my farm, dear Quinctius: You would know
What sort of produce for its lord 'twill grow;
Plough-land is it, or meadow-land, or soil
For apples, vine-clad elms, or olive-oil?
So (but you'll think me garrulous) I'll write
A full description of its form and site.
In long continuous lines the mountains run,
Cleft by a valley, which twice feels the sun—
Once on the right, when first he lifts his beams;
Once on the left, when he descends in streams.
You'd praise the climate well, and what d'ye say
To sloes and cornels hanging from the spray?
What to the oak and ilex, that afford
Fruit to the cattle, shelter to their lord?
What, but that rich Tarentum must have been
Transplanted nearer Rome, with all its green?
Then there's a fountain, of sufficient size
To name the river that takes thence its rise—
Not Thracian Hebrus colder or more pure,
Of power the head's and stomach's ills to cure.

* Letter by Mr Dennis: Milman's "Horace," London, 1849, p. 109.

This sweet retirement—nay, 'tis more than sweet—
Insures my health even in September's heat." (*C.*)

Here is what a recent tourist found it: *—

"Following a path along the brink of the torrent Digentia, we passed a towering rock, on which once stood Vacuna's shrine, and entered a pastoral region of well-watered meadow-lands, enamelled with flowers and studded with chestnut and fruit trees. Beneath their sheltering shade peasants were whiling away the noontide hours. Here sat Daphnis piping sweet witching melodies on a reed to his rustic Phidyle, whilst Lydia and she wove wreaths of wild flowers, and Lyce sped down to the edge of the stream and brought us cooling drink in a bulging conca borne on her head. Its waters were as deliciously refreshing as they could have been when the poet himself gratefully recorded how often they revived his strength; and one longed to think, and hence half believed, that our homely Hebe, like her fellows, was sprung from the coloni who tilled his fields and dwelt in the five homesteads of which he sings. . . . Near the little village of Licenza, standing like its loftier neighbour, Civitella, on a steep hill at the foot of Lucretilis, we turned off the path, crossed a thickly-wooded knoll, and came to an orchard in which two young labourers were at work. We asked where the remains of Horace's farm were. 'A piè tui!' answered the nearest of them in a dialect more like Latin than Italian. So saying, he began with a shovel to uncover a massive floor in very fair preservation; a little farther on was another, crumbling to pieces. Chaupy has luckily saved one all doubt as to the site of the farm, establishing to our minds convincingly that it could scarcely have stood on ground other than that on which at this moment we were. As the shovel was clearing the floors, we thought how applicable to Horace himself were the lines he addressed to Fuscus Aristius,—'Naturam expelles,' etc.

'Drive Nature forth by force, she'll turn and rout
The false refinements that would keep her out,' (*C.*)

for here was just enough of his house left to show how Nature, creeping on step by step, had overwhelmed his handiwork and re-asserted her sway. Again, pure and Augustan in design as was the pavement before us, how little could it vie with the hues and odours of the grasses that bloomed around it!—'Deterius Lybicis,' etc.

'Is springing grass less sweet to nose and eyes
Than Libyan marble's tesselated dyes?' (*C.*)

* "Pall Mall Gazette," August 16, 1869.

"Indeed, so striking were these coincidences that we were as nearly as possible going off on the wrong tack, and singing 'Io Pæan' to Dame Nature herself at the expense of the bard; but we were soon brought back to our allegiance by a sense of the way in which all we saw tallied with the description of him who sang of Nature so surpassingly well, who challenges posterity in charmed accents, and could shape the sternest and most concise of tongues into those melodious cadences, that invest his undying verse with all the magic of music and all the freshness of youth. For this was clearly the 'Angulus iste,' the nook which 'restored him to himself'—this the lovely spot which his steward longed to exchange for the slums of Rome. Below lay the green sward by the river, where it was sweet to recline in slumber. Here grew the vine, still trained, like his own, on the trunks and branches of trees. Yonder the brook which the rain would swell till it overflowed its margin, and his lazy steward and slaves were fain to bank it up; and above, among a wild jumble of hills, lay the woods where, on the Calends of March, Faunus interposed to save him from the attack of the wolf as he strolled along unarmed, singing of the soft voice and sweet smiles of his Lalage! The brook is now nearly dammed up; a wall of close-fitting rough-hewn stones gathers its waters into a still, dark pool; its overflow gushes out in a tiny rill that rushed down beside our path, mingling its murmur with the hum of myriads of insects that swarmed in the air."—*Horace, by Theo. Martin in "Classics for English Readers."*

Visitors to Licenza will be glad further to beguile the long drive with the following extract:—

"Entering the valley which opens to the north. On a height which rises to the right stand two villages, Cantalupo and Bardela; the latter is supposed to be the Mandela, which the poet describes as *rugosus frigore pagus;* and, certes, it stands in an airy position, at the point of junction of the two valleys. You soon come to a small stream, of no remarkable character, but it is the Digentia, the *gelidus rivus*, at which the poet was wont to slake his thirst—*me quoties reficit*—and which flows away through the meadows to the foot of the said hill of Bardela —*quem Mandela bibit.* You are now in the Sabine valley, so fondly loved and highly prized.

'Cur valle permutem Sabinâ
Divitias operosiores?'

"A long lofty ridge forms the left-hand barrier of the valley. It is Lucretilis. It has no striking features to attract the eye—with its easy

swells, undulating outline, and slopes covered with wood, it well merits the title of *amœnus*, though that was doubtless due to its grateful shade, rather than to its appearance. Ere long you espy, high up beneath the brow of the mountain, a village pushed on a precipitous grey cliff. It is Rocca Giovane, now occupying the site of the ruined temple of Vacuna.

"On a conical height in this valley stands the town of Licenza; while other loftier heights tower behind, from which the village of Civitella, apparently inaccessible, looks down on the valley like an eagle from its eyrie. In the foreground a knoll crested with chestnuts, rising some eighty or hundred feet above the stream, marks the site of the much-sung farm.

"This knoll stands at a bend of the stream, or rather at the point where several rivulets unite to form the Digentia. Behind the knoll stood the Farm. Its mosaic pavement, still shown, is black and white, in very simple geometrical figures, and, with the other remains, is quite in harmony with an abode where

> 'Non ebur neque aureum
> Meâ renidet in domo lacunar;
> Non trabes Hymettiæ
> Premunt columnas ultimâ recisas
> Africâ.'

"From the poet's description, we learn that his land was little cultivated:

> 'Quid, si rubicunda leniquè
> Corna vepres et pruna ferunt? si quercus et ilex
> Multâ fruge pecus, multâ dominum juvat umbrâ?'

You may remember, too, that he says of the neighbourhood:—

> 'Angulus iste feret piper et thus ocyus uvâ.'

"*Tempora mutantur*, and soils may change also—the cultivation of nineteen centuries has rendered this more fertile; for vines hang in festoons from tree to tree over the site of his abode; the cornels and sloes have in great measure given way to the olive and fig; and the walnut and Spanish chestnut have taken the place of the oak and ilex. Nevertheless the poet's description still holds good of the uncultivated spots in the neighbourhood, which are overrun with brambles and are fragrant with odoriferous herbs; and until late years the ground was covered with wood—with *cere* and *quercie*, different kinds of oak, and with scarlet-holm and Spanish chestnut.

"The Farm is situated on a rising ground, which sinks with a gentle

slope to the stream, leaving a level intervening strip, yellow in the harvest. In this I recognized the *pratum apricum* which was in danger of being overflowed. The *aprica rura* were probably then, as now, sown with corn,—*puræ rivus aquæ, et segetis lecta fides meæ.* Here it must have been that the poet was wont to repose after his meal: *prope rivum somnus in herbâ;* and here his personal efforts, perhaps, to dam out the stream, provoked his neighbours to a smile—

'Rident vicini glebas et saxa moventem.'"

From a Letter by G. Dennis—"De Villa Horatii,"—given in Milman's "Works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus."

Those who are able to encounter rather a rough walk will not be satisfied without trying to reach the spring, which is supposed to be the Fons Blandusiæ.

"The spring now commonly called the 'Fonte Blandusia' rises at the head of a narrow glen, which opens into the broader valley of the Digentia just beyond the Farm, and stretches up for two or three miles into the heart of the mountains, dividing Lucretilis from Ustica. This is evidently the *reducta vallis*, to which Tyndaris was invited; and is known by the peasants as the 'Valle Rustica,' than which no name could be more appropriate; though it probably was not conferred with reference to the scenery, but as a corruption of 'Ustica.' Whether *Ustica cubans* were a mountain or a valley, or both, as hath been opined, I leave to the critics to determine; but the mountain on the right of the glen, which contrasts its recumbent form with the steep-browed Lucretilis, is still called 'Ustica,' and sometimes 'Rustica,' by the peasantry. The penultimate, however, is now pronounced short. The streamlet is called 'Le Chiuse;' it is the same which flows beneath the villa, and threatens the '*pratum apricum.*' I ascended its course from the Farm, by the path which Horace must have taken to the fountain. It flows over a rocky bed, here overshadowed by dwarf-willows, there by wide-spreading fig-trees, and is flanked by vineyards for some distance. Then all cultivation ceases—the scenery becomes wilder—the path steeper—the valley contracts to a ravine—a bare grey and red rock rises on the right, schistose, rugged, and stern; another similar cliff rises opposite, crested with ilex, and overtopt by the dark head of Lucretilis. As I approached the fountain I came to an open grassy spot, where cattle and goats were feeding.

'Tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Præbes, et pecori vago.'

The spot is exquisitely Arcadian ; no wonder it captivated the poet's fancy. It is now just as it must have met his eye. During the noon-tide heat, the vast Lucretilis throws his grateful shade across the glen,

'et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis.'

Goats still wander among the underwood, cropping *arbutos et thyma* which cover the ground in profusion, or frisking amongst the rocks as smooth-faced—*levia saxa*—as when they reëchoed the notes of the poet's pipe.

"Crossing the stream by the huge rocks which almost choke its bed, I climbed through brambles and sloes to the fountain. It is a most picturesque spot. Large masses of moss-clad rock lie piled up in the cleft between the hills, and among them the streamlet works its way, overshadowed by hanging woods of ilex, beech, horn-beam, maple, chestnut, nut, and walnut,—which throw so dense a shade, that scarcely a ray of the all-glaring sun can play on the turf below.

'Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ
Nescit tangere : tu frigus amabile
Præbes.'

The water springs from three small holes at the top of a shelving rock of no great height, and glides down into a sandy basin, which it overflows, trickling in a slender thread over the rocks into a small pool, and thence sinking in a mimic cascade into the rugged channel which bears it down the glen. From the rocks which separate the upper from the lower basin of the fountain, springs a moss-grown walnut tree, which stretches its giant limbs over the whole. The water itself merits all that has been said or sung of it ; it is verily *splendidior vitro.* Nothing—not even the Thracian Hebrus—can exceed it in purity, coolness, and sweetness.

"Hæ latebræ dulces, et jam (si credis) amœnæ !'

Well might the poet choose this as a retreat from the fierce noon-tide heat. Here he could lie the live-long day on the soft turf and sing

'ruris amœni
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque,'

while his goats strayed around, cropping the cyclamen which decks the brink of the fountain, or the wild strawberries and sweet herbs which scent the air around. Here, while all nature below was fainting with the heat, might he enjoy the grateful shade of Lucretilis. Or here might he

well sing the praises of the fountain itself, as he listened to its 'babbling waters,' and feasted his eye on the rich union of wood and rock around it.

'Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
Saxis, unde loquaces
Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ.'

"Just as it was then, so is it now,—even to the very ilices overhanging the hollow rocks whence it springs. And so exactly, in every particular, does this fountain answer to the celebrated Fons, that my faith in its identity is firm and steadfast."—*G. Dennis.*

"On this farm lovers of Horace have been fain to place the fountain of Bandusia, which the poet loved so well, and to which he prophesied, and truly, as the issue has proved, immortality from his song (*Ode* iii. 13). Charming as the poem is, there could be no stronger proof of the poet's hold upon the hearts of men of all ages than the enthusiasm with which the very site of the spring has been contested.

'Bandusia's fount in clearness crystalline
O worthy of the wine, the flowers we vow!
To-morrow shall be thine
A kid, whose crescent brow

'Is sprouting, all for love and victory
In vain; his warm red blood, so early stirred,
Thy gelid stream shall dye,
Child of the wanton herd.

'Thee the fierce Sirian star, to madness fired,
Forbears to touch; sweet cool thy waters yield
To ox with ploughing tired
And flocks that range afield.

'Thou too one day shall win proud eminence,
'Mid honoured founts, while I the ilex sing
Crowning the cavern, whence
Thy babbling wavelets spring.' (*C*)."

Horace, by Theo. Martin.

The ascent of *Monte Gennaro* may be made from Licenza, but it is better to make it from Tivoli itself, whence a carriage may be taken to *Polo*, and horses ordered there. Hence it is a constant ascent over ridges of hill till we reach

the long upland valley called *Val del Paradiso,* which is exceedingly beautiful, covered in spring with primroses, crocuses, heartsease, and many of the mountain flowers of Switzerland. Here herds of cattle feed under the shade of the ilexes. The last part of the ascent is very steep and entirely over rock. The view from the top, 3,965 feet above the sea, is magnificent, though many will doubt whether it is sufficiently finer than that from Monte Cavo, to repay the fatigue of an excursion which is certainly very long and tiring, though it is exaggerated by the hotel-keepers at Tivoli, and though the start at 3 A.M., which is urged by them, is altogether unnecessary: 6 or 7 A.M. being quite early enough.

It is best to descend by the almost perpendicular staircase called *La Scarpellata,* but the steps are very rugged and of course can only be traversed on foot. There is a pleasant ride through meadows from S. Francesco, ascending afterwards by the olive-woods, and coming up to Tivoli by the Madonna del Quintiliolo. We leave a little to the right the low isolated hills called *Montes Corniculani* (which may be made the object of a separate excursion from Tivoli). Their southern height is occupied by the village of *Monticelli,* the next by *Colle Cesi,* the northern by *S. Angelo in Cappoccio.* All the villages are ruinous, but contain many picturesque bits. S. Angelo is supposed to occupy the site of *Corniculum,* which was burnt by Tarquin. The widow of its slain chieftain, Ocrisia, was taken, after the siege, to Rome, where she was delivered of a boy, who was educated in the house of Tarquin, and became King Servius Tullius. Some ancient walls of Cyclopean masonry remain: the interstices between the large stones are filled in with smaller ones.

CHAPTER XIV.

VELLETRI.

(Velletri is a station on the Naples line of railway, one hour and 20 minutes from Rome. The Locanda del Gallo is a comfortable and reasonable hotel. The vetturino Roberto Tasselli, 116 Strada Vittorio Emmanuele, is an honest man, and lets out capital carriages for excursions. A carriage for the day to Cora costs 25 francs, to Ninfa 22 francs, but the price must be settled beforehand.)

VELLETRI is in many respects a much better centre for excursions than Albano, being situated on the railway itself, so that tourists are saved the long drive down to the station, which makes excursions from the latter town so fatiguing. Its streets are wide and clean, and the air healthy and invigorating. Like Albano, it has no costumes of its own, but on festas the people flock in from the neighbouring villages, and enliven it with their white *panni* and brilliant red and blue bodices. Of the old Volscian city of Velitræ, which once occupied this site and which was so long at war with Rome, there are many scattered traces, and vestiges may be discovered of the vallum and fosse with which the place was surrounded by Coriolanus. But the inhabitants of the Volscian city were removed to Rome, where they became the forefathers of the Trasteverini, and though in imperial times the place had again a certain importance, and though Augustus himself is declared by the

natives to have been born there (in contradiction to the account of Suetonius, who expressly states that he was born at Rome, at the sign of the Ox-heads, in the Palatium), the principal existing remains are all mediæval.

From the station a gradual ascent leads into the town, fringed with trees, and with beautiful views of the Volscian range, over the hill-side slopes so rich in the vines which produce the famous wine of Velletri. The extraordinary folly which has affected almost every town in Italy since the change of government, has changed all the old historical appellations of the streets to the meaningless "Corso Cavour, Via Vittorio Emmanuele, Via Garibaldi," &c. One whole side of the principal square is occupied by the façade of the *Palazzo Lancellotti*, built by Martino Longhi. The exterior gives no idea of the extreme beauty of the interior, which is one of the most remarkable in Italy. On the first floor is an open gallery of immense length, the arcades divided by pillars richly decorated with caryatides. A marble staircase, with open loggias on every landing, ascends to the top of the palace, whence there is a glorious view, and beneath are beautiful gardens extending to the open country. Near the top of the staircase is a very fine statue of Minerva Pudicitia (with its own head, that at the Vatican being an addition) found at Velletri. The palace is now inhabited by Prince Gianetti, who kindly allows it to be shown to strangers, and it is well worth visiting.

Opposite the palace rises the beautiful tall detached campanile of *Santa Maria in Trivio*, raised to commemorate the deliverance of the city from the plague in 1348, whilst it was being besieged by Nicola Gaetani, Lord of Fondi. Other old palaces of impoverished nobles abound in the

smaller streets, the most remarkable being the Palazzo Filippi,

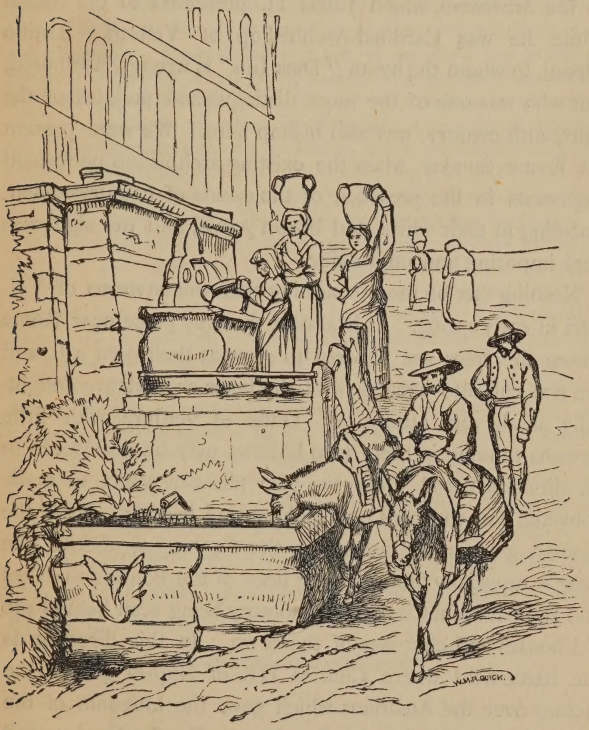
S. Maria in Trivio, Velletri.

which is really magnificent, in spite of its desertion and decay.

The old palace of the popes, now called *Palazzo Communale*, built by Giacomo della Porta, occupies the highest part of the town, the citadel of old Velitræ, and beside it stands the palace of the Cardinal-Archbishop, with a bas-relief on its front commemorating the opening of the Via Appia Nuova by Pius IX., and an inscription rather inconsistent with present ideas —"Papalis et imperialis est mihi libertas." Close to these palaces are two little churches, *San Michaele* and *Il Santissimi Sangue*. Over the door of the latter is an ancient sun-dial—"Horologium Beronianum"—found in the neighbouring ruins. In the interior is an inscription recording a miraculous appearance of the Virgin, and an altar to an early Christian who has been canonized on the belief that she was a martyr—"Temporalem

mortem S. Tertura Victorina contemnens coronam vitæ æternæ possidet in pace." By the side is the catacomb inscription:—

URTURA VICTORINA
VAE VIXIT ANNUS XLII
III MATRI FECERUNT
BENEMERENTI IN PACE.



The Legate's Fountain, Velletri.

In the lower part of the town is the *Cathedral*, dedicated

to S. Clemente, and partly ancient, though altered in 1660. It contains a chapel of the Borgias, who are still one of the great families of the place, with their monuments. On the left of the altar is a beautiful fresco of the Virgin and Child, with St. John, St. Sebastian, St. Jerome, and St. Roch, by an unknown artist of the Perugino school. In the sacristy is the *lavamano*, which Julius II. presented to the church while he was Cardinal-Archbishop of Velletri. Latino Orsini, to whom the hymn "Dies Iræ" is wrongly attributed, but who was one of the most distinguished prelates of the thirteenth century, was also bishop here. We were present on Easter Sunday, when the existing archbishop performed high-mass in the presence of thousands of countrywomen, kneeling in their white and brown *panni*, and the sight was very imposing and impressive.

Nothing can be more charming than the environs of Velletri in early spring. It is almost the only place near Rome where the trees are allowed to grow at their own will, and are not cut into squares, and the lanes around are delightfully shady and attractive. Gulfs of verdure with little streams running in their deep hollows may be discovered in all directions, and there are also pleasant walks to many convents and churches on neighbouring heights. Near the Roman gate is the ascent to the *Cappuccini*, whence the view is especially fine, the long lines of the Pontine marshes and the beautiful Circean promontory being seen behind the old houses and churches of the town. In this direction is the battle-field where Charles III. of Naples gained the victory over the Austrians which gave the kingdom of the two Sicilies to the Spanish Bourbons. On the Naples road

is the Jesuit Convent containing a famous Madonna attributed to St. Luke, of which About tells :—

"Un hôte du Campo-Morto appelé Vendetta conçut le projet d'une spéculation hardie. Depuis longtemps, il rançonnait les gens de Velletri et des environs. Il demandait à celui-ci deux écus, à celui-là dix ou douze. Quiconque avait une récolte sur pied, des arbres chargés de fruits, un frère en voyage, payait sans marchander ce singulier impôt. Cependant Vendetta finit par prendre en dégoût un métier si lucratif. Il rêva de rentrer dans la vie normale avec un revenu modeste et un honnête emploi. Pour atteindre ce but, il ne trouva rien de plus ingénieux que de voler la madone de Velletri et de la déposer en lieu sûr.

"On approchait d'une fête carillonnée où la madone devait paraître aux yeux du peuple avec tous ses diamants. Le sacristain ouvrait la niche et constata avec des cris de douleur que la madone n'y était plus. Grande rumeur dans Velletri. On cherche de tous côtés et l'on ne trouve rien. Le peuple s'émeut; une certaine effervescence se manifeste dans les villages voisins. Le clergé du pays accuse les jésuites de s'être volés eux-mêmes; les jésuites récriminent contre les prêtres de Velletri. Le couvent est envahi, fouillé, bouleversé par un public idolâtre. Enfin le dimanche, à la grand'messe, Vendetta, armé d'un poignard, monte en chaire et sé dénonce lui-même. Il prie le peuple d'agréer ses excuses et promet de rendre la madone dès qu'il aura réglé ses comptes avec l'autorité. L'autorité traite avec lui de puissance à puissance. Vendetta demande sa grâce et celle de son frère, une rente de tant d'écus et un emploi du gouvernement. On promet tout, mais Rome désavone ses agents et ne veut rien ratifier. Cependant la population des montagnes se met en marche, et un flot de paysans menace d'inonder Velletri. Le brigand cède au nombre, révèle la cachette où il a celé la madone, et se rend lui-même à discrétion. Il aura la tête coupée; personne n'en doute à Velletri."—*Rome Contemporaine.*

The inhabitants of Velletri were formerly famous for their brigand tendencies : now they are most inoffensive. But a Roman proverb says

"Velletrani sette volte villani."

CHAPTER XV.

THE VOLSCIAN HILLS—CORI, NORBA, NINFA, AND SEGNI.

FOR the excursion to Norba it is quite necessary to make an early start, and can anything be more charming than six o'clock on a cloudless morning in April, if, with jingling bells, we drive out of the old town of Velletri and descend into the hollow lanes shaded by fresh green trees and gay with peasants going out in bands to the work of the day. The road winds through dips in the low hills. It is the country which was formerly known as the "Volscorum Ager." We only pass one village, *San Giulianello*. A little beyond this, *Rocca Massima* is seen on the top of a precipice, but travellers may reach it by a good mountain path, if they are anxious to explore the site of the ancient Arx Carventana. An excellent road ascends to Cori, which soon becomes visible, though its temples cannot be seen from here as Murray describes, for they are on the other side of the hill. Through the olives there is a beautiful view across the Pontine marshes to the sea, with the Circean promontory and the neighbouring islands. Of these, the largest is San Felice. Then comes Ponza, whither Tiberius banished his nephew Nero, the son of Germanicus, and where many Christians lived in exile, or suffered martyrdom, under

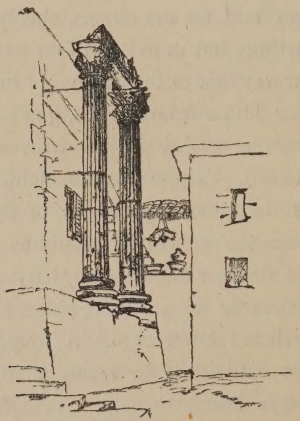
Tiberius and Caligula. Lastly we see Pandataria, to which Julia, daughter of Augustus, and then wife of Tiberius, was banished by her father. Hither, too, her beautiful daughter, Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, was banished by Tiberius, and here she was starved to death. Here also Octavia, the divorced wife of Nero, and daughter of Claudius and Messalina, was banished by the Empress Poppæa, who forced her to commit suicide by opening her veins.

Thinking of these associations, and stopping to gather honey-suckle—*fiori della Madonna* (because it generally flowers in May)—we reach the gates of *Cori*. We must leave our carriage here, for the streets, chiefly staircases, are too steep for anything but mules and foot passengers. It is best to make our way first to the quaint old inn in the Piazza Romana, to order dinner from the fat, good-tempered landlady with the silver *spadello* in her hair, and to get the honest old landlord, Filippo Capobianchi, to provide a guide, which is desirable, if time be of importance, and delivers one from the swarm of would-be cicerones who pounce upon the stranger like so many harpies. The inn at Cori is quite tolerable as a resting-place, but is strangely backward in civilized knowledge. A friend of ours who stayed there was astonished by seeing that the eggs when boiled were always bored through with a very small hole, and, asking the reason, was told that of course it must be so, or they would burst in the boiling!

Virgil and Diodorus speak of Cori as a colony of Alba Longa. Pliny asserts that it was founded by the Trojan Dardanus. It was certainly one of the thirty cities of the Latin League in B.C. 493, and Livy speaks of it as in the enjoyment of municipal rights during the second Punic

war. During this war it is mentioned as one of the rebellious cities which refused to contribute the necessary supplies. It was taken and sacked many years after by one of the wandering bands of Spartacus. Propertius and Lucan describe it as totally ruined.

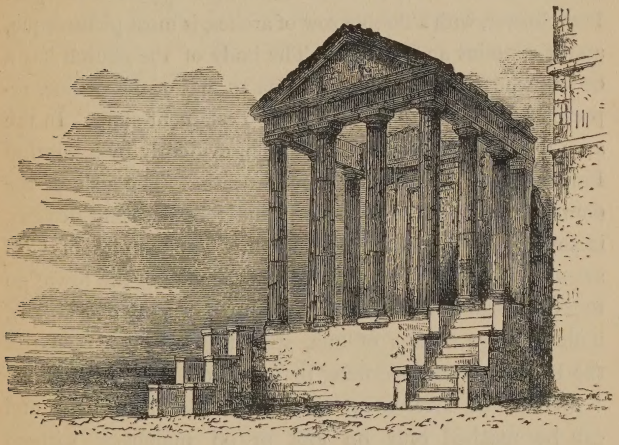
Yet there are few places in the neighbourhood of Rome which have so many or such fine remains of antiquity as Cori. In mounting to the upper town, three distinct tiers of its ancient walls may be traced. The first, in the lower town, built of polygonal blocks, has their interstices filled up



Temple of Castor and Pollux, Cori.

with smaller stones ; the second, near Santa Oliva, has polygonal blocks alone, very carefully fitted ; and the third, at the top of the hill, is still polygonal, but of ruder construction. Behind some wretched houses are two columns still standing, with beautiful Corinthian capitals, a fragment of

the *Temple of Castor and Pollux*, as is proved by still legible inscriptions. Another capital of the same temple is before a house door a little further up the ascent. The adjoining house to this temple is called the Palace of Pilate. On the top of the hill stands the church of S. Pietro, where the font (in the first chapel on the right) is sustained by a sculptured marble altar, adorned with rams' heads. Behind the church is a small garden, where we find entire the beautiful Doric peristyle of the Temple of Minerva, generally known here as



Temple of Minerva, Cori.

the Temple of Hercules. Eight columns still remain, four in the front. Here the figure of Minerva, which now stands under the Senators' palace on the Roman Capitol, was found. The ruin is most picturesque, and is grandly situated on a terrace.

"Whence Cora's sentinels o'erlook
The never-ending fen."

Raphael made a sketch of it, which is still extant. As we sat to draw here, the children, who were vainly locked out by the Sacristan, and climbed after us over the wall, got pieces of stone for blocks, and sticks for pencils, and imitated every line we made.

Halfway up the hill is the beautiful old convent of Santa Oliva, whose shrine is in the crypt at Anagni. She was a holy maiden of Cori, to whom the Virgin appeared in 1521. Her cloister, with a double row of arches, is most picturesque, and it contains an old well. The body of the church has a ceiling whose intention is the same as that of the Sistine, representing scenes of Old and New Testament story. In the apse is the Coronation of the Virgin, evidently by a pupil of Pinturicchio; the donor kneels beneath. The aisle of the church, a labyrinth of columns of different sizes and designs, is shown as the Temple of Jupiter. The temples of Cori are all attributed to Sylla. Outside the gate of the town, on the Norba side, is the beautiful bridge called *Ponte alla Catena*, built of huge masses of tufa, spanning the deep ravine of the Pichionni, and overhung by quaint old houses.

Norba and *Norma* are five long miles from Cori, and can be reached only on foot or on muleback without making an immense detour. A very steep and intensely stony way leads up the hill-side from near the Ponte alla Catena. The olive-gardens beside it are fringed with wild blue iris—*gigli* the Italians call them, and the *gigli*, which are the arms of Florence, are represented as iris. The path emerges on the steep of the mountain, and clambers along, with precipices above and below, amid the wildest

scenery. All around are grey rocks, with short grass between, on which the flocks of goats pasture, whose shepherds, clad in goatskins, are the only human beings we meet here. Hawks swoop overhead. It is a vast view over what looks like a boundless plain, for all the undulations and sinuosities of the country are lost to us at this great height. The village which glitters midway between us and the sea is Cisterna, "the Three Taverns" of St. Paul. At length Sermoneta comes in sight on the top of a precipice, and then Norma. Then the ancient *Norba*, now often called *Civita la Penna d'Oro*, one of the earliest of the Roman colonies, rises on the right. It has been an utter ruin ever since the time of Sylla, when it was betrayed into the hands of his general, Lepidus, and the garrison put themselves and the inhabitants to the sword. It must have been a tremendous fortress, for the walls are seven thousand feet in circuit, and the blocks of which they are built, and on which time has failed to make any impression, are often ten feet in length. The gates may be traced, and an inner series of walls surrounding the citadel. A square enclosure sunk in the earth is surrounded by Cyclopean walls: its object is unknown. Our guide said that when the Deluge occurred it would have failed to make any impression upon Norba—a very ancient city at that time—so strong was it; but here the rain which fell was made of lead, and the inhabitants, who were giants, were all destroyed, and every house, and all the temples of the ancient religion of that time, and only the walls remained, for they were so strong that not even a leaden deluge could affect them. Hither Ricchi mentions that as late as the beginning of the last century people were wont to use magical arts in the search for hidden treasure.

Norma and Norba belonged to the Gaetani from 1282 to 1618, when they were sold to Cardinal Scipio Borghese.

"From the citadel, the panorama of the Maritima is especially magnificent. One can distinctly trace the whole boundary line of the sea, from Antium (Porto d'Anzio) to the Cape of Circe near Terracina, and still farther off one can distinguish Ostia, Pratica, and Ardea, and many towers rising like solitary obelisks on the sea-shore. These watch towers were built in the ninth century, when the Saracens began to invade the coasts of Italy; and even in the present time the whole of Italy and all the Italian islands are encircled by these picturesque towers. . . . A tower gleams on the sea-shore with the dark woods reaching down close to it: it is the celebrated castle of Astura. A mile farther on is another tower, Foceverde, so called from the river, flowing from the marshy wooded wilderness into the sea. Farther on is another tower by a great lake, the surface of which shines like molten gold, while round it extends a thick green wood. There a ghostly stillness surrounds the traveller, he stands by the lake as if in a strange world; and he looks at the osprey circling above; or at the fisherman, pale with fever, floating on his frail raft; or at the half-naked leech-seeker, who passes his life there. These are the Tower and Lake of Fogliano, in ancient times Clostra Romana, where Lucullus had a villa. The Nymphæus, that charming stream which we see rushing through the green ring of Ninfa, flows into the lake of Fogliano; we can trace its course thither, through the whole of the Pontine marsh-land. Farther on, by its side, the Lago de' Monaci is visible, then the Lago di Crapolace; finally the great lake of Paola, with its tower; and not far from this rises the Cape of Circe, almost like an island.

"Whoever has not traversed the Pontine marshes by the Via Appia as far as Terracina, has the most erroneous idea of their nature, if he only thinks of horrible morasses. There are indeed plenty of marshes and lakes, but they lie hidden in forests and bushes, where the hedge-hog, the stag, the wild boar, the buffalo, and the half wild bull are roaming. In May and June the Pontine land is a sea of flowers, which cover the ground as far as the eye can reach. In summer it is a Tartarus, where pale fever stalks, and torments the poor shepherds and farm-labourers, who have to earn their bread here.

"The nearer to the sea, the more forest, and from Norba we see it distinctly stretching to the Cape of Circe. From the mouth of the Tiber the forests of Ostia, of Ardea, of Nettuno, Cisterna, and Terracina succeed one another. In the middle of these woods or on their borders lie single farms, principally devoted to breeding cattle, but also to agricul-

ture ; such are Conca, Campo Morto, Campo Leone, Tor' del Felce, and others. Where the forest leaves off in the interior stretch endless meadows, then a firm arable land, and we see distinctly the Appian Way, renewed by Pius VI., traversing the Maritima. Near it is Cisterna, the largest place in the marshes, close to which the Three Taverns stood formerly, and farther on is For' Appio, the ancient Forum Appium.

"No century has been able to drain the Pontine marshes. Julius Cæsar formed a plan for it, but he died before putting it into execution. The Roman Emperors, so extravagant in buildings of every kind, did nothing for it ; and it is therefore strange enough, that under a barbarian king, inheritor or conqueror of Rome, the great Theodoric, the ruined Appian Way was first restored, and a part of the marshes as far as Terracina drained. The original record of this noble deed of a Goth, may be read at the present day inscribed on two tablets in Terracina. In papal times Sixtus V., a man of practical Roman spirit, was the first to undertake again the draining of the marshes, and more than two centuries later he was followed by Pius VI. This pope restored the Appian Way, dug the great canal alongside, had other canals made, changed part of the marsh into arable land, and thus gained a lasting credit in this part of the Maritima."—*Gregorovius.*

A man in scarlet cap and with long curly hair guided us through the high beans which occupied the platform of the ancient city, to the "Grotte di Norba." It is a ruin of later Roman brickwork, covering the entrance to long caves and cellars, but is always shown to strangers as the place where the spirit of Junius Brutus is held imprisoned, waiting for the final judgment, and whence his howls are heard at night mingling with the thunder-storms.

Leaving the citadel, and descending slightly on the other side, we soon reach the edge of the precipice towards the marshes, and here, through a jagged rift in the mountain-side, we look upon Norma, perched like an eagle's nest upon the top of tremendous precipices of bare rock.

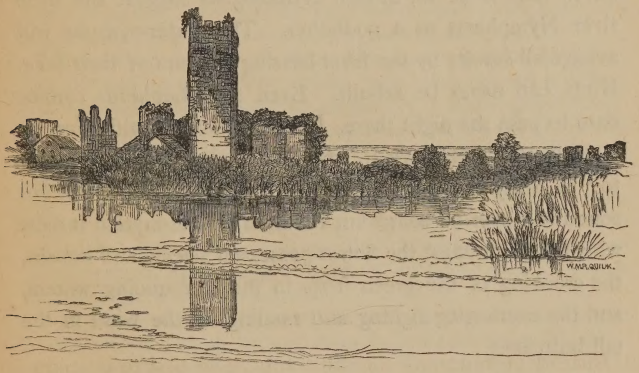
"Immediately beneath us is a ring as of green ivy walls encircling many wonderful mounds, which all seem formed of flowers and ivy.

Grey towers rise out of this, ruins all overhung with green, and in the midst of the strange circle we may see a silver spring gushing forth and glowing through the Pontine marshes, ending in a sparkling lake far away by the sea-shore. We ask in astonishment what this curious garlanded circle is with its many green hillocks, and are told it is Ninfa Ninfa, the Pompeii of the middle ages."—*Gregorovius.*

View of Norma.

Instead of returning the same way, it is best to descend from hence to the valley, clambering down through the broken rock and sliding shale, clinging to the myrtle and Judas bushes, into the depths where, nestling under the hill,

is *Ninfa*, almost as entirely a ruin as Norba itself. It is an unspeakably quiet scene of sylvan beauty, and there is something unearthly about it which possesses and absorbs every sense. If fairies exist anywhere, surely Ninfa is their capital; Ninfa, where Flora holds her court, where the only inhabitants are the roses and lilies, and all the thousand flowers which grow so abundantly in the deserted streets, where honeysuckle and jessamine fling their garlands through the windows of every house, and where the very altars of the churches are thrones for the flame-coloured valerian. Outside the walls you would scarcely believe it was a town, so encrusted in verdure is every building, that the houses look like green mounds rising out of the plain. It is as if Nature had built the city for a perpetual Feast of Tabernacles. One tall tower stands near the entrance and watches its reflection



Ninfa.

in the still waters of a pool white with lilies and fringed with forget-me-not. By the road-side a crystal spring rises

in great abundance in a little basin of ancient brickwork, and falls into the pool, where it turns a mill, and a little farther on becomes a lake, on which Pliny mentions the floating islands in his time, which were called Saltuares, because they were said to move to the time of dancing feet. An inscription on the mill tells that it was built by one of the Gaetani, lord of the place, in 1765. The town must have been inhabited then, yet none can tell now the story of its desertion. It has belonged to the Gaetani since the thirteenth century, and Pope Alexander III. was consecrated here, September 20, 1159. From the tower, say the natives of Norma, "la bella Ninfa," who was disobedient to her parents, flung herself into the pool to evade becoming the *sposina* of the unsympathetic *partito* they had chosen for her, and ever since the name of the little city has kept her memory alive. Let it be so, though etymologists suggest the little river Nymphæus as a godfather. The water-nymphs will avenge all insults by the fever-bearing vapours of their lake. Ninfa can never be rebuilt. Even the shepherds cannot dare to pass the night there. Death, garlanded with flowers, is death still. Gregory I., who built a church here in 1216, to "St. Mary of the Myrtle-branch," dedicated it in vain. No sound will ever be heard but the hum of the myriad insects which float amongst the flower-possessed streets and houses, the croaking of the green frogs in the surrounding waters, and the everlasting sighing and rustling of the wind in the tall bulrushes.

"Here is Ninfa, the fairy-like ruin of a town, with its walls, towers, churches, convents, and dwellings half sunk in the marsh, and buried under thickest ivy. Truly this place looks even more charming than Pompeii, for there the houses stare like crumbling mummies, dragged from the volcanic ashes. But over Ninfa waves a balmy sea of flowers;

every building, every wall, every church, every house is veiled with ivy, and on all the ruins wave the purple banners of the triumphant god of spring.

"It causes an indescribable impression to enter this ivy town, to wander down the grassy, flowery streets, between the walls where the wind plays in the leaves, and no voice is heard, but the cry of the raven in the tower, the splash of the foaming stream Nymphæus, the rustling of the tall reeds by the pond, and the melodious singing and sighing of the blades of grass all around.

"All the streets are filled with flowers, which seem to march in procession to the ruined churches. They climb on every tower, they lie laughing and smiling in all the desolate windows, they barricade every door, for within the houses reside elves, fairies, water-nymphs, and a thousand charming spirits of the fable world. Yellow marigolds, mallows, sweet narcissus; grey-bearded thistles who once dwelt here as monks; white lilies, who were nuns in their lifetime; wild roses, laurestinus, masticks, tall ferns, wreaths of clematis and bramble; the red fox-gloves, which look like enchanted Saracens; the fantastic caper-plant growing in the clefts of the buildings, the sweet wall-flower, the myrtle, and the fragrant mint; brilliant yellow broom, and dark ivy which creeps over all the ruins, and falls over the walls like green cascades,—yes, one may fling oneself into this sea of flowers, quite intoxicated by the perfume, and the most charming fairy power enchains the soul.

"The walls of the town are still standing and encircle it like a great ring, but they are everywhere covered thickly with ivy, and only here and there peeps out a crumbling pinnacle on a square ruined tower. The gates of the town are no less barred and barricaded by the wild vine, the ivy, and the bramble, as if the flowers in Ninfa feared some enemy who wanted to break in upon them, as formerly the Saracen, or the soldiers of Barbarossa, or of the Duke of Alba, and the Colonna. They have entrenched themselves behind these ivy walls; perhaps it may be the swarms of meteors, or will-o'-the-wisps from the Pontine marshes, who by night besiege or storm this enchanted town to carry off the flower spirits into the marshes.

"Many squares and many streets are still standing, with their ruined houses covered with an ivy web, many palaces of a half-gothic architecture, once the dwellings of rich nobles. The churches, the ruins of four or five of which remain, look very strange. I never saw such fantastic ruins; but how can one describe them in words? How shall I depict such a brown shattered bell tower, with round windows, or windows divided by small pillars, with its frieze of the middle ages formed of sharp-pointed tiles, and with its romantic decorations of ivy

and flowers waving in the wind? or how shall I picture the ruins of the arched niches, or the nave of the church, all overhung with tapestries of flowers?

"These churches are old, they belong to the eleventh or twelfth century if they are not of a still earlier date, for they are built in the simple basilica style. In their deserted space the flowers worship now, and the censers are swung by the bacchanalian roses. From the walls, or perhaps from an ivy-hung tribune, some old fresco paintings still look down. They represent early Christians with palms in their hands, and instruments of martyrdom by their side. With faded nimbi on their pale foreheads, in golden dalmatica, with stole upon their shoulders, they look down morosely from behind their veils of flowers, and seem shocked by the heathen rites which the children of Flora are daring to celebrate in these deserted churches.

"The beetle hums continually his romance of summer, and the cricket chirps incessantly her Anacreontic love-songs. The flowers and beetles yield up these temples no more. A complaint was once brought to S. Bernard that countless swarms of flies had taken possession of a church which was just about to be consecrated, and would not leave it: 'I excommunicate them,' said he; and behold, when the messengers returned to the church all the flies lay dead. But a saintly exorcist would hardly succeed in excommunicating the flowers from the churches of Ninfa, and though the painted martyrs look angry, the ivy is already creeping up and will soon have entirely veiled and walled them in. Of many there is now nothing more visible than the hem of a robe, and the name in old Roman characters:—S. Xystus or S. Cesarius and S. Laurentius. I went into the last of these churches—what a sight! The original mosaic of the pavement with its arabesques and circles or squares seemed now to be imitated by living flowers, and from the shrine where the bones of the saint once lay the Indian vine waves joyously with its bluish red berries.

"Here also the counterpart of Pompeii is not wanting. As there the classic age expresses itself decidedly in the bright frescoes, so in Ninfa the Christian epoch of humanity speaks from the paintings on the walls of the ruins. There they are the attractive forms of life and pleasure: Cupids fishing in the pool, dancing satyrs, crickets driving a little chariot, hovering Bacchantes clashing cymbals, or holding in their hands a mysterious casket, or bearing juicy figs upon a dish, but in the Pompeii of the middle ages the frescoes only represent death and woe. Instead of those cheerful pictures, we find here the melancholy figures of the catacombs, the mythic gods of suffering and martyrdom, in the flames,

on the cross, or kneeling with folded hands before the executioner who stands with uplifted sword.

"Is it not time that all these martyrs, saints, and decaying crucifixes were buried in flowers? Here Nature strews them plentifully on the graves of the unfortunate penitents and monks, and of all those who in the time of dark superstition scourged and tortured themselves—would that catholic humanity might imitate her, and give to the dead peace and a grave of flowers!

"At the entrance to Ninfa still stands the castle, once the seat of the barons in whose dungeons the victims of feudalism languished. High rises the square tower, built as strongly of bricks as the Torre delle Milizie in Rome, and it seems to belong to the same period. It stands close to a pool, which lies here like a Stygian marsh at the entrance to the city of the dead. Tall reeds surround it. It is a mythic spot, as if from the shadow-world of Eneas or Ulysses. The gloomy tower and other ruins fling their trembling reflection across the still water of the marsh. The reeds rustle sadly. Sometimes the sobbing voice of a water-hen is heard, like the souls of the departed, who dwell in this Hades and yearn after the upper existence. I sit on ruins and look into this green spirit world, then up to the blue entrancing mountains, on which stand the cyclopean stones of Norba and its citadel, then over the Pontine marshes to the sea in the sunshine of evening, whence rises the glittering Circean mount. Can the enchantress Circe have left her castle there? Does she now dwell in Ninfa? Has she become the ivy-queen? There is so much ivy here, it seemed to me as if this Ninfa must be the ivy store-house of Italy, and as if the ivy spirits of history supplied all the ruins of this noble country with creepers from this place.

"One must sit here when the evening floods every ruin of these ivy halls first with purple, and then with gold, and steeps mountains, and sea, and the Cape of Circe in unspeakable richness of colour—but I will not speak of it, or describe how this fairy land appears, so soon as the moon shines on it.

"Out of the pool rushes the spring Nymphæus. It appears to take its rise here, and suddenly brings a startling contrast of young, noisy life into this green grave-world. For with the stormy force of a mountain torrent it dashes past the ruins, as if urged on by demons, as if winged, as if trying to escape from the deathly grasp of the ivy, and it looks like a living creature, as, sparkling and foaming, it flees across the Pontine marsh towards the sea.

"Near the pool it turns a mill, which has been erected in a building of the middle ages, for part of this house keeps still its pillared gothic-

roman windows. They say that there stood in olden times, by the spring and the lake, a temple of the Nymphs, from which the town took its name, and on the site of that Nymphæum the church of St. Michael was built. In the year 1216 Ugolino Conti founded here the church of S. Maria del Mirteto—of the myrtle-grove.

"But the history of Ninfa is all very obscure. In the 12th century the Frangipani possessed this town. At the end of the 13th century the race of Gaetani got possession of Ninfa, and the descendants of that famous house retain it to this day. The archives of the family in Rome preserve many records which show how Pietro Gaetani, nephew of Boniface VIII., Lateran Count Palatine and Count of Caserta, gradually bought up the houses and possessions of Ninfa. I found there no deeds of the 15th century. But an old record of 22 Feb., 1349, is inscribed on the now ruined baronial castle. It runs thus: Actum Nimphe in scalis palatii Rocce Nimphe presente Nicolao Cillone Vicario Sculcule."—*Gregorovius.*

Evening closed in upon us at Ninfa; the low houses turned purple against the sunset, and the lake became like molten gold. We hurried away from the fever. It was too late to ascend the mountain way again with its unguarded precipices, but another path led us along the foot of the hills through the low-lying moorlands—parched and ugly at midday, but beautiful in the soft twilight, when each arum and thistle, thickly diamonded with dew, sparkled and glittered in the last gleams, and the figures of our party on their mules stood out dark against the soft after-glow. And then, as the bells of Cori were ringing the last strokes of the Ave Maria, which serves as the summons for the peasants of the Campagna to save themselves from the malaria in their high mountain homes, we wound up to the town through the ancient olive-groves, the most solemn thing in nature, and looked down through the gnarled stems over the vast marshes to the great Circean promontory engraven in black upon a flaming sky.

From Cori a mountain road, which is described as most

beautiful, leads through the Volscian forests to *Segni*. We took the railway thither from Ferentino. The station is at the bottom of the mountain called Monte Lepini, while the town is at the top, and we had the discomfort of finding that no omnibus met the train from the south, and having to wait until the great heat of the April day was over before we could walk up. However, we employed the time in sketching two fine old castles near the railway, one of them, Colleferro, now turned into farm-buildings, being especially picturesque, its front formed by deeply recessed arches. The ascent to Segni is most wild and rugged, and the road wound along the mountain edge without any parapet beyond a fringe of Judas bushes just bursting into bloom to be ready for the Good Friday close at hand, and with tremendous precipices below, rather alarming in a carriage. Segni was the ancient Signia, colonized by Tarquinius Superbus as a restraint upon the inhabitants of the Volscian and Hernican hills, and it is said that the name is derived from the number of standards which he saw raised by the inhabitants in his behalf against the people of Gabii. The town is mentioned in the "Captives" of Plautus, where the parasite and epicure Ergasilus swears in turn by Cora, Prænestе, Signia, Phrysinone, and Alatrium, and explains, when asked by his host Hegio why he swears by foreign cities, that they are just as disagreeable as the dinner he is about to receive from him. Strabo and Pliny mention the peculiar wine of Signia, as well as several of the poets:

> "Quos Cora, quos spumans immiti Signia musto,
> Et quos pestifera Pomptini uligine campi."
>
> *Sil. Ital.* viii. 380.

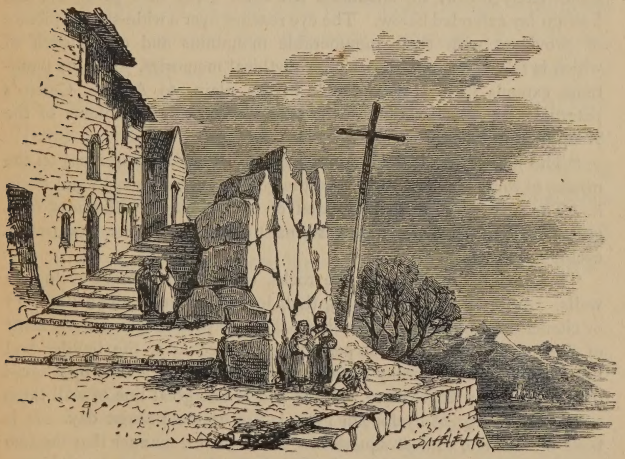
"Potabis liquidum Signina morantia ventrem ;
Ne nimium sistant, sit tua parca sitis."
Martial. xiii. *Ep.* 106..

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the popes sought safety in the strongest towns of the Campagna, Segni was frequently their residence. Eugenius III. fled hither from the Roman Senate, and built a papal palace, in 1145; and here Alexander III., Lucius III., and Innocent III. passed a considerable portion of their reigns in security. Segni was long a fief of the great family of Conti, to which so many of the popes belonged, and it disputes with Anagni the honour of having been the birthplace of Innocent III. In 1353 the head of the house of Conti was Podesta, and afterwards Vicar in the name of the Pope. After the Conti had died out, and Segni had passed into the hands of Mario Sforza, Sixtus V. created it a Duchy. On the 13th of August, 1557, the place was taken and almost totally destroyed by the Duke of Alba, and it is owing to this that so few gothic buildings remain. The town was rebuilt, and was given as a duchy by Urban VIII. to his nephew, Cardinal Antonio Barberini. A long lawsuit which followed between the Barberini and the Sforza, the former lords of Segni, was only decided at the end of the last century in honour of the Sforza-Cesarini, who are still Dukes of Segni.

The town is surrounded on all sides by steep rocks, except where a *passeggiata* bordered by trees, with splendid views of valley and mountains, leads to the one gate, the Porta Maggiore. This gate rests against the Cyclopean walls, and over it are the remains of the baronial castle of the Conti, in which, as in many other buildings here, the

curious style of construction may be observed, which is frequently spoken of in old documents about other places as "Signino opere," and which consists of alternate layers of bricks and the dark lime-stone of the country.

All those who visit Segni should turn at once to the right after entering the gate (there is a poor inn where a tolerable meal may be obtained), and make the circuit of the Pelasgic walls which give the place its chief interest. They are formed by masses of rock jammed into one another, and though of no great height, almost surround the existing town, and are among the most extensive in Italy. In some places they are most picturesque, especially where a tall cross crowns the huge pile of stones, and stands out against the vast expanse of distance, for you look across the great



From the Walls of Segni.

depths to billow upon billow of purple Hernican hills, and

beyond these upon all the ranges of the Abruzzi, still, in April, covered with snow. The church of S. Pietro, built quite at the end of the fortifications, is another striking point.

"When I reached this spot where the cyclopean citadel of the Volscians stood in hoary antiquity on the lofty heights, the magnificence of the situation took me by surprise; it reminded me of the Acropolis of some Sicilian mountain town. Here, on a height overlooking all Latium, stood the citadel and temple of ancient Signia, of which but few vestiges remain, among them a large circular cistern near the Seminary. The townspeople have here one of their favourite promenades; they walk about there on the cyclopean walls of the highest plateaux of the mountain, as if round a great stone table, among the grey blocks of stone overgrown with moss and wild flowers. One can imagine nothing more original than this promenade in the cloud-region, amid this grand rock scenery. Among the promenaders I saw, as it was a Sunday, many a gaily decked young lady in silk attire parading up and down, while, immediately below, the mountain fell sheer away in a precipice, and Latium lay extended below. The eye reaches over a wide-spread picture of provinces with their innumerable mountains and cities, each of which is full of its own historical or mythical memories. For the panorama extends from Rome, visible in the plain, to Arpino, Cicero's paternal city, which stands out among the far blue mountains of the Neapolitan kingdom.

"The air up here is fresh, almost sharp. The brown grasses on the masses of rock, the wild roses, and the golden broom wave to and fro in it. The very spirit of antiquity and of the primæval wilderness, of a great, mighty, pre-historic age, seems to brood on these storm-worn cyclopean stones.

"I scrambled further over the rocks, to reach the famous cyclopean walls. As in all the Latin cities, their long lines girdle the actual Arx or citadel, and sink away sheer down the precipice. The arrangement of their unhewn stones is as perfectly preserved as if the builder had been at work but yesterday: here and there they are pierced by a small door of Etruscan appearance. At the end of one great line of wall there still stands the great cyclopean gate, in use at the present day. It is built of massive, almost square blocks, in such a manner that the two side walls lean towards each other till the angle is cut off by the stone which forms the lintel.

"The hugeness of these grey walls, weather-stained by thousands of

years, the wild growth of plants clinging to them, the mighty strength of the mountain on which the giant fabric rests, and the grandeur of nature which surrounds it, all combine to bring the mind into a state of feeling impossible to describe.

"When I had passed through that gate, the rocky path led me deep down the other side of the wall of mountain, so that the view of Latium was lost. Below I found another and far larger circular cistern hewn in the rock, of at least 30 feet in diameter. In its broad rocky margin many basins are scooped out, in which the women of Segni still do their washing. In all the Volscian towns I have found such ancient and perfectly preserved cisterns: they seem to be peculiar to that neighbourhood, as I do not remember ever to have met with them elsewhere in Latium of this size and shape."—*Gregorovius.*

The streets of Segni have little interest. In its piazza is the modernized *Cathedral*, having few memorials of a bishopric which dates from 499. It contains however two remarkable statues—one is that of St. Vitalian, a native of Segni, Pope from 657 to 672, the feeble though canonized pontiff who received the Emperor Constans II. at Rome, and allowed him to carry off to Constantinople so many of its treasures, including the bronze roof of the Pantheon. Nevertheless he deserves honour for having been in some respects, with Wilfrid, the apostle of England, and, having been the Pope who sent the Greek Archbishop Theodore to Canterbury. The statue was placed here in 1721, and taken from the image on his coins. Its inscription ends:

> "Signia gave me to Rome: Rome gave me the tiara.
> Signia divides with Rome the honours of my rule."

"The other statue, also of indifferent execution, stands opposite that of St. Vitalian. Bruno, a native of Asti, in Piedmont, came to Rome, recommended to Gregory VII., and was afterwards made Bishop of Segni by Urban II. In defiance of the Canon, he abandoned his episcopal seat and went to Monte Cassino, where the Abbot Oderisius received him among the Benedictines. Although Pascal II. ordered the truant to return to his diocese, he remained at Monte Cassino, was

there chosen Abbot, and in the leisure of the cloister composed his exegetical writings.

"Not long after, Bruno played a part at Rome. It is well known that in the sequel of the strife about investiture, Pope Pascal was taken prisoner by the Emperor Henry V., and compelled to issue a Bull by which he yielded to the Emperor the contested right of spiritual investiture. After his release, when Henry had returned to Germany, Cardinals and Bishops beset Pascal with entreaties to revoke the Bull thus wrung from him, and to break his oath; among these fanatics the most zealous was Bruno. His vehemence angered Pascal, who thereupon forbade him to be at the same time Bishop and Abbot. So Bruno laid down his office at Monte Cassino, and returned to Segni, where he died in 1123. He was canonized in 1183.

"It was Lord Ellis, also both Abbot of Monte Cassino and Bishop of Segni, who raised this monument to his predecessor. But the Church of Segni has another and more remarkable connection with distant England; for it was in a synod of bishops of the Campagna held here in 1173, that Thomas à Becket was canonized shortly after his murder. This is recorded by an inscription in the Cathedral.

"Lord Ellis became Bishop of Segni in 1708. He restored the Cathedral, and bequeathed to the town a seminary, its best memorial of him. Pupils come to it from all parts of Latium; they wear a priestly garb, although not necessarily intended for Holy Orders. The seminary stands near the Church of St. Pietro."—*Gregorovius.*

Nothing can be more kind than the reception which the inhabitants of Segni give to strangers. The women here wear a different costume to those in the towns on the other side of the valley. They have no *panni*, but a large silver bodkin fastens up their hair, and their bodices, usually green, are laced behind instead of in front. Almost all the natives are proprietors in the country on a very small scale, and though little can be grown in these lofty uplands, the vineyards, oliveyards, and fruit-gardens are very productive. The most excellent cherries and peaches abound; and the woods supply chestnuts for a coarse bread which is considered very nourishing, and abundant acorns for the maintenance of the black pigs which are fed here in vast numbers.

It is most amusing to see the return of the country-people at sunset when they return home from their fields, thousands

The Inhabitants of Segni returning from the Country.

at a time, streaming along the terrace in front of the gateway, and up the steep streets into the upper town, each accompanied by his domestic animals—his donkeys, his goats, or his pet pigs, which come frisking behind their masters in the most diverting manner, for all share their homes with them. Then the whole street is blocked up for a time, and the cries, the shouts, the braying, the barking, and, above all, the squeaking and grunting, baffle all description.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HERNICAN HILLS—FERENTINO, ALATRI, AND ANAGNI.

At Ferentino.

THIS is one of the most interesting excursions near Rome, and is perhaps the one which is least known, though it is now rendered very easy by the railway. To accomplish it, one must leave Rome by the first train at eight A.M., and it must be remembered, that *that* train alone is met by the omnibus from Segni, Anagni, Ferentino, and other places on the route, but distant several miles from the railway; and that if any other train is chosen, the traveller will find himself deposited at a small country station in a desolate district, without any further means of progress. For the same reason it will be best to visit the nearest places first, taking up the same train at the different stations. Any one who is delicate about food, had better take it with them from Rome, or at any rate some tea and coffee. Meat can scarcely ever be obtained in the mountain towns, but eggs,

goats' milk, and excellent coarse bread are always to be found there, and often macaroni also, with the thin sour wine of the hill districts. The inns are mere taverns, often approached by filthy alleys, but the people are always civil, the linen clean, and the beds sufficiently comfortable to be appreciated by a tired traveller, whose appetite, strengthened by the fresh mountain air, will also be quite ready for the humble fare of the place. The charges are those of an Italy unspoilt by English and Americans; one franc for bed, two francs for dinner, and forty centimes for breakfast, are not unusual prices. It is quite unnecessary to bargain, and will only create surprise and discomfort.

Those who have not been accustomed to it in Rome, will learn on this excursion how much beauty and pleasure are lost by want of early rising. The most delicate hues and shadows do not last for many hours after sunrise. When we have emerged from the unfinished station, and traversed the vineyards and kitchen-gardens within the walls of Rome, we are astonished by the colouring of the pale pink precipices in the familiar range of the Sabina, as they melt into a silver haze. Here and there a projecting cliff can be distinguished, in the rest all form is lost in colour; Monticelli and S. Angelo glitter on their hill-tops, and the long flat lines of the Campagna are tinged with peacock hues, as the blue cloud-shadows flit across them. In the foreground the rank vegetation of thistles, marigolds, and lupins, grows together so vigorously, that you seem to see them sucking their strong life out of the rich brown earth. On the other side, we have first the striding aqueducts, tinged on their inner edge by the dazzling sunlight, and then the long line of ruined tombs, which traces out the Appian Way against the low-lying

horizon. Soon the train rushes across the sepulchral road of so many memories, and over the stones which we know were once trodden by the sandalled feet of St. Paul,—and so into the upland, to olive-gardens, whose silvery stems glisten against the brilliant green of the young corn, to dark cypress groves and pine-trees on the edge of terraced villas, and to fields divided by hedges of the graceful Spina Christi, the hallowed plant, said to have been brought to Italy by the returning crusaders, and to have come from the seed of the tree on Calvary, whence the sacred crown was woven. Thus we wind round the base of the green slopes encircling Monte Cavo, from which Castel Gandolfo looks down upon the Alban lake, and reach the station of Albano. Beyond this, upon the right, we overlook a plain historical with the sites of Pratica, Ardea, Antium, and Astura, to a wide expanse of blue sea. On the left Civita Lavinia rises with its tower on a fortified height; then Velletri with its orange roofs and wooded hills riven into gulfs of verdure; and then we enter a wilder and less wooded country, the valley of the Sacco—a plain alternately narrow and wide; a very definite plain indeed, closed in by the Hernican hills on one side, and the Volscian mountains on the other, which rise abruptly out of it with rocky buttresses.

An omnibus met us at the *Fe entino* station, and took us the three miles up into the town, through a country where the most remarkable feature was the faggots, stacked high up in the maple-trees, pollarded for the purpose.

We found tolerable rooms at the little inn, and almost immediately set off in the omnibus again for *Alatri*. It is a long drive (much longer than Murray describes) of about two hours; you skirt the base of the Hernican mountains, and cross many running streams:

"Roscida rivis
Hernica Saxa colunt."

Æn. vii. 683.

You are beginning to wonder where Alatri can be, when you see its huge Cyclopean walls rising against the sky at the end of a valley upon the left, and forming a terrace fit for Titans to walk upon, an architectural Stonehenge. The modern road winds into the town by a gradual ascent. The ancient approach is the earliest instance of a *cordonnata*, a hill-side broken by steps, such as the approach to the Roman Capitol. The streets are full of mediæval houses, with gothic windows and loggias; and the two ancient churches have each a fine rose-window in the west front. But towering high above the buildings of all later ages are the Cyclopean walls of the Pelasgic city, forming a quadrangle, and quite perfect, as if they were finished yesterday: for though the stones are fitted together without cement, each is like a mass of rock, and the arched form of their fitting adds to their firmness. One of the ancient gates remains under a single horizontal stone measuring eighteen feet by nine. The figure of the Pelasgic god Priapus is repeatedly sculptured on the walls, and it has long been a semi-religious custom for the inhabitants to go out *en masse* to mutilate it on Easter Monday. The place is mentioned by Plautus, under the Greek form Αλάτριον: Strabo calls it Αλέτριον.

"Alatri, like Ferentino, was surrounded with walls, but the circle round the town has been almost entirely destroyed, and only the walls of the citadel remain, an astonishing monument of that period of civilization, and without parallel amongst the towns of Latium, so that to see so wonderful, so unparalleled a work, which may be compared with the buildings of Egypt, is well worth a fatiguing day's journey.

"The old citadel of Alatri (it is now called 'Civita'—the town, by itself) occupies the highest point in the place, and is now the site of the cathedral, for here, as at Ferentino, the bishopric has nestled within the

old fortress. And this hill, on the broad flat surface of which is the cathedral, is surrounded, supported, and surmounted by Cyclopean walls reaching to a height of from eighty to a hundred feet. When I saw and I walked round these constructions, of black Titanic stone-work, to which the eye looks up with astonishment, so well preserved that they seem as if their age might be reckoned not by thousands of years but by years, I was impelled to much greater admiration of human power than the sight of the Coliseum of Rome had inspired. For in times of advanced civilization, with many complete mechanical appliances, amphitheatres or public baths like those of Caracalla or Constantine might be piled up, without imputing anything extraordinary to the strength of man ; and even the walls of Dionysius of Syracuse, the grandest of such creations which I had yet seen, do not make an equal impression. But here we see before us walls, each stone of which is not a huge square but a block of irregular shape, many-sided, hewn out of the rock ; and if we ask in wonder by what mechanical means such huge masses of rock could be lifted up and piled one upon another, still less can we understand how it was possible to arrange the many-cornered blocks so artistically that they fit into one another exactly without leaving spaces to be filled up, and form a complete gigantic mosaic.

"Tradition ascribes this species of ancient Latin buildings to the time of Saturn, and so places them altogether before the time of historical civilization ; but scientific research, which occupies itself so much with Indo-Germanic and Pelasgic races in Italy, is forced to confess that it knows nothing of the nations which piled up these works. Their appearance shows that the race of men which built such walls must have possessed already a considerable material civilization and well-ordered political arrangements. As these Cyclopean towns are found near one another, and scattered over the whole of Latium, it follows that in this country a great number of independent republics or states were established in very ancient times, whose connection with one another we do not know. But such immense fortifications imply constant war between the different towns, and particularly a predatory, unsafe, and isolated state of life. To bring the strength of the men into a suitable proportion to the colossal dimensions of the works, one must imagine those who erected them, or who came as enemies to storm them, to have been regular giants. But these erections only point to that colossal period with which the civilization of men in all nations and in all parts of the world begins, till it gradually rises from the materially sublime to the representation of things pleasing and beautiful, which more perfect means render possible. Altogether these Cyclopean works should not

be placed in too dark a time ; perhaps some of them may have been built in Latium after Rome was founded, and the step from this many-cornered style of building to the hardly less colossal square stone walls of the Etruscans and Romans is by no means a long one.

"Out of the walls of this Capitol of the ancient Alatri led a principal gate which exists still, an enormous erection made of horizontal stones ; besides this there is also a smaller entrance, and three square niches in the south wall lead to the conclusion that images of gods may have been set up there, while at the same time Cyclopean remains in the middle of the castle may with some probability be held to be the public altar on which festive sacrifices were offered.

"Till the year 1843 these walls were half buried under ruins and creepers, and no road led round them. A visit of Gregory XVI. inspired the Alatrians with the happy thought of cleaning and clearing out such unparalleled monuments of the remotest antiquity ; so 2000 men worked for ten days at removing the rubbish, and thus the Acropolis was not only laid bare again but surrounded with a road called Via Gregoriana, by which one can walk round it comfortably. Then too the great gate was dug out, and the ascent to the plateau re-opened. This broad flat space is only surrounded by a stone bulwark, which rises above the Cyclopean wall, and as it contains no building but the cathedral, it admits a most charming view of the mountain scenery. And indeed the beautiful surroundings make such an enchanting picture, that I will not attempt to describe it in words, or even to indicate the lines of the mountains which rise from Elysian fields to the sunny blue above. In the perfect stillness and indeed deserted condition of this strange scene of remote civilization, the impression of the sublime is doubly effective."—*Gregorovius.*

Within the precincts of the Pelasgic fortress stands the *Cathedral.* It only dates from the last century, though the see was created in A.D. 551 ; but it is a conspicuous feature in all distant views of the town. A finer church is that of *S. Maria Maggiore,* which has three gothic portals in its west front, and a fine rose-window above them. The mouldings are richly ornamented with acanthus. It had formerly two towers, but only one remains. The interior is completely modernized. From the heights overhanging the Cyclopean walls are wild views over the Volscian and

Hernican hills, the most prominent feature being a bare mountain, crowned by a little town and a grove of cypresses. This is *Fumone*, the scene of the imprisonment and death of the abdicated hermit-Pope, Celestine V., immured here by the jealousy of his successor, Boniface VIII., though the next Pope, Clement V., enrolled him amongst the saints. In old days Fumone was carefully watched, for its lord had feudal rights over all the surrounding country, and, when he wished to summon his vassals, either in defence or attack, he lighted a bonfire on his hill-top, whence the proverb,—"Quando Fumone fuma, tutta la campagna trema." The

Cyclopean Gate of Alatri.

people of Alatri are magnificently handsome, and as the women come down the steep stairs under the great gateway,

with their flowing veils, their rich costume, and their gleaming brass *conche* poised upon their stately heads, they are wonderfully in keeping with the scene.

The drive back from Alatri to Ferentino in the gloaming of one of the most beautiful days in the beginning of April, gave us a perfect succession of charming pictures, not only of landscape—though that was beautiful exceedingly in the still late light—but of herdsmen in their closely-fitting blue dress, with their guiding-poles over their shoulders, following great grey oxen down the hollow ways between the red earth and bright young grass, and singing as they went; and of women

Inn at Ferentino.

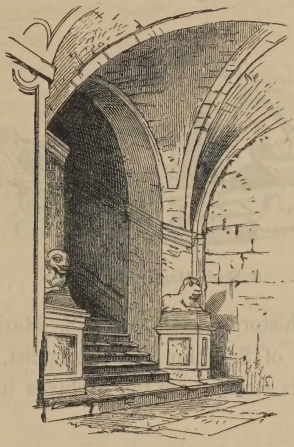
in white dresses, with snow-white *panni* folded over their dark hair, large gold earrings, and embroidered aprons, sometimes coming up from wayside fountains with the great brazen vessels of water, which one sees here everywhere,

poised upon their heads, like beautiful Greek Caryatides. And our evening was a perfectly Italian one—seated in the brick-floored, wall-painted room, lighted by Italian lamps with three burners and hanging chains, and waited on by a gaily-jewelled hostess, who had nothing to offer but eggs and salad.

Another beautiful morning found us quite rested, and up at six to enjoy the early light glinting through the old olive-trees under our window, and the distant views of rosy peaks fading fainter into a misty plain. Then we set off to explore the town, the ancient Ferentinum, up the steep dark street, all balconies, and loggias, and Gothic windows, with plenty of dirt beneath, and only a strip of opal sky lighting it up at the end. On the steepest part of the hill is the *Church of St Valentine*, with a very curious porch, whose canopy is formed by a projecting apse. A little further is *S. Francesco*, with strange bas-reliefs in its little fore-court. Hence the Via dell' Antico Acropole, a street full of long steep staircases, beloved by artists, leads up to a terrace under Cyclopean walls of huge stones, something like those of Alatri. The dark passage caverned under these walls emerges close to the *Duomo* (SS. Giovanni e Paolo), which, externally, has much of its Lombard architecture remaining; and, within, a splendid opus-alexandrinum pavement, mended with fragments of sculptured marble-work, and a glorious twisted mosaic pillar nearly the whole height of the church, secured against the wall by iron clamps. Behind the church is the bishop's palace, with a stately old staircase guarded by marble lions.

A crowded street, where old women, like the Fates of Michael Angelo, sit spinning in their doorways, surrounded

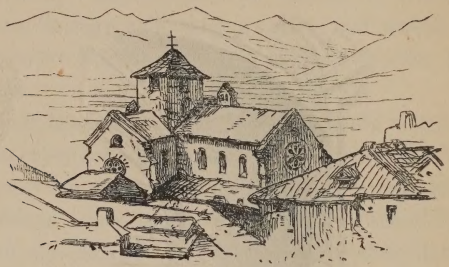
by their domestic circles of goats, cats, dogs, and pigs, all joining vociferously in the conversation, leads to the lower



Bishop's Staircase, Ferentino.

town. The stone used as the font in the little church of St Giovanni Evangelista has an inscription from the inhabitants of Ferentinum to Cornelia Salonina, wife of the "unconquered Gallienus." From the piazza, where a number of Roman altars are collected, we have a magnificent view over mountain and plain. Hence, also, one may learn, by looking down, to find one's way through the intricate maze of filthy alleys, many of which have such stately names as Via dell' Atreo, Vicolo dei Bagni de Flavio, Vicolo del Calidario, &c., to the finest of the churches, *Sta. Maria Maggiore*, which, in its beautiful west front, has a door with detached red marble columns banded together, and above it the

emblems of the Evangelists on either side of the Lamb of God, and a grand rose window.



S. Maria Maggiore, Ferentino.

Old Italian histories assert that S. Maria Salome, the reputed mother of S. John the Evangelist, was buried at Ferentino, "as is attested by the archives in the cathedral of Veroli."

Near the gate close to this church an inscription hewn in the solid rock records the erection of a statue by the grateful people of Ferentinum to Quinctilius Priscus, who, amongst other largesses, gave them *crustula* and *mulsum* (cakes and mead) upon his birth-day, with *sportulæ* (presents of money) for the decurions, and *nucum sparsiones* (scrambles of nuts) for the boys.

"The pride of Ferentino, amongst its antiquities, is the so-called 'Testament.' With difficulty I climbed over rocks and through the brambles in a vineyard to reach this curiosity, and at last I saw before me a great table hewn in the living rock. A long inscription in well-cut characters tells here that Aulus Quinctilius, Quatuorvir and Ædile, was the benefactor of his native town, bequeathing to it all his property by will, for which the town gratefully honoured him by placing his statue publicly on the Forum."—*Gregorovius.*

Another public carriage met us at the station for ***Anagni,***

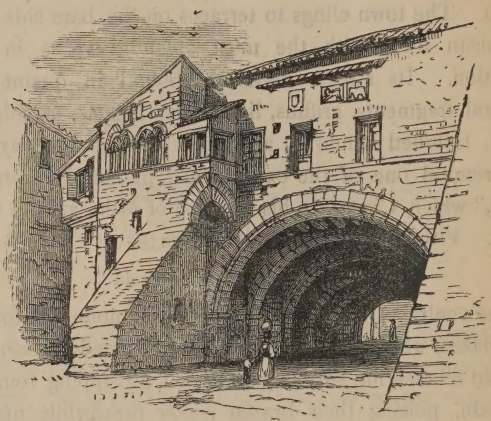
the ancient Anagnia, the capital of the Hernicans, and one of the five Saturnian cities whose names begin with the first letters of the alphabet—Anagni, Alatri, Arpino, Arca, and Atino. The town clings to terraces on the bare side of the Hernican hills, with the most splendid views in every direction. Its streets perfectly abound in quaint architectural fragments, griffins, lions, open loggias, outside staircases, trefoiled windows, and great arched doorways, and still remind one of the expression "municipium ornatissimum," which Cicero, in his defence of Milo, applies to this town. Virgil also speaks of its riches :—

"Quos, dives Anagnia, pascis."

The centre of life here, as in all the mountain towns, is the piazza, where groups of brilliantly-dressed peasants, the women all wearing *panni* again, stand gossipping round the fountain, poising their brazen *conche* meanwhile upon its marble ledges. The men lie basking in the sunshine along the stone ledges of the terrace, for here only three sides of the piazza are surrounded with houses, the fourth is open towards the valley and the mountains.

"From this piazza the view is so beautiful, that it enchants even those who have seen all Italy from the Alps to the African and Ionian sea. Immediately opposite rise the Volscian hills, whose sunny heights are so distinctly seen that the windows in the houses can be distinguished. Everywhere Volscian towns catch the eye, as they follow one another along the hills. Monte Fortino, the celebrated Segni, Gavignano, Rocca Gorga, Scurgola ; then Morolo, Supino, Patrica, behind which the tall pyramid of Monte Cacume rises blue and beautiful. Further still are peak after peak ; then more towns ; here Ferentino on a hill; there Frosinone, whose citadel even is visible, and Arnara, Posi, Ceccano, and many other places which the eye can discover. Towards Rome extends a large plain bounded by the mountains of Palestrina, which is itself visible in the far distance. The Latin hills also appear, and thus the view embraces a large part of Latium."—*Gregorovius.*

Beyond the piazza, on the left, open the huge round arches of the portico of the old *Papal palace.* Little that is curious



Papal Palace, Anagni.

remains in the interior; yet in these rooms William of Nogaret insulted the mighty Boniface VIII., and imprisoned him in his own palace, when "the *fleur-de-lis* was seen in Anagni." Here, also, Innocent III., Gregory IX., and Alexander IV., held their courts in the thirteenth century, all born here, and all sprung from native families, and once canons of the cathedral. Behind the palace a fragment of a beautiful Gothic loggia of the time of Boniface remains; part of the interior is now used as a theatre. There is not a book-shop in Anagni, and we could find no one, not even the sacristan of the cathedral, who knew anything whatever of its history. The utmost they could tell, was that "Bonifazio" had lived there, that his statue

stood on their walls, and that Dante had written of him—*what*, or who he was, they were quite ignorant of.

Entrance to the Cathedral, Anagni.

It is a very short distance up the hill to the *Cathedral* (Sta. Maria), which is the most interesting mediæval building in this part of Italy, except the convent of Subiaco. The see dates from A.D. 487. On the wall, above what was once the great south entrance, Boniface VIII. sits aloft, in robes and tiara, in his throne of state. Over his head, blazoned in gold and mosaic, are the illustrious alliances of

the Gaetani before his time. The steps beneath this statue, which must have had a magnificent effect in the open space, as seen from the valley beneath, were destroyed thirty years ago by a certain Marchese (even his name seems to be forgotten), and the present entrance is by the north, where a quaint winding staircase leads into a dark gallery, lined with curious old frescoes and inscriptions, and so into the cathedral.

"The cathedral of Anagni, though several times renovated by the bishops of the town and by the popes, still retains its original Gothic-Roman character. The façade is of rude architecture; it terminates in an obtuse-angled gable, the triangle of which is cut off by a simple cornice. In it is an arched, unornamented window, beneath which is a large square one, evidently of a later date. The door (there is only one) has a cornice in very bad taste, formed of different blocks of stone patched together, and ornamented with heads of oxen and lions, the rude work of the middle ages. Two pillars are built into the wall, with the capitals joined together, without any visible object, and very unsymmetrically too, as they are only on one side of the door. Over the door is a round arch adorned with simple arabesques. The masonry is throughout of the black limestone from the neighbouring mountains. One can see that the façade still retains its original form, and has only been restored at a later period in a hurry, when absolutely necessary."—*Gregorovius.*

The interior is far more picturesque than beautiful. In the lofty choir is a grand pascal candlestick, supported by a crouching figure. Portraits of all the popes connected with Anagni hang over the throne and stalls. The whole pavement of the church is of the most splendid opus alexandrinum, though much decayed, and in the choir it reaches a degree of minuteness and perfection like delicate jewellers' work. Here, on the Maundy Thursday of 1160, Alexander III. stood to curse the great Emperor Barbarossa. Here Innocent III. read aloud the bull which excommunicated

Frederick II., and on this same spot Alexander IV. banished the young Manfred. Here also the cardinals elected Innocent IV., after they had received the furious letter of the Emperor Frederick II., calling them "sons of Belial." In this church also (September 7, 1303) Boniface VIII. knelt at the altar in his pontifical robes, when the French, prompted by his hereditary enemies, the Colonnas, had forced the gates of the town, and burst into the streets, crying, "Vive le roi de France, et meure Boniface."

"The Pope had retired, as usual, from the summer heat to his native city, Anagni. Here he seemed, as it were, to pause, to be gathering up his strength to launch the last crushing thunders upon the head of the contumacious king of France. The Bull of excommunication was ordered to be suspended in the porch of the cathedral of Anagni. The 8th of September was to be the fatal day.

"On a sudden, on the 7th of September, the peaceful streets of Anagni were disturbed. The Pope and the Cardinals, who were all assembled around him, were startled with the trampling of armed horse, and the terrible cry, which ran like wild-fire through the city, 'Death to Pope Boniface! Long live the King of France!' Sciarra Colonna, at the head of three hundred horsemen, the Barons of Ceccano and Supino, and some others, the sons of Master Massio of Anagni, were marching in furious haste, with the banner of the King of France displayed. The ungrateful citizens of Anagni, forgetful of their pride in their holy compatriot, of the honour and advantage to their town from the splendour and wealth of the Papal residence, received them with rebellious and acclaiming shouts.

"The bell of the city, indeed, had tolled at the first alarm; the burghers had assembled; they had chosen their commander; but that commander, whom they ignorantly or treacherously chose, was Arnulf, a deadly enemy of the Pope. The banner of the Church was unfolded against the Pope by the captain of the people of Anagni. The first attack was on the palace of the Pope, on that of the Marquis Gaetani, his nephew, and those of three Cardinals, the special partisans of Boniface. The houses of the Pope and of his nephew made some resistance. The doors of those of the Cardinals were beaten down, the treasures ransacked and carried off; the Cardinals themselves fled from the backs of the houses through the common sewer. The Pope and his nephew

implored a truce ; it was granted for eight hours. This time the Pope employed in endeavouring to stir up the people to his defence : the people answered coldly that they were under the command of their captain. The Pope demanded the terms of the conspirators. 'If the Pope would save his life, let him instantly restore the Colonna Cardinals to their dignity, and reinstate the whole house in their honours and possessions ; after this restoration the Pope must abdicate, and leave his body at the disposal of Sciarra.' The Pope groaned in the depth of his heart. 'The word is spoken.' Again the assailants thundered at the gates of the palace ; still there was obstinate resistance. The principal church of Anagni, that of Santa Maria, protected the Pope's palace. Sciarra Colonna's lawless band set fire to the gates ; the church was crowded with clergy and laity, and traders who had brought their precious wares into the sacred building. They were plundered with such rapacity that not a man escaped with a farthing.

"The Marquis Gaetani found himself compelled to surrender, on the condition that his own life, that of his family, and of his servants, should be spared. At these sad tidings the Pope wept bitterly. The Pope was alone ; from the first the Cardinals, some from treachery, some from cowardice, had fled on all sides, even his most familiar friends : they had crept into the most ignoble hiding-places. The aged Pontiff alone lost not his self-command. He had declared himself ready to perish in his glorious cause ; he determined to fall with dignity. 'If I am betrayed like Christ, I am ready to die like Christ.' He put on the stole of S. Peter, the imperial crown was on his head, the keys of S. Peter in one hand and the cross in the other : he took his seat on the Papal throne, and, like the Roman senators of old, awaited the approach of the Gaul.

"But the pride and cruelty of Boniface had raised and infixed deep in the hearts of men passions which acknowledged no awe of age, of intrepidity, or religious majesty. In William of Nogaret the blood of his Tolosan ancestors, in Colonna the wrongs, the degradation, the beggary, the exile of all his house, had extinguished every feeling but revenge. They insulted him with contumacious reproaches ; they menaced his life. The Pope answered not a word. They insisted that he should at once abdicate the Papacy. 'Behold my neck, behold my head,' was the only reply.

"The Pope was placed under close custody, not one of his own attendants permitted to approach him. Worse indignities awaited him. He was set on a vicious horse, with his face to the tail, and so led through the town to his place of imprisonment. The palaces of the Pope and of his nephew were plundered ; so vast was the wealth, that

the annual revenues of all the kings in the world would not have been equal to the treasures found and carried off by Sciarra's freebooting soldiers. His very private chamber was ransacked; nothing left but bare walls.

"At length the people of Anagni could no longer bear the insult and the sufferings heaped upon their illustrious fellow-citizen. They rose in irresistible insurrection, drove out the soldiers by whom they had been over-awed, now gorged with plunder, and doubtless not unwilling to withdraw. The Pope was rescued, and led out into the street, where the old man addressed a few words to the people: 'Good men and women, ye see how mine enemies have come upon me, and plundered my goods, and those of the Church, and of the poor. Not a morsel of bread have I eaten, not a drop have I drunk, since my capture. I am almost dead with hunger. If any good woman will give me a piece of bread and a cup of wine,—if she has no wine, a little water,—I will absolve her; and any one who will give me their alms, from all their sins.' The compassionate rabble burst into a cry, 'Long life to the Pope!' They carried him back to his naked palace. They crowded, the women especially, with provisions, bread, meat, water, and wine. They could not find a single vessel: they poured a supply of water into a chest. The Pope proclaimed a general absolution to all except the plunderers of his palace. He even declared that he wished to be at peace with the Colonnas and all his enemies. This perhaps was to disguise his intention of retiring, as soon as he could, to Rome.

"The Romans had heard with indignation the sacrilegious attack on the person of the Supreme Pontiff. Four hundred horse, under Matteo and Gaetano Orsini, were sent to conduct him to the city. He entered it almost in triumph; the populace welcomed him with every demonstration of joy. But the awe of his greatness was gone; the spell of his dominion over the minds of men was broken.

"The religious mind of Christendom was at once perplexed and horror-stricken by the sacrilegious violence on the person of the Supreme Pontiff: it shocked some even of the sternest Ghibellines. Dante, who brands the pride, the avarice, the treachery of Boniface in his most terrible words, and has consigned him to the direst doom, nevertheless expresses the almost universal feeling. Christendom 'shuddered to behold the Fleur-de-lis enter into Anagni, and Christ again captive in his Vicar, the mockery, the gall and vinegar, the crucifixion between robbers, the insolent and sacrilegious cruelty of the second Pilate.'"
—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

"Veggio in Alagna entrar lo fiordaliso,
E nel vicario suo Cristo esser catto;

Veggiolo un' altra volta esser deriso,
Veggio rinnovellar l'aceto e 'l fele,
E tra vivi ladroni esser anciso.
Veggio 'l nuovo Pilato si crudele,
Che ciò nol sazia, ma, senza decreto,
Porta nel tempio le cupide vele."—*Purgatorio*, xx. 89.

Two chapels on the left of the cathedral nave are filled with Gaetani memorials. In one is a Greek inscription. In the other is a painting of the Madonna, of 1322, and the grand mosaic tomb wrought by the Cosmati ("magister Cosmas, civis Romanus, cum filiis suis Luca et Jacopo"), known as "Il sepolcro della famiglia di Bonifazio." It bears in Latin the inscription:

"Whoever thou art who directest thy steps to this venerable church, know at once the founders of all its glories. Peter the Bishop founded it with great effort, whom noble Salerno reared and gave to us. May the only Son of the Supreme Father have mercy on him."

In the sacristy are preserved some curious copes, and the croziers of Innocent III. and Boniface VIII. The crypt is given up to the especial saints of Anagni, who are numerous, and whose story, in a series of very early frescoes, occupies the walls. The south altar is devoted to Santa Oliva, whose bones and head are shown in a glass case beneath her statue. Opposite her is St. Magnus, bishop and martyr, who is represented above seated between two virgin saints. Beneath another altar are the martyrs Secunda, Aurelia, and Neonissa. In the tribune, which has a magnificent pavement, is the papal throne, and over it, in ancient fresco, the whole story of the Apocalypse—the seven candlesticks, the seven churches, the twenty-four elders in adoration of the spotless Lamb, &c., and, in the centre, above the altar, the Redeemer seated on a rainbow, with the two-edged sword proceeding out of his mouth.

The tall Romanesque tower of the Cathedral is not joined to the rest of the building, but stands alone upon a little green platform at the west end of the church. Hence there is a grand view over the valley, but to Roman Catholics a more interesting feature will be the knot of brown buildings on the barren side of the mountain, about six miles above Anagni; for this is *Acuto*, where the recently founded but ever-increasing order of the Precious Blood had its origin, and where its foundress, Maria de Matthias, lived till her death in August, 1866. The story of her vocation is quite as romantic and curious as that of any old saintly legend, and that of her founding here a large sisterhood and school which she supported by faith and prayer, without any definite sources of assistance, in the same way in which the immense institutions of the Protestant Muller are carried on at Clifton. Of her extraordinary influence on the surrounding districts, no one who has visited them can have a doubt, or of the power of her sermons, which were simple discourses of loving practical Christianity, such as Miss Marsh might have delivered. When she was likely to preach thousands flocked to hear her, and when she appeared, a silence fell upon the crowd, with the whisper, "Hush, the great mother is going to speak to us."

CHAPTER XVII.

PALESTRINA.

(Palestrina is about 27 miles from Rome by way of Zagarolo. Public carriages leave the Piazza S. Marco daily at 6 A.M. for Palestrina and proceed to Olevano—fare, five francs. A shorter way of reaching these places is to take the railway as far as the Valmontone Station, where a post-carriage, with seats for two, meets the first train. It is about seven miles from the station to Palestrina. But the best plan of all is to drive from Velletri. There is no decent inn at Palestrina, but comfortable quarters may be obtained at the house of an artist's widow, sister of a lawyer, Anna Pastina, at the same charges as those usual in country inns. Her house—1, Via delle Concie—is the last on the left at the top of the staircase on the right of the piazza.)

AN early drive from Velletri to Palestrina, the ancient Præneste, is delightful. Then the cloudless sky is generally opal behind the soft pink mountains. Reaching the foot of the Volscian hills, we come upon the most picturesque town of *Monte Fortino*, a fortress of the Conti, clambering up the side of a hill so steep that each row of houses begins over the roof of its neighbour, and each has a clear view of the sky.

About a mile distant, at the spot now called La Civita, is the site of the Volscian city *Artena:* portions of the Cyclopean walls of the citadel remain.

It is about three miles from Monte Fortino (passing the station) to *Valmontone,* the ancient Toleria, which stands on

a tufa rock in the midst of the plain between the two ranges of mountains, and is girt by old republican walls, with mediæval towers. From the families of Conti, Sforza, and Barberini, it has passed to the Pamfili, by whom the huge palace which crowns the town was built in 1662. The eldest son of Prince Doria Pamfili bears the title of Prince of Valmontone. In the cortile of the palace are some inscriptions from the Labican catacombs. Adjoining it is a rather handsome cathedral of the 17th century, designed by Matteo de

Valmontone.

Rossi. There are several *bits* at Valmontone to delight an artist, especially at the entrance of the town, where a magnificent fragment of the ancient wall forms the foreground to some very picturesque houses. Near this also is the interesting old church of Sant' Antonio, now called the Madonna delle Grazie.

Palestrina is quite a different type of place from all the others we have seen, and its people, unlike the courteous

peasants we have hitherto met with, are savage and lawless, violent and avaricious. Can the bitter warfare of reprisal, of which both ancient Prænestе and mediæval Palestrina have been the scene, be setting its mark still upon the inhabitants? for perhaps no place has been more often besieged, and more often utterly ruined and destroyed.

Prænestе is one of the towns of fabulous origin. Virgil ascribes it to Cæculus the son of Vulcan :

> "Nec Prænestinæ fundator defuit urbis,
> Vulcano genitum pecora inter agrestia regem
> Inventumque focis omnis quem credidit ætas,
> Cæculus."
>
> *Æn.* vii. 678.

Strabo gives it a Greek origin, and says that it was first called Πολυστέφανος. Pliny also says that it was called Stephane, a name which is supposed to have been derived from the appearance of the castle on the top of the hill being like a mural crown. Servius derives the name from the πρῖνοι, ilexes, which grew here, Cato and Festus from the situation —"quia montibus præstet."

Even in the time of the Siculi, Virgil describes Prænestе as having been governed by a king called Herilus, who fell in defending his country against the Latins. Livy says that eight towns were dependent upon it. It was reduced to the condition of a Roman colony upon the failure of the struggle in favour of the Tarquins. After the defeat of Caius Marius, who killed himself within its walls, Prænestе fell into the hands of Sylla, who totally annihilated the population and the city alike :—

> ". . . Vidit Fortuna colonos
> Prænestina suos cunctos simul ausa recisos,
> Unius populum pereuntem tempore mortis."
>
> *Lucan.* ii. 193.

But Sylla rebuilt the town with the utmost magnificence, and erected the Temple of Fortune, which was so splendid that the Athenian philosopher Carneades said he had "never seen a Fortune so fortunate as that of Prænestе." Its glories were celebrated by several of the Latin poets.

"Sextus Junonis mensis fuit. Aspice Tibur,
Et Prænestinæ mœnia sacra Deæ."
Ovid. Fast. vi. 61.

"Ædificator erat Cetronius, et modo curvo
Littora Caietæ, summa nunc Tiburis arce,
Nunc Prænestinis in montibus, alta parabat
Culmina villarum, Græcis longeque petitis
Marmoribus, vincens Fortunæ atque Herculis ædem."
Juv. Sat. xiv. 86.

". . . sacrisque dicatum
Fortunæ Prænestе jugis."
Sil. Ital. viii. 366.

". . . sacro juvenes Prænestе creati
Occubuere simul : votisque ex omnibus unum
Id Fortuna dedit, junctam inter prælia mortem."
Id. ix. 404.

"Cicero gives a curious account of the institution of the divination called the Sortes Fortunæ Primigeniæ Prænestinæ : 'Numerius Suffucius having, in consequence of frequent dreams, excavated in a rock, found a piece of oak, on which the necessary ceremonies seem to have been inscribed in ancient characters. The place was inclosed, honey flowed from an olive tree on the spot, and the Temple of Fortune was erected on or near the site." (De Divin. ii. 41.) "In the time of Cicero, the credit of the Sortes Prænestinæ had much diminished."—*Gell's Topography of Rome.*

Its coolness, which was an agreeable change after the heat of Rome, made Prænestе a favourite summer resort to the emperors Augustus, Tiberius, Nero, Domitian, and Hadrian. Suetonius describes Augustus as employing two days on the journey hither from Rome. Horace alludes to the freshness of the climate.

". . seu mihi frigidum
Præneste, seu Tibur supinum,
Seu liquidæ placuere Baiæ.

Horace, iii. *Od.* 4.

Sometimes the poet himself resided here:

"Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi."

i. *Epist.* 2.

"Quis timet aut timuit gelida Præneste ruinam?"

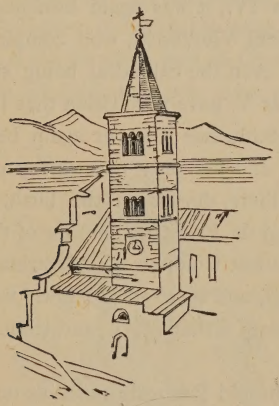
Juv. Sat. iii. 190.

In 970, the town, already called Palestrina, was given by Pope John XIII. to his sister Stephania, and through the marriage of her grand-daughter Emilia ("Imilia nobilissima comitissa"), came into the Colonna family, whose history is henceforth that of the place. When, in 1217, the Cardinals Giacomo and Pietro Colonna had opposed the election of a member of the rival family of the Gaetani of Anagni to the papacy, they fled hither with their kinsfolk. The newly-elected pope, Boniface VIII., immediately issued bulls confiscating all the estates of the Colonnas, and promised plenary indulgences to all who would take up arms against them.

"Stronghold after stronghold was stormed; castle after castle fell. Palestrina alone held out with intrepid obstinacy. Almost the whole Colonna house sought their last refuge in the walls of this redoubted fortress, which defied the siege, and wearied out the assailing forces. Guido di Montefeltro, a famous Ghibelline chieftain, had led a life of bloody and remorseless warfare, in which he was even more distinguished by craft than by valour. He had treated with contemptuous defiance all the papal censures which rebuked and would avenge his discomfiture of many papal generals, and the depression of the Guelfs. In an excess of devotion, now grown old, he had taken the habit and the vows of S. Francis, divorced his wife, given up his wealth, obtained remission of his sins, first from Cœlestine, afterwards from Boniface, and was

living in quiet in a convent at Ancona. He was summoned from his cell on his allegiance to the Pope, and, with plenary absolution for his broken vows, commanded to inspect the walls and give his counsel for the best means of reducing the stubborn citadel. The old soldier surveyed the impregnable defences, and then, requiring still further absolution for any crime of which he might be guilty, uttered his memorable oracle, "Promise largely, keep little of your promises."*—*Milman's Latin Christianity.*

Thus the Colonnas were induced to open their gates, and proceeded in mourning robes to meet the Pope at Rieti. He received them with outward forgiveness, and gave them absolution; but while they were detained as his guests, Ranieri, Bishop of Pisa, was sent to destroy Palestrina ut-



Cathedral, Palestrina.

terly, and ordered to spare nothing except "the cathedral of S.

* Among the evil-counsellors in Malebolge, swathed and tormented in the flame of his own consciousness, Dante saw the shade of Guido di Montefeltro, who had found that the Devil was a logician and unable to reconcile the wish to repent with the wish to sin. So the cordelier's frock had to give place to the robe of flame, in which the unhappy warrior must rue eternally the crafty counsel,

"Lunga promessa con l'attender corto."

Inf. xxvii.

Agapitus." Everything else was "totali exterminio et ruinæ exposita," a plough was driven over the ruins, and the ground was sown with salt; even the famous marble staircase of a hundred steps, up which people could ride on horseback into the palace, perished. The Colonna family fled in all directions, but Sciarra Colonna returned just at the time when Boniface was quarrelling with Philippe le Bel, and joining the French, captured the Pope at Anagni. Under Benedict IX., the ban against the Colonnas was removed, and under Clement V. Stefano Colonna was allowed to rebuild Palestrina. In 1350 and 1354 the town was successfully defended against Rienzi, but in 1436, when the Colonnas had rebelled against Eugenius IV., it was again besieged and taken by his legate Cardinal Vitelleschi, who completely razed it to the ground, not even the cathedral being spared this time. In 1447, Nicholas V. gave permission that Palestrina should once more be rebuilt, but it never again became a place of any importance, and the only noteworthy event which has since occurred there, has been the birth, in 1524, of the musician Pierluigi da Palestrina, author of the mass of Pope Marcellus. The last Colonna of Palestrina was Francesco, who died in 1636, and in 1630 the town was sold to Carlo Barberini, brother of Urban VIII., and it still belongs to that family.

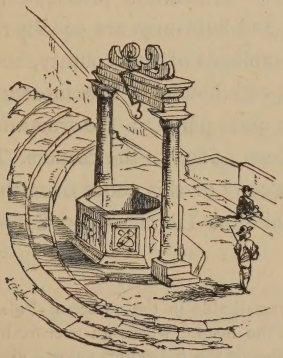
Remains of the old Præneste meet us on every side, and it is typical of the place and its overflow of antiquities, that the curbstone at the cross-roads as we approach it is a headless ancient statue. In the walls of almost every house fragments of pillars and capitals may be discovered. And what is chiefly remarkable is that almost all the remains belong to one building, the gigantic *Temple of Fortune*, built

by Sylla, which rose upon terraces, tier above tier, occupying the whole space now filled by the town, and perhaps the largest building in Italy.

Behind Palestrina the mountain rises abruptly, bare and arid, and the town itself stands very high. Virgil alludes to the cool climate of Præneste :—

> "Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Gabinæ
> Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis
> Hernica saxa colunt :— "

There is not much to be seen in the lower town. In the piazza are some pillars of the Temple of Fortune built into a wall, and the small ugly *Cathedral*, which has a low but graceful gothic campanile. In the highest part of the town is the *Palazzo Barberini*, of which the wing is used as a barrack, but which is for the most part as deserted and forlorn a specimen of an old Italian palace, once exceedingly mag-



The Barberini Well, Palestrina.

nificent, as can well be found. Its front was built in a vast semi-circle, so as to follow the plan of the temple of

Sylla, and is approached by curved staircases enclosing an old well. The halls on the ground-floor are painted by the Zuccheri, but Apollo with his dove-chariot, and Juno with her peacocks, are fading with the damp which streams from the walls. We asked the old housekeeper if she did not suffer from it. "Ah, yes," she said, "all my hair has come off, and all my teeth have fallen out; for even when out of doors it is a *caldo feroce*, here within it is *fresco assai*." She said she was a *forestiera*, for she came from Frescati, and though she had been here forty years, she could not accustom herself to the wickedness of the people,—"Il mondo è bello, ma se fosse buono sarebbe meglio." On the upper floor is the famous mosaic, found amid the ruins of the Temple of Fortune, representing the joy of the people and the beasts of Egypt in the annual overflow of the Nile. It is like a dictionary of the manners and customs and people of the Egypt of its time. Priests and priestesses, warriors, fishermen, shepherds, and huntsmen are equally represented, with all the peculiar animals of the country, and its plants, besides its temples and houses. The mosaic was discovered in 1638 and it is quite perfect: the arms and the bees of the Barberini have been added in the corners. There is a grand view from the balcony of this room over the Volscian and Alban ranges, while the Hernican and Sabine hills are seen in profile.

"What is most remarkable in the palace of Palestrina is its incomparable situation on the height, where an ever-fresh and health-giving breeze blows, and whence the indwellers enjoy a view, whose beauty is indescribable. Here a great part of Latium lies spread out beneath the eyes on one side, and of Tuscany or the patrimony of S. Peter's on the other, a great and classic district, whence rise the Latin and Volscian mountains, between which a wide plain opens, reaching to the distant

glancing sea. There is the world-town Rome steeped in the mist; there stands the island-like Soracte; hard by rise the mighty chains of the Apennines; on the left, at their feet, is the deep beautiful valley of the Sacco, over which shine the gleaming hill-towns of Monte-Fortino and Segni; further are the heights of the Serra, and the airy chiefs of all these hills, whose varied forms lose themselves in the sunny atmosphere beyond Anagni and Ferentino. One looks upon these plains and hills, bedecked with towns and villages, of which most are rich in associations, and the early history of Rome, the story of the empire, or of the middle ages, comes back to one's recollection, and when one feels that Umbria, the Sabina, Latium, the Equian territory, the land of the Hernicans, Etruria, the Volscian country, the Alban hills, and the sea are united in one panorama, one appreciates the grandeur of this view. When a Colonna of the middle ages looked down from the windows of the old palace or castle, he might venture, as he gazed upon his possessions, to feel that he was the richest and mightiest chieftain in Latium."—*Gregorovius.*

The plain beneath the windows is so rich that it looks like one vast garden of fruit-trees, amongst which, about a mile from the town, near S. Maria della Villa (the name commemorating it), the remains of the immense villa of Hadrian may be discovered. They are little worth visiting, yet here the Braschi Antinous and other important statues have been found, and smaller antiquities are dug up daily. Madama Pastina, who lets the lodgings to strangers, has a collection of them, chiefly terra-cottas and small bronzes, which she sells at low prices. The little statuettes of Fortune suckling a child are very interesting.

The hill-side above Palestrina is so bare and the sun beats so pitilessly upon its white rocks, that it is best to put off the ascent till near sunset. It may be made on donkeys, but they are atrociously bad. We were obliged to dismiss ours; and when we reproached its owner for having brought it, he coolly said—"Yes, he knew that it was bad, and would certainly fall down, but he brought it because if a saddle was

once put on it must be as much paid for as if it had been used. So few strangers came, that they must be taken ad-

Street Scene, Palestrina.

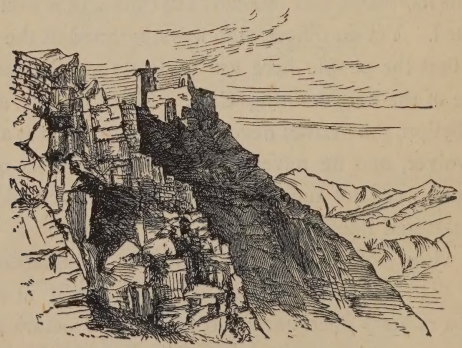
vantage of." We did not wonder that so few came amongst this savage population. Every woman and child you meet, however well dressed they may be, rush at you with defiant shouts, insisting, not petitioning, "*Signor, dammi un baiocc.*" From every window hands are outstretched. Stern-looking Sibyls scowl their demands at you, distaff in hand, upon their doorsteps. Dozens of ragged children yell and tumble over one another, and follow you for hours, dancing like frantic little demons, wherever you go. Some friends of ours ascended the mountain, followed by hampers well

equipped for a delicious pic-nic. They reached the top, and were surrounded by the inhabitants of S. Pietro. The hampers were unpacked and the luncheon spread out, and —before any resistance could be offered or even suggested, the thronging swarms had descended upon the feast like locusts, and, in one moment, men and women tore up the chickens and swallowed the limbs at a mouthful, crunching bones and all like wild beasts, so that not the slightest vestige remained, and the rightful owners were left, dumbfoundered and famished, to stare at their empty table-cloth.

We had happily no such attractions to offer, but were well persecuted notwithstanding, and heartily cursed by troops of hungry ragged urchins because we had brought nothing for them, as well as by a shaggy-looking ruffian, who was imprisoned under the Barberini Palace, for having lately murdered his wife and son, and who stretched out his bony hand with nails like claws, and shook it at us through the iron bars as we passed. Yet an officer, who was quartered at the palace, told us that the people here are perfectly angelic compared to those of the neighbouring Cavi. *There*, on the slightest contradiction, the natives never hesitated to pull out a stiletto or a revolver, and he never knew a time when six or seven of his men were not suffering from their violence while they were quartered there.

The view from the top is certainly magnificent. No wonder that Hannibal climbed up to survey it in order to assist his military operations. It is the most historical panorama imaginable. Rome is seen amidst the mists of the plain. Nearer us are Gabii, Collatia, and Zagarolo. On the Alban hills are Tusculum, Frescati, Monte Porzio, Monte Compatri, Labicum (now Colonna), Corbio (now Rocca Priora),

Velitræ (now Velletri). Then on the distant sea-coast we can make out Astura, Nettuno, Antium (Porto d'Anzio), Ardea, Pratica, Ostia, Porto, and Fiumicino. On the Volscian hills are Monte Fortino, Colle Ferro and Signia (Segni); on the Hernicans, Anagni, Ferentino, Paliano, Genazzano, and Cavi, and the fore-ground is formed by the Cyclopean walls of Præneste! Looking down upon all these scenes, girt by the huge polygonal stones of the walls of the ancient citadel, is the modern village of *San Pietro*, a place so dilapidated and crumbling, so bare and colourless, that it looks as if it had been transported from Africa to this windy height. Here the Roman Catholic Church believes that St. Peter dwelt for some time, and here, in the church, he is commemorated in a statue by Bernini, as well as in a good picture representing his martyrdom by Pietro di Cortona. The holy water basons are supported by ancient *cippi*.



Colonna Castle, Palestrina.

Still higher, on the last peak, stand the huge ruins of the fortress, rebuilt by the famous Stephen Colonna, which bears

over its gate, beneath the Colonna arms, the inscription, "Magnificus DNS Stefan de Columna-redificavit civitatem penestre cv monte et arce. Anno 1332."

In summer the stagnation of Palestrina is enlivened by the presence of the Barberini family, who live, not at the palace with the mosaic, but at another lower down in the town, quite in a feudal manner, and, as Prince and Princess of Palestrina, hold receptions in their garden, to which all the small gentry of the place are invited.

The *Ponte S. Antonio* may be visited from Palestrina. It is a magnificent Roman arch 120 feet in height, not far from Poli, by which the Aqua Claudia and the Anio Novus were carried across a deep ravine in the Campagna.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GENAZZANO, PALIANO, AND OLEVANO.

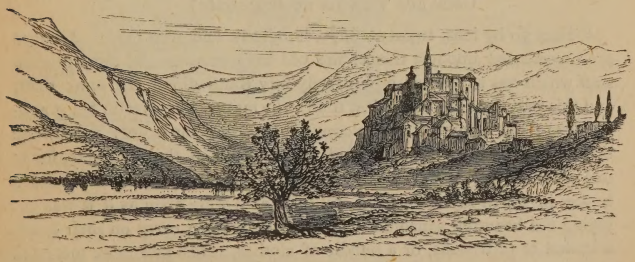
(At Olevano there is an excellent country inn, kept by Nino and Pepina Baldi, much frequented by artists, who reside here for months in summer. The charges for *pension*, including everything, are five francs a day, or four francs if for a long time. A carriage may be obtained from Olevano to meet the train at the Valmontone Station by writing beforehand to Casa Baldi. The public carriage, which leaves the Piazza S. Marco at six A.M. for Palestrina, proceeds to Olevano—fare, from four to five francs. At Subiaco there is a comfortable small hotel with capital food—Locanda della Pernice—pension, six francs a day.)

IT is a pleasant drive of three miles from Palestrina to *Cavi*, which is built on the edge of a steep bank over a torrent, approached by a handsome bridge, and entered by a gateway, over which is an inscription, dedicating the place to the especial protection of the Madonna. To her the inhabitants trust to supply them with all the necessaries of life, and exist themselves in a *far niente* not very *dolce*, but unending. The very dogs seemed too apathetic to move when our carriage approached where they lay in the sun. Some ragged children were rolling in the gutter, while their mother was engaged in lavishing the tenderest embraces and kisses upon a pet pig—the son of her heart. In the market-place rises a column decorated with the arms of the Colonna, of whom Cavi is a fief. The dialect of the people here is very peculiar. Six miles beyond Cavi, after passing a chapel

beautifully situated near an old pine and some cypresses, *Genazzano* rises in a valley on the left about half a mile distant from the road. It contains the shrine of the Madonna di Buon Consiglio, who *flew* hither through the air from Albania.

"From this time the Madonna of Genazzano, called 'Our Lady of Good Offices,' began to work miracles, and a church was built in her honour, with a monastery adjoining it. The Order of the Augustines possessed themselves of this wonder-working and holy source of gain, which is not less profitable, if not more so, than the Madonna of the Augustine monastery at Rome. For this Divinity of Genazzano enjoys throughout the whole of Latium a reputation, which exactly corresponds with that of a heathen oracle. Twice a year, in spring and in summer, her festival is celebrated, and thus a double harvest of offerings is reaped, besides innumerable presents of money and jewels brought by the worshippers. And as even the poorest countryman lays his mite upon the altar of the picture, it may be said that this one Madonna taxes the whole Latian Campagna as well as the State itself. I was told that the offerings are collected by certain confraternities which exist in the Campagna; each member puts into the common fund as much as five baiocchi a month, and thus a travelling confraternity brings sometimes as much as a hundred scudi. The yearly receipts of this place of pilgrimage are estimated at 37,500 francs."—*Gregorovius.*

The festa of the Madonna of Genazzano, on the 25th of



Genazzano.

April, is one of the most celebrated and the most frequented

in this part of Italy. A figure-artist should never fail to see it, and the most sanguine expectations as to colour and costume cannot possibly be disappointed.

"Even on the eve of the festival the pilgrims begin to arrive, and the place and the whole landscape becomes animated in a wonderful manner, while the air resounds perpetually with the chanting of Litanies. Through all the streets pass gay but orderly crowds. They come from the Abruzzi, from the sandal land, from Sora, from the Liris, and from all parts of the Latian Campagna.

"The festival of Jupiter Latiaris seems to be renewed before our eyes, so numerous are the thousands that approach, so varied their dress and their dialects. They come down from the hills with their solemn chant of the 'Ora,' there down the broad road, here along the river, by field paths, ever and again fresh bands of pilgrims in bright red, green, and blue costumes, with their tall pilgrim staves (*bordoni*) in their hands, and the sight combined with the grandeur of the scenery is one which would be alike wonderful to the artist, the poet, and the historian.

". . . They wander along the Sacco, and down from the hills (*come i grù, che van cantando lor lai*), like the cranes who sing as they go. The middle ages passed before me; and I thought of those bands of pilgrims who thronged to Rome at the Jubilee year, and more than once the sight made me repeat that beautiful verse in the pilgrim sonnet of the Vita Nuova,

> Deh! peregrini, che pensosi andate
> Forse di cosa che non v'è presente,
> Venite voi di si lontana gente,
> Com' alla vista voi ne dimostrate?

"They go by tens, twentys, fiftys, hundreds, and even more. All ages are represented amongst them; the old man leans on the same pilgrim staff which has supported him already fifty times along the same road, and this may perhaps be the last time: the matron passes with her grandchildren; the beautiful and blooming maiden; the sturdy youth, the boy; even infants are here carried on the heads of their mothers, for in one of these processions I saw a young woman carrying on her head a basket in which lay a laughing child, its eyes wide open as if it was enjoying the beautiful sunshine. Most of the women carry on their heads a basket of provisions, or a bundle of clothes, which still more increases the beauty of the spectacle. If any one could lift up the veil from these souls they would see concealed crime side by side with innocence, and vice, remorse, pain, and virtue passing in a motley crowd.

"It is like a great and beautiful but serious masked procession which passes over one of the most beautiful scenes of nature, always with fresh dresses and colours, and with different faces. One sees the people of

Contadino, Valley of the Sacco.

Frosinone, of Anagni, the inhabitants of Veroli, of Arpino, of Anticoli, of Ceprano, and the Neapolitans from Sora.

"See the groups from Sora! dark olive complexions and beautiful

oval faces. The women look fantastic, like the Arab women ; they are adorned with strings of coral or golden chains round their necks, and heavy gold earrings ; their heads are covered with white or brown kerchiefs, with long fringes, which hang down upon the neck like a madonna's veil : they wear white chemisettes quite loose though folded in

Contadina, Valley of the Sacco.

innumerable plaits, and over these a low, dark red bodice. The skirt is short, of a bright red or blue colour, with a yellow border. And what large dark eyes, under black, strongly marked eyebrows !

"The pilgrims of Ceccano ! The women wearing red bodices with long aprons of the same colour, white kerchiefs on their heads with long

ends hanging down behind, and sandals. The men in pointed hats, with red jackets, and a girdle round the waist, twisted of bright ribbon.

"Pilgrims from Pontecorvo! The women in dark red dresses beautifully ornamented; with a red head-dress; beautiful and majestic.

"Pilgrims from Filettino: black velvet bodices, a most simple dress, quiet and graceful.

"Ciociari! The men and women of the sandal land! Perhaps from some place near Ferentino, or farther away, from the Neapolitan boundaries of the Liris and the Melfa. It is a land of beautiful and wild mountains, which extends from Ferentino far into the Neapolitan territory. There the people wear the Ciocia, a very simple covering for the foot, from which the country is called Ciociaria. I found this covering for the foot in use near Anagni. One more primitive certainly cannot be found, perhaps one might also say there is none more comfortable. It certainly made me envy the Ciociari. The shoe is simply formed of a square piece of ass or horse skin. Holes are made in this skin, through which a string is passed, and this parchment is so tied round the foot that it forms itself to the shape of the foot. The leg is swathed up to the knee with coarse grey linen, bound round many times with string or thread. Thus the Ciociaro moves freely and comfortably across the fields, and over the rocks, whenever he goes to dig the ground ('zappar la terra'), or drives his sheep and goats, as a shepherd with bag-pipes, dressed in a short grey cloak, or clothed in skins. These sandals are classical, and Diogenes would have worn them if he had not gone barefoot; and Chrysippus or Epictetus might have praised them in a treatise on the few needs of wise men. If these shoes are well arranged, and the linen leggings new, they look well, but very bad and beggarly when they are old and ragged; and as this is generally the case, it has given the sandal folk a character of ragged poverty, and their name is despised and even used as a word of reproach. One day, when a man of San Vito was showing me the beautiful panorama of the Campagna, he said to me, 'See, sir, there lies the Ciociaria!' and he smiled with a look of lofty contempt.

"The Ciociari wear bright red vests, and pointed black felt hats, which seldom lack a gay feather, a bow, or a flower. I found among them, especially in the Campagna of Rome, a remarkable number of men with fair hair and blue eyes; they wear their hair cut short behind, like the Prussian Landwehr, but let it hang down in long locks from the temples. Hang a ragged grey waterproof cloak or a black or white sheepskin on the Ciociaro, and we have our sandal man complete; but we will not give him a gun in his hand, or he will fall upon us as a robber in the pass of Ceprano, crying out, 'faccia in terra,' and will empty

our pockets with astonishing agility. The women also wear the sandals, a short gay skirt, a bright striped apron, a white or a red woollen kerchief on the head, and lastly the *busto*, the principal article of female dress throughout the whole of Latium. This is the bodice of stiffly-quilted linen, hard as a saddle, broad and high, with epaulets resting on the shoulders. It forms a support to the breast, it seems like a bulwark to shield virtue; like a firm breast-plate it surrounds the bosom; yet it is loose, and stands out, so that it serves at the same time as a pocket." —*Gregorovius.*

The town of Genazzano was long a fortress of the Colonnas, and was the place where Stefano Colonna was murdered in 1438. The only pope given by the great Colonna family to Rome was born at Genazzano. This was Oddone Colonna, elected at Constance in 1417 as Martin V. while two other popes were already in existence. As sovereign he continued to be devoted to his native place, where he built churches and enlarged the palace of his family, which is now neglected and fast falling into decay. In its decline it is very picturesque, and is supplied with water by a half-ruined aqueduct, along which there is a walk leading to the deserted convent of San Pio. The whole population is occupied in the cultivation of the hill-side vineyards.

Continuing our way along the valley, we see that a hill-top in front of us is occupied by a mountain-town, surrounded with strong, sixteenth-century fortifications. This is *Paliano*, another important stronghold of the Colonnas. Prospero Colonna defended it against Sixtus IV. In 1556 Paul IV. took it away from the Colonnas, and gave it to his own nephew Giovanni Caraffa, for whom it was raised into a principality.

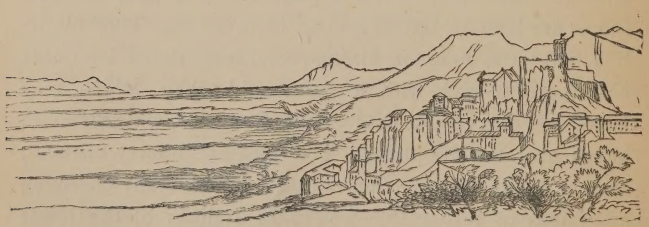
"Declaring that the Colonnas, 'those incorrigible rebels against God and the Church,' however frequently deprived of their castles, had

always managed to regain them, Paul IV. resolved that this should be amended; he would give those fortresses to vassals who would know how to hold them. Thereupon he divided the possessions of the house of Colonna among his nephews, making the elder Duke of Paliano, and the younger Marquis of Montebello. The cardinals remained silent when he announced these purposes in the assembly; they bent down their heads and fixed their eyes to the earth."—*Ranke's History of the Popes.*

Only fifteen years after, however, upon the victory of Marc-Antonio Colonna over the Turks at Lepanto, Paliano was restored to its original owners, and has since given the title of Duca di Paliano to the head of their house.

A long ascent now brings us to *Olevano*, of the beauty of which one has no idea till one really arrives, but it is perhaps the most picturesque place of this wonderful district. Passing from the rough stone houses with their crumbling staircases of rock, and from the stony ways full of pigs and children, a gate admits us to a high olive garden, full of beans and corn, where a winding path leads to a kind of large farm-house at the top of the hill, with an outside loggia and staircase. And this is the famous inn of Olevano, the Albergo degli Artisti. It is a perfect artist's paradise. Its rooms are homely, but are cleanliness itself. They all debouch from a common sitting-room, surrounded by queer old portraits and with a grand old chair, which may have been that of Cardinal Scipio Borghese, whose picture hangs over the fire-place. The pleasant honest mistress, Pepina Baldi, with her husband Nino, are really charming specimens of respectable well-to-do Italians of the lower orders, full of simple kindnesses and courtesies, and frankness and openness itself. Their handsome boys and girls have served as voluntary models to half the artists in

Rome when they have been staying here; and many sketches of the family by famous hands, which would fetch enormous prices in Paris or London, hang upon the walls, where they have been left as thank-offerings with the mother. For the entertainment of guests too we have a collection of albums, which any sovereign might envy, and than which few possess any more valuable, for every artist who has staid here has left his portrait, by his own hand or that of a friend, and the collection is really wonderful, of the natives of every country in Europe, from the delicate hand of our English Leighton to that of the least known student of the Via Margutta. But still the greatest charm of Casa Baldi is its view. One looks along the whole of the Hernican range, tossed above into every variety of peak, and clothed on its lower slopes with corn and fruit-trees, olives and cypresses, from which Anagni and Ferentino and Frosinone look across the valley to the more distant Volscians, also sprinkled with rock-throned villages. In the middle distance Paliano watches the valley from a steep elevated ridge. Deep below rises the town of Olevano,



Olevano.

with yellow-roofed houses, weather-stained, machicolated, arch-adorned, rising from rocks overhung with ivy and

flowers, and leading up to the jagged walls and tower of a ruined castle. Behind the town are the wild mountains of the Sabina, with Civitella, Capranica, San Vito, and Rocca di Cavi perched upon different heights, and on the furthest of all the curious sanctuary and the Polish convent of Mentorella, and round the corner of this range we catch a glimpse of the Alban hills projecting over the purple Campagna.

"There are many places on the sunny heights, or in the dark recesses of the mountains ; castles, monasteries, and towns, rising in the clear air—all seems to rest in a romantic quietude. The outlines of the mountains are cut with enchanting clearness and sharpness upon the pure blue of the sky ; one longs to cross over, to wander amongst the shining crags and soft plains in the freshness of that high and heavenly region. Above the hollows of the Serra, rises, here and there, a snow-capped mountain, violet-tinted, out of the wilds of the Abruzzi, suggesting still another distance ; in the background mountain-peaks rise further and further out of the silvery mists, shadowy, many-formed, obelisk-like, dome-like, beckoning the spirit onwards into the unknown regions of the sandal-land, or to the shore of the lovely Liris."—*Gregorovius.*

The name of Olevano carries us back pleasantly into the mediæval times, when it was compelled to pay a tax called *Olibanum*, for purchasing incense for the churches of the province. Then the noble family of Frangipani, who derived their glorious name of " Bread-breakers " from their vast charities during a famine, resided in its fortress. From them it passed by exchange to the Benedictine monks of Subiaco, by whom it was sold in the 13th century to the Colonnas, who built the present castle and guarded it through weal and woe for four hundred years, when it was purchased by the Borgheses, who hold it still.

The most remarkable excursion which can be made from Olevano is that to *Guadagnolo*, a rock 4000 feet high, with a

village curiously wedged in between high rocks, which surround and conceal it on every side, as with a natural wall. A mile and a half below the town, are the hermitage and church of *La Mentorella*, on the edge of the precipice, jutting out over the valley of the Girano. Here, before he went to Subiaco, S. Benedict lived in the sixth century, in a cave at the foot of the rock. A tradition of far earlier date (during the reign of the Emperor Trajan) represents the crag of La Mentorella as that where the vision of a white deer, with a crucifix between his horns, led to the conversion of S. Eustace.

"S. Eustace was a Roman soldier, and captain of the guard to the Emperor Trajan. His name before his conversion was Placidus, and he had a beautiful wife and two sons, and lived with great magnificence, practising all the heathen virtues, particularly those of loyalty to his sovereign and charity to the poor. He was also a great lover of the chase, spending much of his time in that noble diversion.

"One day while hunting in the forest, he saw before him a white stag, of marvellous beauty, and he pursued it eagerly, and the stag fled before him, and ascended a high rock. Then Placidus, looking up, beheld, between the horns of the stag, a cross of radiant light, and on it the image of the crucified Redeemer; and being astonished and dazzled by this vision, he fell on his knees, and a voice which seemed to come from the crucifix cried to him, and said, 'Placidus! why dost thou pursue me? I am Christ, whom thou hast hitherto served without knowing me. Dost thou now believe?' and Placidus fell with his face to the earth, and said, 'Lord, I believe!' and the voice answered, saying, 'Thou shalt suffer many tribulations for my sake, and shalt be tried by many temptations; but be strong and of good courage, and I will not forsake thee.' To which Placidus replied, 'Lord, I am content. Do thou give me patience to suffer!' And when he looked up again the wondrous vision had departed. Then he arose and returned to his house, and the next day he and his wife and his two sons were baptized, and he took the name of Eustace."—*Jameson's Legendary Art.*

A flight of stairs, which troops of pilgrims devoutly ascend upon their knees on the festa of the twenty-ninth of Septem-

ber, leads to the campanile, which is surmounted by a pair of antlers, like those of the portico of the church of S. Eustachio at Rome, commemorating his conversion. The festa of La Mentorella is one of the most romantic in Italy. The peasants come by the steep mountain-paths chaunting litanies, and each carrying a stone which they add to a great commemorative pile. They spend the night in groups, sleeping round fires lighted on these wild crags, and those who have been present describe the scene as quite unrivalled in its weird picturesqueness—the brilliant costumes illuminated by the fire-light and backed by the savage precipices which overhang the Girano and Siciliano, and the rude chaunts echoing amid the rocks under the starlit sky. The name of Mentorella comes from Wultvilla or Wulturela, the ancient name of the mountain. The gothic chapel which now exists, is of the tenth century, but a church certainly existed here as early as A.D. 594, when it was bestowed upon the abbot of Subiaco by Gregory I. In A.D. 958, the mountain of Wulturela with its church, dedicated to Sta. Maria, belonged to S. Gregorio in Rome, but the building appears to have been deserted in the fourteenth century, though it was restored by the Emperor Leopold in 1660.

CHAPTER XIX.

SUBIACO.

(Subiaco is 26 miles from Tivoli. A diligence runs daily. There is a very tolerable inn, *La Pernice*,—pension, 5 francs a day—but passing travellers must arrange their prices beforehand.)

THE road from Olevano to Subiaco passes through a dismal bare rocky district, but is a fine specimen of engineering, being one of the many excellent mountain-roads, constructed under Pius IX. A few miles before reaching Subiaco, we skirt a lake, which is probably one of the Simbriviæ Aquæ.

> "Quique Anienis habent ripas, gelidoque rigantur
> Simbrivio, rastrisque domant Æquicula rura."
>
> *Sil. Ital.* viii. 370.

The three pools called Simbrivii Lacus were made by Nero by the damming up of the Anio. Here he fished for trout with a golden net, and here he built the mountain-villa to which he gave the name of *Sublacum*—under the lake—which still exists in Subiaco.

"Avoir une villa dans les montagnes du pays des Æques, c'était pour Néron ce que serait pour un moderne la fantaisie d'un châlet en Suisse." —*Ampère, Emp. Rom.* ii. 62.

While Nero was residing here the conspiracies were forming which led to his overthrow, and here he was warned of

his fate by a portent most terrible in those times of omens, when his drinking-cup was shivered in his hand by lightning whilst he was seated at a banquet near the lake, a presage which seized upon his mind with appalling effect. That very day he had bathed in the aqueduct of the Aqua Marcia, that all his people might enjoy the privilege of drinking water that had been thus defiled.* The choice of his villa amid the Æquian mountains shows that, in spite of all his monstrosities, Nero must have been as great a connoisseur of the beauties of nature as of art, and for centuries the glorious gorge through which the Anio foams beneath its ruins, between tremendous crags clothed with evergreens and flowers, has been a sanctuary to half the poets and painters in the world.

Hither, four centuries after the time of Nero, when the recollection of his orgies had given place to silence and solitude, a young patrician, sprung from the noble family of the Anicii, which gave Gregory the Great to the Church, and many other saints to the sacred calendar, fled from the seductions of the capital, to seek repose for his soul, with God alone as his companion. The name of the fugitive was Benedictus, or "the blessed one." He was only fourteen when he renounced his fortune, his family, and the world. It was to Mentorella that he first fled, and thither he was followed by his faithful nurse Cyrilla, who could not bear to think that the child of her affections was alone and uncared for, who begged for him, and prepared the small modicum of food which he could be prevailed upon to take. Some neighbour had lent her a stone sieve to make bread,

* Claudius first made an aqueduct to bring to Rome the water of two fountains called Curtius and Cæruleus, in the hills above Sublacum.

after the manner of the mountain district, she let it fall out of her hands, and it was broken to pieces. Moved by her distress, Benedict prayed over the fragments, and they are said to have been instantly joined together. This was his first miracle. Terrified at the excitement it caused, and at seeing the sieve hung up in the village church as a relic, Benedict evaded the solicitude of his nurse, and escaped unseen by any one to the gorge of Subiaco, where he found (c. 480) a cave in the rocks above the falls of the Anio, into which not even a ray of the sun could penetrate. Here he lived, his hiding-place unknown to any one, except to Romanus, a monk who dwelt amid a colony of anchorites founded by S. Clement on the ruins of Nero's villa. By him he was provided with a garment made of the skin of a beast, and each day Romanus let down to him from the top of the rock the half of his daily loaf, giving him notice of its approach by the ringing of a bell suspended to the same rope with the food. It is said that when the devil wished to make himself particularly disagreeable to Benedict he would cut the cord which supplied him. His hiding-place was discovered by a miracle. A village priest seated at a banquet of Easter luxuries had a revelation that while he was thus feasting a servant of God was pining with hunger, and his steps were miraculously directed to the hermitage. Benedict refused to eat the delicate food, until convinced that it was indeed the festival of Easter. The priest told what he had seen to the shepherds, who, while following their goats along one of the tiny pathlets which may still be seen on the face of these mountains, had seen a strange creature with unkempt hair, and nails like claws, and taking it for a wild beast, had fled from it in terror. They were

now re-assured by his gentle words, and from that day, while they watched their flocks, he began to instil into their rude and ignorant minds the light of the Christian faith. Gradually their report became spread abroad, pilgrims flocked from all quarters to the valley, and through the disciples who gathered round Benedict, this desolate ravine became the cradle of monastic life in the West.

"The life of Benedict, from infancy to death, is the most perfect illustration of the motives which then worked upon the mind of man. In him meet and combine together all those influences which almost divided mankind into recluses or cœnobites, and those who pursued an active life; as well as all the effects, in his case the best effects, produced by this phasis of human thought and feeling. Benedict, it was said, was born at that time, like a sun to dispel the Cimmerian darkness which brooded over Christendom, and to revive the expiring spirit of monasticism. His age acknowledged Benedict as the perfect type of the highest religion, and Benedict impersonated his age.

"How perfectly the whole atmosphere was then impregnated with an inexhaustible yearning for the supernatural, appears from the ardour with which the monastic passions were indulged at the earliest age. Children were nursed and trained to expect at every instant more than human interferences; their young energies had ever before them examples of asceticism, to which it was the glory, the true felicity of life, to aspire. The thoughtful child had all his mind thus pre-occupied; he was early, it might almost seem intuitively, trained to this course of life; wherever there was gentleness, modesty, the timidity of young passion, repugnance to vice, an imaginative temperament, a consciousness of unfitness to wrestle with the rough realities of life, the way lay invitingly open—the difficult, it is true, and painful, but direct and unerring way to heaven. It lay through perils, but was made attractive by perpetual wonders; it was awful, but in its awfulness lay its power over the young mind. It learned to trample down that last bond which united the child to common humanity, filial reverence; the fond and mysterious attachment of the child and the mother, the inborn reverence of the son to the father."—*Milman's Latin Christianity.*

Twelve monasteries speedily arose amid these peaks and gorges, each only containing twelve monks, for it was an idea

of Benedict that a larger number led to idleness and neglect. The names of several of these institutions recall their romantic situations, and they were the scenes of the miracles attributed to the founder and his disciples. *S. Clemente della Vigna* was the place whither Maurus and Placidus were brought to Benedict by their parents. It was situated near one of the lakes, and it was there that the sickle of a Gothic monk, which he dropped into the water while cutting weeds upon the bank, swam in answer to the prayers of Maurus, who summoned it by holding the wooden handle over the waves. This monastery was entirely destroyed by the earthquake of 1216. *S. S. Cosmo and Damian* was the next to be built, the monastery which was afterwards dedicated to Scholastica. *S. Biagio* (S. Blaise) was the home of the monk Romanus, the friend of Benedict. Its church was consecrated in 1100 by Manfred, Bishop of Tivoli. *S. Giovanni dell' Acqua* was so called because there, as well as in two other houses, water is said to have burst forth from the arid rock to supply the thirsting monks, in answer to the prayers of Benedict.* *Santa Maria de Marebotta* was afterwards called *S. Lorenzo* in honour of the holy monk S. Lorenzo Loricato who lived there as a hermit, in the most severe austerity, from 1209 to 1243. At *Sant' Angelo*, Benedict saw the devil, in the form of a black boy, leading away a monk, who had neglected to attend properly the services of the Church. In *S. Victor at the foot of the Mountain* lived the monk who brought the Easter food to Benedict when he was starving in the cave. *S. Andrew*, or *Eternal Life*, was ruined in a Lombard invasion. *S. Michael the Archangel* was built by Benedict beneath the Sacro Speco,

* This subject is represented in the frescoes of Spinello at San Miniato.

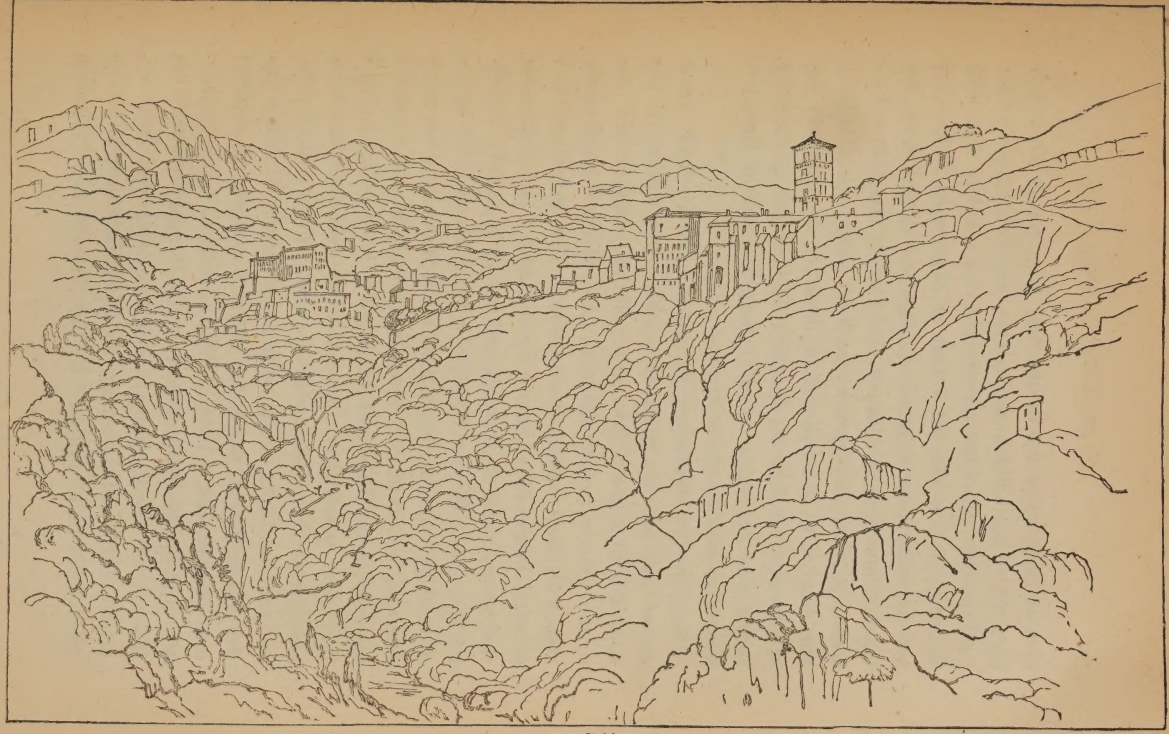
but has long since disappeared. *Sant' Angelo di Trevi* stood near Sta. Scholastica and was incorporated with it. *S. Girolamo* was rebuilt as late as 1387 in accordance with a bull of Urban VI. *S. Donato* has entirely disappeared. Gradually all these societies became incorporated in the great monastery dedicated to Scholastica, the holy sister of Benedict, which may be regarded as the mother house of the whole Order, and which was governed by a regular abbot chosen by the General Chapter.

The visits of the numerous Popes who have come hither form landmarks in the story of the place. In 853 Leo IV., summoned by the Abbot Peter, came to consecrate the altars of the Sacro Speco. In 981 Benedict VII. came to consecrate Sta. Scholastica. In 1052 Leo IX. was summoned to turn out a monk who had unlawfully seized the abbacy—and issued a bull appointing Sta. Scholastica "Caput omnium monasteriorum per Italiam constitutorum." In the thirteenth century the privileges of the monastery were greatly augmented by Alexander IV., who had lived there as a simple monk, and who declared in his diploma that other Benedictine communities had only to look to Sta. Scholastica to receive a perfect model which they should copy. The same affection for the place was evinced by Urban V., who had also been a Benedictine, and who colonized the monastery with German monks, to amend the morals of the brethren, which had then grievous need of it. The last of a long series of papal visits was that of Pius IX. in the first year of his pontificate.

The road which leads from the town to the monasteries (S. Benedetto is about two and a half miles distant) is beautiful,—bordered by ilexes and olives, beneath which there is

ever a carpet of tulips, hyacinths, and anemones, in spring. Gorgeous are the views looking back amid the mountain rifts, between which Subiaco rises house above house with the great archiepiscopal castle at the top of its rock. The modern *Collegiata*, a huge mass of building, seems to block the valley, standing almost over the stream of the Anio, and consisting of a church and palace built by Pius VI., when Cardinal Bishop of Subiaco,—being necessary, because the abbots of Santa Scholastica had been bishops also, until the see was united with a cardinalate. The nearer hills are all aglow with the richest vegetation, olives, chestnuts, and corn, and here and there the tall spire of a cypress. The air is scented by the sweet box, which grows upon the cliffs close to the road, and a freshness always rises from the river which dashes wildly through the abyss of green beneath, rejoicing to be freed from its imprisonment in the walls of cliff beneath S. Scholastica. Here a ruined gothic chapel stands amid thickets of flowers, there a gaily painted shrine, very dear to artists, surmounts the tufa rocks.

When we reach the bridge called "Ponte S. Mauro," by which the road from Olevano crosses the Anio at a great height, a carriage can go no further, and the footpath which ascends to the great monasteries turns off up the gorge to the left. Little chapels at intervals mark the rocky way, which is overhung by wild laburnum and coronilla, and fringed with saxifrage and cyclamen. The first of these chapels commemorates an interesting mediæval story in which Benedict bore a share. Amongst those who came hither from Rome to share his teaching, were two Roman senators of high rank, Anicius and Tertullus, who brought with them their sons Maurus and Placidus, entreating



Subiaco.

him to bring them up in the way of Life. Maurus was then twelve years old and Placidus only five. One day (in 528) the child Placidus fell into the Anio below this cliff. Benedict, seeing him fall, called to Maurus to assist him, and he, walking upon the water, caught the drowning boy by the hair, and dragged him out. His safety was followed by a contest of humility between the pupil and master. Maurus attributed it to the holiness of Benedict, Benedict to the self-devotion of Maurus; Placidus decided the question by saying that he had seen the sheepskin-coat of Benedict hovering over him in the water.

Long before we reach it, the grandly toned bell of *Santa Scholastica*, echoing amid the rocks, gives notice of the approach to a great sanctuary. Nothing can exceed the solemn grandeur of its situation, perched upon huge crags, and with the roaring river below. The monastery was founded in the fifth century by the Abbot Honoratus, the sainted successor of Benedict, and though repeatedly attacked and burnt by the Lombards, the Saracens, and by its own neighbours, it always rose again from its ashes more splendid than ever. In 981 it was rebuilt from the ground under Benedict VII., and dedicated to S. Benedict and his holy sister Scholastica. From this time rich donations were constantly made, and lands were added to its territory, till, in 1100, its abbots became princes, possessed of many castles and fortresses, and with a right of supreme jurisdiction over their vassals. They did not hesitate to appear personally in the battle-fields of that troubled time, in which the Bishops of Tivoli, Anagni, and Palestrina were also frequently seen. Many curious records remain of their savage administration of justice. In the time of the Ghibelline

Abbot Adhemar (1353) seven monks were hung up by their feet, and fires lighted under their heads. In 1454 their severities led to a rebellion in which the convent was stormed and many of the monks massacred. Calistus III. made the Abbot a Cardinal Commendatory, and the first who bore this title was the Spanish Torquemada, under whose rule, in 1464, the famous Sweynheim and Pannartz established here the first printing-press in Italy, and published from hence "Lactantius de divinis institutionibus;" "Cicero de Oratore," and, in 1467, "Augustinus de Civitate Dei." In the same year, however, a quarrel with the monks drove them to Rome, where they established themselves in the Massimo Palace. It is interesting to remember that the first printing-press in England was also established in a Benedictine Abbey—that of Westminster.

Torquemada was succeeded as abbot by Rodrigo Borgia, afterwards Pope Alexander VI., and in his time Lucrezia Borgia often resided in the castle-palace, and Cæsar came hither to hunt. Under the Abbot Pompeo Colonna, Julius II. united the abbacy with that of Farfa; in 1514, Leo X. joined it to that of Monte Cassino. After this it remained for 116 years in the hands of the Colonnas, and a memorial of the way in which they held their own against the Popes may be seen in the papal banner which fell into their hands in battle, and which still hangs in the convent church.

From the middle of the last century the great power of the abbots of S. Scholastica began to decline, but until the late suppression the monastery remained one of the richest and most influential in Italy, and it continued to own no less than sixteen towns and villages, viz. Subiaco, Trevi, Jenna, Cervara, Camerata, Marano, Agosta, Rocca di Canterano,

Canterano, Rocca di Mezzo, Cerreto, Rocca di Santo Stefano, Civitella, Rojate, Asile, and Ponza.

The front of S. Scholastica is modern, but its tower dates from 1053, when it was built by the Abbot Humbert. The most interesting parts of the building are its three cloisters. The first, which only dates from the seventeenth century, has its arcades decorated with frescoes of papal and royal benefactors, amongst which is a full-length portrait of "James III., king of England." Here is a curious sarcophagus with Bacchic ornaments. The second cloister, which dates from 1052, contains many beautiful fragments of Gothic decoration, but its chief feature is a richly decorated arch adorned with small figures and spiral columns. A bas-relief of 981 represents two animals, apparently a wolf and a dog, drinking; on the body of one of the beasts is an inscription relating to the dedication of the church, Dec. 4th, 981, by Benedict VII. To the right of the church, we enter the third and smallest cloister—"Il chiostro dell' Abbate Lando"—built early in the thirteenth century. It is surrounded by a beautiful arcade of double pillars like those at the Lateran, and has an inscription in mosaic, the work of the famous Cosmo Cosmati and his two sons, Luca and Jacopo, to whom are due the beautiful decorations in the cloister of the Benedictine convent of S. Paolo at Rome :—

> "Cosmus et Filii Lucas et Jacobus alter
> Romani Cives in Marmoris arte periti
> Hoc opus explerunt Abbatis tempore Landi."

In the porch of the church is an interesting old Giottesque picture and the capital of a Corinthian column attesting the presence of a temple on this site. The interior, though modern, is not unimposing. S. Onorato sleeps beneath

the high altar. Under his statue is an inscription which recalls the legend that the translation of his beloved master Benedict into the better world was miraculously revealed to him:

> "Scandentem hic alter Benedictum vidit in astra;
> Primus et has ædes illo abeunte regit."

As the path from Sta. Scholastica to the Sacro Speco is steep and fatiguing, a small chapel has been erected at a short distance beyond the larger monastery, where aged and infirm persons are allowed to accomplish their pilgrimage. It bears the inscription—

> "Si montis superasse jugum negat ægra senectus,
> Nec detur ad sacros procubuisse specus,
> Siste, tibi cœli hæc ædes æraria pandet,
> Hæc tibi cœlestes prodiga fundet opes."

The scenery now becomes more romantic and savage at every step as we ascend the winding path, till, about half a mile further on, a small gate admits one to the famous immemorial *Ilex Grove*, which is said to date from the fifth century, and which has never been profaned by axe or hatchet. The grand old trees bowed with age, with twisted and contorted stems, form a dense mass of shadow, grateful after the arid rocks, and they hang in masses of grey-green verdure over the depth. Here and there the mossy trunks are covered with fern, upon which a ray of sunlight falls with dazzling brilliancy. At the end of the grove the path narrows, and a steep winding stair, just wide enough to admit one person at a time, leads to the platform before the convent, which up to that moment is entirely concealed. It is always said that monks have known how to choose the sites of their dwellings better than any one else, but surely no

situation was ever equal to this, to which they were led by its historical associations. There is an old Latin distich which says:

> "Bernardus valles, colles Benedictus amabat,
> Oppida Franciscus, magnas Ignatius urbes."

The name of the monastery, *Sacro Speco*, commemorates the holy cave of S. Benedict. Over his caverned oratory a chapel was erected by Onorato, his immediate successor. Soon after another chapel was built in the cave which was his dwelling, and the two were united by the sixth abbot, Pietro. In the eleventh century a more imposing church was constructed by the Abbot Humbert, which was to enclose both the caves—*utramque cryptam*. His successor, the Abbot John V., finished the church much as we now see it, for the present buildings, raised on arches against the rocks, all date from the eleventh and the early part of the twelfth centuries; the lower church is of 1053.

At the entrance, the thrilling interest of the place is at once recalled to us by the inscription—"Here is the patriarchal cradle of the monks of the West of the Order of S. Benedict." The entrance corridor, built on arches over the abyss, has frescoes of four sainted popes—Gregory, Agatho, Leo, and another. It ends in an antechamber with a painted statue of S. Benedict, some beautiful old Umbrian frescoes of the Virgin and Child between the four Evangelists, and the lines

> "Do you ask of Benedict, 'If you seek for light, why do you choose a cave,
> For a cavern can give no light to him who prays for it?'
> Know that if one ray penetrates into utter darkness,
> It gives more light in the gloom than the stars in the night."

We now reach the entrance of the all-glorious upper-church, built by the Abbot John V. in 1116, and adorned with frescoes under John VI. in 1220.

"One seems to be deeply embued with the mysterious associations of famous days of old, as one enters the first church from the gallery, and finds oneself suddenly in a little cathedral of graceful Gothic architecture, its walls and pillars gleaming with the varied colour of already fading frescoes. Unseen monks sing vespers in the choir, their powerful bass voices echoing solemnly through the twilight gloom of the church, and the pauses of the litanies are filled up by the louder croaking of ravens. For three young ravens are brought up here in the convent in memory of S. Benedict; it seems that the number of this living symbol of the order must always be maintained."—*Gregorovius.*

On one side of the church the story of the Birth of Christ is told, introduced by the figures of the prophets who announced His coming, and the story of His life is continued round the church to the eastern wall, which is occupied by the history of the Crucifixion. Here, angels are represented as catching the streams of blood which flow from the Divine wounds; the soul of Dismas,* the penitent thief, is received by an angel, while that of the bad thief Gesmas is carried off by a black demon.

Beneath the fresco of the Crucifixion, is S. Benedict throned with his principal disciples around him, over a triple arch, with hanging lamps, behind which the bare rock of the cavern is seen. A representation of Benedict writing his Rule in the cave, has the inscription:

"Hic mons est pinguis, qui multis claruit signis,
A Domino missus sanctus fuit Benedictus,
Mansit in hac cripta, fuit hic nova Regula scripta,
Quisquis amas Christum talem sortire Magistrum."

* One of the litanies preserved in Santa Scholastica has the strange invocation—"Sancte Dismas, latro de Cruce. . . ."

From the principal church we enter upon a perfect labyrinth of chapels hewn out of the rock, which frequently forms one of their walls, while the other is completely covered by ancient frescoes. The four chapels hewn in the rock to the right and left of the high altar, are devoted to the story of S. Benedict, together with that of Scholastica, Placidus, Maurus, and other of his followers. The holy water basin was once the sarcophagus of a Roman child, and is decorated with reliefs of birds. The frescoes continue in succession to the second or middle church. A Madonna throned between two angels has the inscription—"Magister Conciolus pinxit hoc opus." *Concioli* is a rare Umbrian master noticed by Vasari, who, however, seems scarcely to have been aware of the power of his works. The most striking frescoes are those of the death and burial of the Virgin: in the latter the Jews who attempted to intercept the funeral procession are represented as stricken with blindness. A picture of the martyrdom of S. Sebastian bears the date 1486.

"Le goût moderne, qui s'attache surtout à l'effet extérieur et à la perfection matérielle, peut aujourd'hui regarder d'un œil dédaigneux ces types étranges mais singulièrement expressifs qui, pendant plusieurs siècles, furent invariablement reproduits par la piété autant que par le génie tout symbolique des premiers peintres chrétiens. Or, bien différent était sur ces questions le jugement des hommes du moyen âge. Animés du sentiment profondément religieux qui avait inspiré les œuvres des artistes, leurs contemporains, ils regardaient ces pieuses représentations avec les yeux de la foi, et n'y cherchaient qu'un nouvel aliment à la ferveur dont leur âme était remplie." — *Alphonse Dantier, Les Monastères Bénédictins.*

In the sacristy are some small pictures by Bellini and the Caracci. Through the chapel on the left of the high altar a series of grotto-chapels are reached. In one of them is

a picture by *Giotto* of "gli angeli che fanno festa" over the virtues of S. Benedict in his cave, while devils are tormenting S. Romano and cutting his cord.

It is by a staircase in front of the high altar that we descend to the under church. At the foot of the first flight of steps stands the frescoed figure of Innocent III., who first raised Subiaco into an abbacy, above the charter of 1213, setting forth all the privileges he accorded to the abbey. In the same fresco is represented the Abbot John of Tagliacozzo, under whom (1217—1227) the chronicles of the abbey narrate that many of the paintings were executed.

The passage on the right of this landing has, among many others, a fresco of S. Claridonia, who lived here in a hermitage above the monastery. On her dress is a curious inscription evidently scratched by a chaplain of Æneas Silvius when he was celebrating mass here. Here also is a fresco of Christ seated in judgment—the lily in his hand blossoms on the side of the good. This passage leads to the hermitage occupied by S. Gregory the Great when he visited Subiaco. On the outer wall is a fresco of Gregory writing his commentary on Job. The inner chamber, which is decorated with frescoes of seraphim, contains a portrait of S. Francis, supposed to have been painted during his visit to the Sacro Speco, by the artist then at work upon the chapel. It is in exact accordance with the verbal description which remains of him:—"facie hilaris, vultus benignus, facie utcumque oblonga et protensa, frons plana et parva, nasus æqualis et rectus."

"It is a life-size figure of a youthful monk in a high conical cowl,—the frock and cord of a mendicant friar, inscribed with the words FR. FRACISCU. Partially restored and retouched, the head may

still attract attention by its character. Though lean from abstinence, the features are regular, the brow open, the eyes large, and the nose straight. The tonsure is visible across the forehead and along the temples to the ears, which are not remarkable for smallness. A straggling beard and a downy upper lip complete a far more pleasing portrait of Brother Francis, than those which in hundreds, at a later time, were placed in every monastery and convent of the Order. A miniature kneeling figure of a donor at the monk's feet seems to have been added at a later time. It is remarkable that S. Francis is depicted without the Stigmata ; and if it be, as is pretended, a genuine portrait, it must have been executed, if not in 1216, at least before 1228, when the monk was canonized, and perhaps by one who had seen and conversed with him. If considered as a work of art, it differs in no wise from other early pictures in the Sacro Speco. Parts of the picture, where the colour had entirely fallen off, have been renewed. The background is all repainted."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

Another portrait, believed to be from his own hand, represents Brother Oddo, a monk of Subiaco, receiving the blessing of an angel he has invoked. S. Gregory is represented consecrating the altar of the church with the words—"Vere locus iste sanctus est in quo orant." An inscription which commemorates the dedication of the chapel, also mentions the two months' retreat which Gregory IX. made in the monastery :

> Pontificis summi fuit anno picta secundo
> Hæc domus : hic primo quo summo fulsit honore,
> Manserat et vitam cœlestem duxerat idem,
> Perque duos menses sacros maceraverat artus.
> Julius est unus, Augustus fervidus alter.

On the second landing, the figure of Benedict faces us (on a window), with his finger on his lips, imposing silence. On the left is the *coro*, now used by the monks. On the right the cave where Benedict is said to have passed three years in darkness. A statue by *Raggi* (sculptor of the

fountain in the Piazza Navona), of the school of Bernini, commemorates his presence here : a basket is a memorial of that lowered with his food by S. Romanus. An ancient bell is shown as that which rang to announce the approach of his daily sustenance.

"The grotto of Benedict vividly reminded me of the famous grotto of S. Rosalia on the Monte Pellegrino near Palermo. Behind the richly-decorated altar one sees the marble figure of the young Benedict kneeling in prayer before the cross : it is a tolerable work of the Bernini school, and it gains through the half darkness of the cavern. Truly everything here has a dramatic character. The smallness and grace of this little church gleaming with colour, its chapels and grottoes like a spiritual vision, such as I have never found elsewhere in the whole field of religious conception. It is an illustrated picture-book of poetical legends, which are bloodless and painless, though fantastic, like the lives of pious anchorites in the wilderness, and amid the birds of the field. Here Religion treads on the borders of fairy-land, and brings an indescribable atmosphere away from thence."—*Gregorovius.*

As we descend the Santa Scala, trodden by the feet of Benedict, and ascended by the monks upon their knees, the solemn beauty of the place increases at every step. On the right, is a powerful fresco of Death mowing down the young, and sparing the old ; on the left, the Preacher shows the young and thoughtless the three states to which the body is reduced after death. Much of the rock is still left bare and hangs overhead in jagged masses, preserving the cavern-like character of the scene, while every available space is rich with colour and gold, radiant, yet perfectly subdued and harmonious. On all sides the saints of the Order, and those especially connected with it, Benedict, Gregory the Great, the Archdeacon Peter, Romanus, Maurus, Placidus, Honoratus, Scholastica, and Anatolia, look down upon us repeatedly from the great thirteenth-century frescoes.

"C'est d'abord l'image du Christ qui ouvre le cycle de ces peintures, en indiquant, dans la livre de sa vie, ce passage dont le texte a été si fidèlement suivi par l'auteur de la regle Bénédictine—*ego sum via, veritas, et vita.* Par un harmonieux rapprochement qui fait honneur à la pensée de l'artiste, de même que le Sauveur y est entouré de ses principaux apôtres, de même Saint Benoît y rassemble auprès de sa personne ses disciples bien-aimés, auxquels il recommande de bénir incessamment le Seigneur, et d'avoir toujours ses louanges sur leurs lèvres :

Benedicam Dominum in omni tempore :
Semper laus in ore meo.

En effet, à l'entour figurent Saint Romain, Saint Placide, Saint Maur, et Saint Honorat, occupés à méditer les sages préceptes de leur maître. Puis, on voit Saint Gregoire ayant à ses côtés le diacre Pierre, son confident habituel, et tous deux placés en face du pape Saint Sylvestre et du diacre Saint Laurent. Plus loin sous la dernière travée, apparaissent les images à demi symboliques des quatre évangélistes dont le corps, qui a la forme humaine, est surmonté de la tête de chacun des animaux qui leur sert ordinairement d'emblème distinctif."—*Alphonse Dantier, Les Monastères Bénédictins.*

"Let any young painter or sculptor, thoroughly accomplished in the mechanism of his art, in which these his predecessors were so deficient, but drawing his inspiration from Christianity and the Romano-Teutonic nationality of Europe—let any such young artist, I say, visit Italy so prepared—tossing to the winds the jargon of the schools, content to feel and yield to the impulses of a high, and pure, and holy nature, and disposed, with God's blessing, like Fra Angelico or Perugino, to dedicate his talents, as the bondsman of love, to his Redeemer's glory and the good of mankind—let him so come, and commune with these neglected relics of an earlier, a simpler, and a more believing age—talk to the spirit that dwells within them in its own universal language ; ask it questions, and listen reverently for a reply—and he will gain more than a mere response—that spirit will pass into his own bosom—his eyes will be touched as with the magician's salve, and he will find himself in a world of undreamt-of beauty, hitherto unseen only because inadequately bodied forth ; a world of high spirits, beings of the mind ; ideas as yet only half-born (as it were), but which will throng around him on every side

'Demanding life, impatient for the skies,'

for that life of immortality which his practised hand can so well bestow. —*Lord Lindsay's Christian Art.*

In the chapel on the left of the Scala Santa, that of S. Lorenzo Loricato, who is buried here, is a picture of the Madonna and Child, shown as one which existed in the time of S. Benedict, and was venerated by him in his childhood. It is signed "Stammatico Greco Pictor P.," a powerful painter of whom we have no account whatever.

Lastly, we reach the Holy of Holies, the second cave, in which S. Gregory narrates that Benedict after his return from Vicovaro (to which he had gone for a short time as abbot) "dwelt alone with himself," being "always busied in the presence of his Creator, in bewailing the spiritual miseries of his soul and past sins, in watching over the emotions of his heart, and in the constant contemplation of Divine things." Here the Devil hovered over him as a little black bird, suggesting sinful thoughts and desires, which he subdued by flinging himself amid the thorns and nettles. Here he received a poisoned loaf from the wicked priest Florentius, and, throwing it on the ground, forced a tame raven on his command to bear it beyond mortal reach. And here he laid down the rule of his order, making its basis the twelve degrees of humility: viz.—

1. Deep compunction of heart, and holy fear of God and His judgments, with a constant attention to walk in the Divine presence, sunk under the weight of this confusion and fear.
2. The perfect renunciation of our own will.
3. Ready obedience.
4. Patience under all sufferings and injuries.
5. The manifestation of all thoughts to a spiritual director.
6. To be content, even rejoice, under all humiliations, to be pleased with mean employments and mean clothes; in short, to love simplicity and poverty.
7. To esteem ourselves more unworthy and base than all—even the greatest sinners.

8. To avoid all wish for singularity in words and actions.
9. To love and practise silence.
10. To avoid uncurbed mirth and laughter.
11. To seek for modesty of speech and words.
12. To be humble in all external actions.

"Three virtues constituted the sum of the Benedictine discipline. Silence with solitude and seclusion, humility, obedience, which, in the strong language of its laws, extended to impossibilities. All is thus concentrated on self. It was the man isolated from his kind who was to rise to a lonely perfection. All the social, all patriotic, virtues were excluded: the mere mechanic observance of the rules of the brotherhood, or even the corporate spirit, are hardly worthy of notice, though they are the only substitutes for the rejected and proscribed pursuits of active life.

"The three occupations of life were the worship of God, reading, and manual labour. The adventitious advantages, and great they were, of these industrious agricultural settlements, were not contemplated by the founder; the object of the monks was not to make the wilderness blossom with fertility, to extend the arts and husbandry of civilized life into barbarous regions, it was solely to employ in engrossing occupation that portion of time which could not be devoted to worship and study." —*Milman's Latin Christianity.*

Here an appropriate inscription commemorates the wonderful series of saints, who, issuing from Subiaco, became the founders of the Benedictine Order all over the world.

From the arches below the convent one may emerge upon a small terraced *Garden*, once a ridge covered with a thicket of thorns, upon which S. Benedict used to roll his naked body to extinguish the passions of the flesh. Here, seven centuries afterwards, S. Francis, coming to visit the shrine, knelt and prayed before the thorns which had such glorious memories, and planted two rose-trees beside them. The roses of S. Francis flourish still, and are carefully tended by the monks, but the Benedictine thorns have disappeared.

"Ce jardin, deux fois sanctifié, occupe encore une sorte de plateau

triangulaire qui se projette sur le flanc du rocher, un peu en avant et au-dessous de la grotte qui servait de gîte à Benoît. Le regard, confiné de tous côtés par les rochers, n'y peut errer en liberté que sur l'azur du ciel. C'est le dernier des lieux sacrés que l'on visite et que l'on vénère, dans ce célèbre et unique monastère du *Sagro Speco*, qui forme comme une série de sanctuaires superposés les uns aux autres et adossés à la montagne que Benoît a immortalisée. Tel fut le dur et sauvage berceau de l'Ordre monastique en occident. C'est de ce tombeau, où s'était enseveli tout vivant cet enfant délicat des derniers patriciens de Rome, qu'est née la forme définitive de la vie monastique, c'est-à-dire la perfection de la vie chrétienne. De cette caverne et de ce buisson d'épines sont issues ces légions de moines et de saints dont le dévouement a valu à l'Eglise ses conquêtes les plus vastes et ses gloires les plus pures. De cette source a jailli l'intarissable courant du zèle et de la faveur religieuse. Là sont venus, là viendront encore tous ceux à qui l'esprit du grand Benoît inspirera la force d'ouvrir de nouvelles voies ou de restaurer l'antique discipline dans la vie claustrale. Tous y reconnaissent la site sacré que le prophète Isaïe semble avoir montré d'avance aux cénobites par ces paroles d'une application si merveilleusement exacte : *Attendite ad petram de qua excisi estis, et ad cavernam laci de qua præcisi estis.* Il faut plaindre le chrétien qui n'a pas vu cette grotte, ce désert, ce nid d'aigle et de colombe, ou qui, l'ayant vu, ne s'est pas prosterné avec un tendre respect devant le sanctuaire d'où sortirent, avec le règle et l'institut de saint Benoît, la fleur de la civilisation chrétienne, la victoire permanente de l'âme sur la matière, l'affranchissement intellectuel de l'Europe, et tout ce que l'esprit de sacrifice, réglé par la foi, ajoute de grandeur et de charme à la science, au travail, à la vertu "—*Montalembert, Les Moines d'Occident.*

"Caché d'abord au fond d'un antre, oublié des hommes, et connu de Dieu seul, passant les nuits, ou à chanter de saints cantiques, ou à méditer les années éternelles, Benoît ne trouve plus de volupté qu'à crucifier sa chair, et la réduire en servitude ; devenu père d'un peuple de solitaires, il renouvelle en Occident ces prodiges d'austérité, que les déserts de Scéthé et de la Thébaïde avoient admirés ; et sa règle si estimée depuis, ne fut, dit Saint Grégoire, que l'histoire exacte des mœurs du saint Législateur. C'est ainsi que Benoît confond la mollesse du monde. En effet, quand on nous propose ces grands modèles, nous nous récrions sur la puissance de la grâce dans ces hommes extraordinaires : mais nous n'allons pas plus loin ; et parceque nous ne croyons pas que ces modèles de pénitence soient proposés pour être imités, nous

ne les croyons pas même faits pour nous instruire. Mais quel a pu être le dessein de Dieu en suscitant dans tous les siècles, de ces pénitents fameux qui ont édifié l'Eglise? n'est-ce pas de nous faire comprendre de quoi notre faiblesse, soutenue de la grâce, est encore capable? De plus, je vous demande pourquoi ces grands exemples de pénitence nous paroissent-ils si éloignés de nos devoirs et de notre état? Est-ce parce-qu'ils ont vécu dans des siècles fort éloignés des nôtres? mais les devoirs ne changent pas avec les âges. Est-ce parce que les Saints ont été des hommes extraordinaires? mais les Saints ne sont devenus parmi nous des hommes extraordinaires, que parceque la corruption est devenue universelle. Est-ce parceque les mortifications et les saintes austérités ne forment que le caractère particulier de quelques Saints? mais lisez les histoires; tous ont fait pénitence; tous ont crucifié leur chair avec leurs desirs; et partout où vous trouverez des Saints, vous les trouverez pénitents. Nous avons donc beau nous rassurer sur l'exemple commun; si les Saints l'avoient suivi, ils ne méritoient pas aujourd'hui nos hommages. L'Evangile est fait pour nous comme pour eux; et comme il n'a rien qui nous ressemble, il n'a rien non plus qui doive nous rassurer." *Massillon, Sermons.*

Under the part of the cave which opens upon this garden all the monks are buried, and when corruption has passed away their bones are taken up and placed in an open chapel in the rock, where they are visible to all. To obtain a general view of the convent of the Sacro Speco, it is necessary to follow the lower path which diverges just beyond Santa Scholastica. A succession of zig-zags along the edge of the cliffs, amid savage scenery, leads into the gorge, which is closed in the far distance by the rock-built town of Jenne, the birth-place of Alexander IV. and of the Abbot Lando. We cross the river by a bridge, whence a pathlet, winding often by staircases up and down the rocks, allows one to see the whole building rising above the beautiful falls of the Anio. We emerge close to the ruins of a *Nymphæum* belonging to Nero's Villa, and nothing can be more imposing than the view from hence up the gorge, with the great rock-crest-

ing monastery on the other side, and all the wealth of rich verdure on the nearer steeps, which take the name of *Monte Carpineto* from the hornbeams with which they are covered. The little chapel above the Sacro Speco is that of San Biagio (S. Blaise), who is invoked whenever any catastrophe occurs in the valley. Here, once every year, mass is chaunted by the monks of Santa Scholastica.

Sacro Speco, Subiaco.

The castle, called *La Rocca*, built by the warlike Abbot John V., was long a summer residence of the popes. One of its towers, still called "Borgiana," recalls the residence here of Cardinal Rodrigo Borgia, afterwards Alexander VI. Magnificent views may be obtained from the windows of the rooms, which contain a few good pictures.

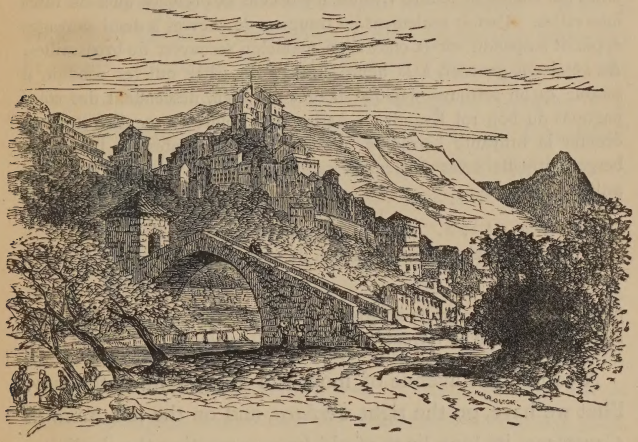
The town formerly professed the utmost devotion to the papacy, and the waggon-load of its wild-flowers was one of the most suggestive and attractive of the presents to Pius IX. on his anniversary, sent by "*La sua divotissima Subiaco*," yet now the names of the streets are all changed, and we have the eternal "Via Cavour, Via Venti Settembre, &c." Costumes still linger here, but are less striking than further in the mountains. The men all wear bunches of flowers in their hats on festas, the women wear *spadoni*, ending in a hand, an acorn, or a bunch of flowers in silver. Beyond the Albergo della Pernice (see above), and the gate built in honour of Pius VI., is a curious old bridge with a gate-tower over the Anio. One of the best views of the town is just across this bridge.

The path which is approached by the bridge leads to the beautifully situated *Convent of the Cappuccini.* In its portico is a very quaint fresco of S. Francis, the beloved of animals, "vir vere catholicus totusque apostolicus," shaking hands with a wolf, much to the horror of his attendant monks.* Endless other paths lead up the hills in different directions, through woods by rushing brooks, and along mountain ledges, and indeed the whole of the *Valle Santa*, as the district of Subiaco is popularly called, is well worth exploring.

The road to Tivoli is one of the many benefits which Subiaco owes to its having been so long the residence of Pius VI. It follows, first the *Via Sublacensis*, constructed

* This was at Gubbio. A wolf who had long ravaged the surrounding country was rebuked by S. Francis, who promised it a peaceful existence and daily food, if it would amend its ways. The wolf agreed to the compact, and placed his right paw in the hand of S. Francis in token of confidence and good faith. "Brother Wolf," as S. Francis called him, "lived afterwards tamely for two years at Gubbio, in good fellowship with all, and finally died, much regretted, of old age."—From the "*Fioretti di S. Francesco.*"

by Nero, and then the *Via Valeria*, which was the work of the censor Valerius Maximus, in the year of Rome 447. In spring, when it is chiefly visited by foreigners, the country here strikes one as bare, and the chief interest is derived entirely from the villages which crest the hills on either side.



Subiaco.

But in summer, when the chestnut woods are in full leaf, and the luxuriant vines leap from tree to tree along the valleys, the scenery is unspeakably lovely.

"Les montagnes rapprochées forment une suite de vallées étroites et singulièrement accidentées, où, à chaque détour du chemin, le charme saisissant de l'imprévu vous découvre une source toujours nouvelle d'émotions. Sous la voûte épaisse de ces bois, au milieu des gorges profondes de ces montagnes, on croit errer dans les forêts primitives que les anciennes traditions nous représentent pleines de ténèbres, de mystère et d'horreur, et qui couvraient le pays, quand les colons sicules et pélasges vinrent s'y établir long-temps avant la période romaine.

"La silence de ces retraites inhabitées n'est troublé que par le mur-

mure de ruisseaux nombreux qui, roulant sur des pentes rapides, y forment des cascades et se précipitent ensuite dans l'Anio, dont les chutes retentissantes dominent ça et là tous les autres bruits. C'est toujours le même cours d'eau impétueux, aux ondes froides et transparentes—'Frigidas atque perspicuas emanat aquas'—comme le peint Saint Grégoire le grand, en décrivant la contrée montagneuse où le jeune Benoît trouva une solitude si bien appropriée à ses desirs. Aujourd'hui encore la nature vivante n'y décèle sa présence qu'à de rares intervalles. Parfois seulement un troupeau de chèvres à demi sauvages apparaît suspendu sur la crête d'un mamelon recouvert de broussailles. Au vêtement grossier, à la figure étrange du pâtre qui les conduit, il semble qu'on retrouve quelque berger arcadien, descendant des compagnons du bon roi Évandre. Assis sur la pointe du roc d'où il paraît écouter la bruyante harmonie produite par les chutes de l'Anio, ce berger rappelle assez fidèlement celui que Virgile dépeint, dans une attitude semblable ;

'. . . . . stupet inscius alto
Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor.'

Æn. ii. 307.

pretant l'oreille aux bruits sinistres qui s'élèvent d'une campagne dévastée par l'inondation d'un torrent."—*Alphonse Dantier.*

A continuous avenue of mountain villages lines the way. First we have, on the right *Cerbara*, and on the left *Rocca di Canterano*, its long lines of old houses cresting the declivity. Then, on the right we have *Agosta*, and on the left *Marano*. A road on the right now turns off to the Lago Fucino, and, only two miles distant, we see *Arsoli*, the ancient Arsula, containing the handsome, still inhabited castle of Prince Massimo. Here the apartment once occupied by S. Filippo Neri, founder of the Oratorians, is preserved with religious care. Though he frequently staid with the Massimo family, he lived here almost as a hermit, eating only bread, with a few olives, herbs, or an apple, drinking only water, and lying on the bare floor. There is a small *Picture Gallery* at Arsoli, but it is almost always locked up.

Passing under *Roviano*, which has a castle of the Sciarras, we reach a more fertile country, where the men train the vines, with bunches of great blue iris fastened in their hats, and on the right we see *Cantelupo*, where the Marchese del Gallo, who married a daughter of Prince Lucien Buonaparte, has a château, in which he spends the summer. Here a number of shrines, surrounding a little green with some old ilex-trees, announce the approach to *San Cosimato*, the village of hermitages, mentioned in a bull of Gregory VII. as "Monasterium Sancti Cosimatis situm in valle Tiburtina." No one would imagine, from merely passing along the road, that this is one of the most curious places in the country, well deserving of attention and study. But in the earliest ages of Latin Christianity the caverns in the cliffs which here abruptly overhang the river, had been taken possession of by a troop of hermits, who turned this country, for they had many caverns at Vicovaro also, into a perfect Thebaid. Passing through the convent, and its pretty garden full of pillared pergolas (ladies are not admitted), a winding path, the merest ledge, often a narrow stair against the face of the precipice, often caverned over or tunnelled through the rock, leads to this extraordinary settlement, and opens upon one tiny hermitage after another, provided with its little window and its rock-hewn couch and seat. A campanile remains on a projecting crag, which summoned the recluses to prayer. The last cave, larger than any of the others, was their chapel, formed of living rock. Mass is still occasionally said here, and the scene is most striking, as, to admit the light, large doors just opposite the altar, and only a few feet distant, are thrown open, and one looks down the perpendicular cliff overhung with ilexes centuries old, into the

Anio immediately beneath, and the roar of its waters mingles with the chaunting of the Psalms. In the fifth century a

At S. Cosimato.

collection of monks had united on the heights above the river, and, before he had founded his own convent, attracted by the fame of his sanctity, they chose S. Benedict as their superior. He declined at first, warning them that they would not like the severity of his rule, but they insisted and he joined them here. In a short time his austerity roused their hatred, and they attempted to poison him in the Sacrament cup, but when, before drinking, he made the sign of the cross over it, it fell to pieces in his hands. "God forgive you, my brethren," he said, "you see that I spoke the truth when I told you that your rule and mine would not agree," and he returned to Subiaco. The scene of this story

is a caverned chapel in the cliff on the other side of the convent, adorned with rude frescoes. Here women are permitted to enter.

Two miles beyond San Cosimato is Vicovaro. The rest of the road to Tivoli is described in chapter xiii.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE HERNICAN MONASTERIES AND THE GROTTO OF COLLEPARDO.

(The best way of reaching these places is from the station of Frosinone on the Naples line; a carriage and two horses may be engaged there for the two days' excursion, and costs about 40 francs, but an exact understanding must be made *at the station* with the Vetturino as to what is required. There are very tolerable though humble hotels, and with very obliging and honest people, at Alatri and Frosinone.)

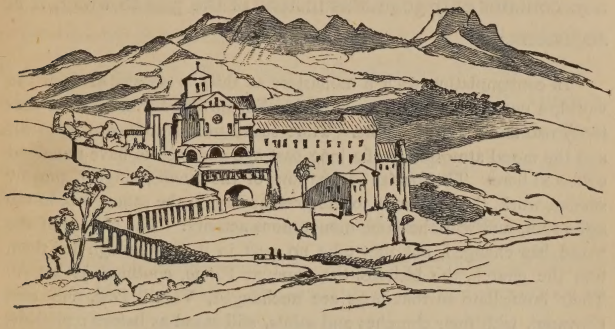
ON a beautiful April morning we reached Frosinone by rail from Rome. The country was in its freshest, brightest green. At the station we found plenty of carriages waiting, and were soon leaving the town of Frosinone behind on its high isolated hill, and advancing fast into the mountains, through a rich corn-clad country. On the left, the most conspicuous feature was always *Fumone*, a knot of castellated buildings and cypresses on a lofty conical hill, where, in a prison, which none who look upon it can help feeling unutterably desolate, the dethroned Cœlestine, who had been dragged to the papal throne from his hermitage in the Abruzzi, was forced by his successor Boniface VIII., at the age of 81, to spend the last ten months of his life.

"Like the meanest son of the Church, Cœlestine fell at the feet of his successor; his only prayer, a prayer urged with tears, was that he might be permitted to return to his desert hermitage. Boniface addressed him

in severe language. He was committed to safe custody in the castle of Fumone, watched day and night by soldiers, like a prisoner of state. His treatment is described as more or less harsh, according as the writer is more or less favourable to Boniface. By one account his cell was so narrow that he had not room to move ; where his feet stood when he celebrated mass by day, there his head reposed at night. He obtained with difficulty permission for two of his brethren to be with him ; but so unwholesome was the place, that they were obliged to resign their charitable office. According to another statement, the narrowness of his cell was his own choice ; he was permitted to indulge in this meritorious misery ; his brethren were allowed free access to him ; he suffered no insult, but was treated with the utmost humanity and respect. Death released him before long from his spontaneous overforced wretchedness. He was seized with a fever, generated perhaps by the unhealthy confinement, accustomed as he had been to the free mountain air. He died May 19, 1296, and was buried with ostentatious publicity, that the world might know that Boniface now reigned without a rival, in the church of Ferentino. Countless miracles were told of his death : a golden cross appeared to the soldiers shining above the door of his cell : his soul was seen by a faithful disciple visibly ascending to heaven. His body became the cause of a fierce quarrel, and of a pious crime. It was stolen from the grave at Ferentino, and carried to Aquila. An insurrection of the people of Ferentino was hardly quelled by the Bishop on the assurance, after the visitation of the tomb, that the heart of the saint had been fortunately left behind. The canonization of Cœlestine was granted by Clement V."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

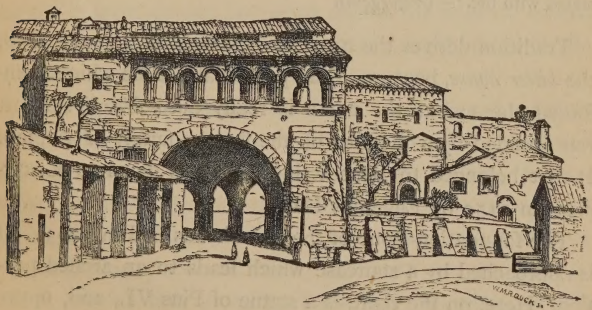
Many other villages glittered on the distant hills, and, amongst the most conspicuous of them, Arpino, the birthplace of Cicero, which overlooks the beautiful valley of the Liris. The nearer country now became more stony and desolate, but the road was enlivened by gaily-dressed groups of pilgrims returning from a Madonna-festa at Paliano, who met us with the kindly greeting "Santa Maria e San Giuseppe vi salutano." At length on the edge of a hill, like one of the uplands of Burgundy, we came suddenly in view of the great monastery of *Casamari*, which is said, with the sole exception of Fossanuova, to be the finest monastic building

in Latium. It was with almost a surprise that we found a perfectly pure Gothic building, with a church like a small



Casamari.

northern cathedral, in this Italian wilderness. It is utterly lonely, not even a peasant's cottage near it, a mass of grey buildings, standing above the softly gliding stream of the Amasena. An aqueduct crosses the valley and frames the first view of the church and gateway. The latter is a



Gate of Casamari.

grand round arched portal, with a succession of small arches

above it. Within, facing a little lawn, are the western façade of the church, and the grey front of the monastery, which now contains only 30 monks instead of the 300 to which it is accustomed.

"In contemplating such a monastery as this, so separated from the world, a peculiar feeling is awakened. For nowhere is the past so perfectly real and almost tangible. Time seems indeed to have stood still, and the moral atmosphere of a long past age and race to have remained collected here. The former occupations of the monks, singing, prayer, silence, work, they continue to the present day, in the same garb, in the same spot, and with the same monotonous activity. The history of the world has changed, but they take no part in it, it is enough for them that the church, the bishops, the pope at Rome, continue as before. Their immediate surroundings are unchanged, Veroli, Posi, and San Giovanni, with their churches and saints, still stand as before ; pilgrims knock at the door of the monastery as before. The fear of the Saracens, the robber counts, and the condottieri no longer torments them, but has given way to the dread of revolution, more pitiless than robber-chief or Saracen. For formerly it was a question of plundering and devastation with fire and sword, now it is existence or non-existence. Besides this the monastic lands are diminished, and thereby the external influence of the church contracted. Indeed such a monastery is like a parchment chronicle, wherein the miniatures, like shadows, are animated with life."—*Gregorovius.*

Tradition derives the name of Casamari from *casa amara*, the *bitter house*, because of the perpetual silence which is enforced there; but the name is really *Casa Marii*, since it was founded by a member of the famous family of Arpino. It first belonged to Benedictines, but was given to Cistercians in 1152 by Eugenius III.

The foundation-stone of the church was laid in 1203. It is approached by a staircase which leads to an arched portico. Here, on the right, is a statue of Pius VI., and, opposite it, an inscription in honour of the benefits conferred upon Casamari by Pius IX. The interior is lofty, simple,

and severe. The delicate cream-coloured tint of the travertine is as fresh as when it was built. There are no pictures, niches, or chapels, and it might, as Gregorovius observes, be a Protestant cathedral in Germany. The nave is separated from the aisles by seven clustered columns, on the capitals of which are some curious masonic-marks. At the fifth column a screen of wrought-iron cuts off the *clausura*. On the floor are curious chains of tiles ornamented with the bees of the Barberini.

From the right transept we entered the beautiful cloister, surrounded by Romanesque arches, with columns all different, as at the Lateran. The ceiling of the chapter-house is supported by splendid clustered columns, and is marvellously well preserved. Here also we seemed to be in the north: and it was unnatural to emerge upon the stony hillside, and look upon the delicate amethystine distances, lighted up by a sky without any shadows. Our visit was a great amusement to the monks, who were very anxious to make the most of their lions. Ladies were not allowed to see the chapter-house, but were shown the ancient vaulted Refectory supported by huge columns, and above it the Dormitory, now turned into a vast granary.

As the sun was setting we drove away from the melancholy valley of the Amasena, with its dismal poplars, and ascended into the hills towards *Veroli*, the ancient Verulæ. This is a magnificently situated city, and most picturesque externally. Our horses had to scramble like cats up its semi-perpendicular street, and finally fell down on one another, which gave us time to walk out beyond the gates towards Rome, and see the last after-glow over the valley, standing beneath the crowd of strangely clustered houses and old

Romanesque churches which line the natural rock-ramparts of the town. There is a great *Seminario* at Veroli, and the road was crowded with ecclesiastics, scholars in their different dresses of miniature priests, watched over by their professors; and following them were canons and curati, and even the bishop of Veroli, attended by his footmen, as if he were taking a walk on the Pincio.

Alatri had a weird look as we ascended its hill in the starlight: the Titanic platform of the Cyclopean walls engraved upon the clear sky. In its narrow streets few people were still moving and work was over. Only some young men arm-in-arm were singing *stornelli* in loud ringing voices. Close under the shadow of the old fortress, which forms so great a feature of the street with its Gothic windows and cornices, we found a little inn, kept by a most obliging landlady, with two handsome daughters in the national dress.

We were astir early in the morning, and went up the hill, while the goats were being milked for breakfast, to have another look at the grand Cyclopean walls, and by the time we returned all Alatri was awake, crowds of women in their white *panni*, and men in their red waistcoats, pointed sandals, and with bunches of flowers stuck in their high felt hats, were thronging the streets, and the chief labour of life here was begun, the weaving of woollen cloth for jackets and the great gaily-striped blankets so much worn by the poorer classes in this district. Our horses waited for us outside the gates, for they would have fallen on the lava pavement, though they scrambled easily up the jagged rocks, and lanes like torrent beds of loose stones piled one upon another, to which we afterwards came. Soon after

leaving Alatri, the bridle-road into the mountains enters the wildest country imaginable: no vegetation, save here and there a tuft of wild lavender, and some of the small yellow marigolds which Italians call "primo fiore," grows upon the scorched rocks. The path skirts a ravine, winding high amongst its precipices, where a false step would be fatal. Steeper and steeper becomes the stony way, and wilder and wilder the valley, till at length *Collepardo* comes in sight, a large village, perched on a cliff, at a tremendous height above the Cosa, with black broken walls (proving that even this poverty-stricken place was not safe from robbers), a ruined gate earthquake-rent, and here and there some tiny gardens and a few sad-looking olive-trees, planted where the scanty soil will allow.

About a mile from the village (by a path which turns to the left before entering it) is the strange hole called the *Pozzo di Santulla.* It is a pit in the rock, about 400 yards round and 200 feet deep, hung with vast stalactites and fringed at the top with ilex. Once (as may be seen in a published engraving by Don Baldassare Buoncompagni) it was filled with trees, though there could only have been room for very few: now all these are gone, and the bottom is covered with grass. It is quite inaccessible except by ropes, but goats are occasionally let down, and drawn up when they have eaten all there is. If a tiger, as is said, once existed here, it must soon have died of hunger. The Pozzo, says tradition, was once a vast threshing-floor, on which the people impiously threshed corn upon the festa of the Assumption, when the outraged Madonna caused it to sink into the earth with all who were upon it, and it remains to this day a memorial of her wrath. Alas! there is little doubt that the

pit was really caused by some strange volcanic action. The account of this place in Murray's Handbook, describing it as nearly half a mile in circuit, &c. (it is here called "Pozzo d' Antullo"—but of course the description is intended for La Santulla), is strangely exaggerated, and will mislead many travellers. Still it is a spot worth visiting, and very weird and amazing. The graphic description of Gregorovius applies to its former condition.

"Nature has brought together many wonders near Collepardo, for only a short distance from the stalactite cave is that celebrated well of Italy the Pozzo di Santulla, close by the road to the Carthusian monastery. After a half-hour's ride (from the village) between gardens and over an elevated rocky plain, I found myself suddenly on the edge of a steep circular pit, which vividly recalled the great Latomia of Syracuse. About fifteen hundred paces in circumference, this strange well sinks to a depth of over a hundred and fifty feet, and presents at the bottom a dark green forest of tree-tops and creepers, which when a breeze is wafted down, ripple like the waves of the sea.

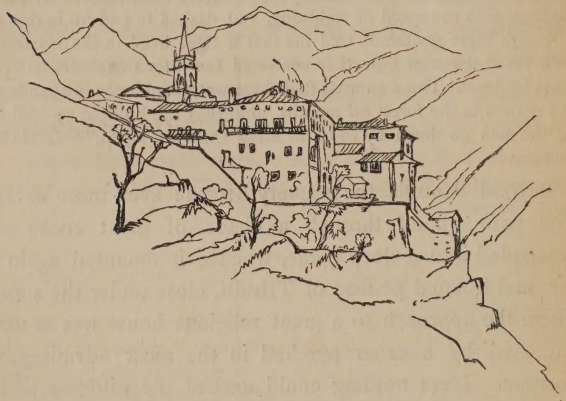
"The sun shed streaks of light from the clearest sky into its depths, and I saw white butterflies merrily playing about over this sunken forest. Blooming creepers hung from the branches of these trees, which are said to rise more than thirty feet from the bottom, and yet from above only look like bushes. The inaccessible flowers, the wild labyrinthine paths through the dark thicket, the fluttering of the birds which inhabit it, entice the fancy, which represents this underground magic grove as a fairy paradise or a garden for Oberon and Titania. There abundant springs take their mysterious course, and keep the plants continually green, while the basin draws down and collects the night dews. With admiration the eye follows the walls down to the giddy depth; they take strange and fantastic forms like stalactites, and are overgrown with dwarf oaks, golden-flowered broom, and mastick bushes. They are adorned with all colours of the rainbow, for the rock is now soft silver grey, now burning red, again dark blue, yellow, and deep black. This well, together with the wild mountain scenery which surrounds the horizon, forms a scene which words would fail to express; here, the brown district of Collepardo looking melancholy behind green trees; there, long vistas of rocky valleys; further off, gigantic and quiet mountains majestic in form, with solitary golden eagles soaring round the untrodden peaks, or fantastic mists spreading their white veils around.

"Wild-looking herds, sandal-men of the mountains, with lance-like staves, had encamped with their mountain goats on the edge of the well, and gave life to the magnificent scene, while sturdy boys amused themselves with rolling down stones. They fell with a hollow crash into the forest, and frightened from their nests the grey doves, which flew from the trees with the speed of lightning, and dashed to and fro in despair. Although these goatherds told me that a tiger lived in the mysterious well, yet at the same time they confessed that they sometimes let down goats by ropes. These animals find there water and herbs in abundance, and remain in the forest for months, until they are brought up well fed, for the men go down by ropes to bring them up again."—*Lateinische Sommer.*

Beyond Santulla the scenery became even more savage. The path wound through a chaos of great rocks and descended into a deep gorge, whence it mounted again to the final isolated plateau of Trisulti, close under the snows, where the approach to a great religious house was as usual indicated by a cross perched in the most advantageous position. Here nothing could exceed the wildness of the scene, as we looked backwards while resting on the platform of the cross upon the rugged billows of arid rock, melting into blue distances, but all without life. Beyond, however, it was different. We entered a wood of old oaks carpeted with lilies, and their boughs, which had never known the axe, green with the ferns which had taken root upon them. A wide path, beautifully kept, led through the wood to Alpine pastures, sheeted with mountain flowers, gentians, ranunculus, squills, and auriculas. Only the booming of its bell through the solemn solitudes, told that we were near the monastery, till we came close upon it, and then a vast mass of buildings, overtopped by a church, revealed itself on the last edge of the rocky plateau.

Ladies are not allowed to enter Trisulti without a special permission from the Pope. It has hitherto been one of the

few great monasteries which have not been entirely plundered by the Sardinian government, and forty monks remain here, leading a most useful and beneficent life, honoured by



Trisulti.

all the country round, the friends and helpers of the poor of the mountain villages in sickness or in sorrow.

We had scarcely reached the monastery when sounds of Litanies resounded through the woods, and between the distant oak-stems appeared the head of a procession of pilgrims which was just arriving from Naples. All were in holiday costume, and carried baskets. The priest who led them knelt, when he came in sight of Trisulti, at an outside chapel, and, two and two, all the multitude knelt behind him, and as he recited the Litany of the saints, their "Ora pro nobis" echoed through the mountains. Afterwards food was sent out from the convent, which they ate seated in groups upon the grass, and then continued their way to the shrine at Genazzano, singing in cadences as they moved.

A noble-looking monk in white robes, with a long white beard, Padre Gabrielli, acted as guide through the convent, which is exceedingly clean and well kept. Fountains sparkle in every court, and the roads within the walls, for it is like a little city, are covered with fine white sand. We were received at the head of a staircase by the Superior, who looked like a saint in a niche, with the face sculptured in wax, so perfectly white was it, and so absorbed and serene. He desired that we should have dinner provided and every comfort. While it was preparing we saw the rest of the convent.

"There are few curiosities in the monastery, for unfortunately every thing ancient has disappeared under later restorations, so I did not find much to gratify my curiosity. However the situation in the mountains, the life of the monks in their lonely republic, and the history of this strange order, gave abundant matter for observation. One of those characters produced by the epoch of the crusades among which Francis and Dominic were soon after so remarkable, was St. Bruno, who, shocked at the excesses of Abp. Manasses of Rheims, founded the Carthusian rule towards the end of the 11th century. This order, which unites social monachism with the anchorite life, and exacts abstinence with the utmost rigour, received its name from the place where it took its rise, la Chartreuse near Grenoble. Its statutes (Consuetudines Cartusianæ) date from the year 1134, its confirmation by the Pope was obtained in 1170. In a time when the minds of men were brought into a mystic ecstasy by the struggle with the Mahometan East, the war of the church with the heresy of the Albigenses, and finally with the state, a new reformed order would have a rapid success. The Carthusians soon spread, and the extreme peculiarities of their rule contributed thereto not a little. As early as 1208 these fathers settled in Trisulti, which place was given to them by Innocent III. Here they found a ruined monastery, which had formerly belonged to the Benedictines, and here they erected upon the ruins the original Carthusian monastery in 1211. They say a castle, Trisalto, gave the name to that spot, which is generally explained *a tribus saltibus*, of three wood-covered hills."—*Gregorovius.*

The little houses of the monks surround a cloister which

is now a radiant garden. Through it we were taken to the church, which was built in 1211 by Innocent III., but restored in 1768. It is covered internally with marbles, jaspers, and alabasters, in the style of the Certosa of Pavia. In the Sacristy is an admirable picture by the *Cavaliere d' Arpino*, and on either side of the church are two large pictures by the modern artist *Balbi* of Alatri, one representing Moses striking the rock, the other the same miracle as performed by S. Bruno. Over the high-altar is a fresco of the sending forth of the first Carthusian monks to colonize Trisulti.

Just within the gate of the monastery is a little garden enclosed by walls, and ornamented with box clipped into most fantastic shapes. The terrace beyond it leads to the *Spezeria*, also decorated by Balbi, where many herbal medicines, and excellent liqueurs and perfumes are made by the monks. The country people come hither constantly and from a great distance for medicine and advice, and receive it without any payment.

"I had greater pleasure in going through the various rooms of the monastery than in looking at the modern pictures, to which one at last becomes indifferent. The Refectory is a large room, suitably ornamented with a painting of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Here the brethren all assemble on feast days at a common repast, but on other days, solitary meals in the cells are ordered by the Rules. I was shown the clean kitchen and the bakehouse, where they make good bread of finer and coarser qualities, not only to supply the food of the monks, but also of the numerous servants. A pond, from which flows a canal, supplies a mill in the neighbouring yard. But the object the most worthy of notice, and which was shown to me with just pride, is the Dispensary; and I entered it with a feeling of deeper devotion than I had felt on entering the church. The combination of medicinal cures with the care of the soul, is a natural and very ancient task of these monastic institutions in lonely places: the monks who study medicine exercise an activity which is truly praiseworthy and efficacious. The nature of these

mountains invites them to uninterrupted study of the medicinal herbs which grow here in great quantities ; and what more pleasing occupation can there be than botanizing in these mountains among rocks and rivers, collecting these wonder-working balsamic plants, or preparing them medicinally. . . . . At midnight the bell rings for matins, and the *Excitator* goes from cell to cell to rouse the monks. They pray in the four first penitential psalms ; then they go into the church, where for three hours they chant matins. Having returned to their cells they continue their prayers, and then a short interval of sleep is again permitted." —*Gregorovius.*

A little path which turns off to the left outside the gateway of Trisulti gives the best view of the monastic buildings, and continues through the forest to the Gothic chapel and cell of S. Domenico Loricato, who first collected a number of hermits around him on this spot, and built a chapel which he dedicated to S. Bartholomew. A spring which rises near S. Domenico supplies the fountains of the convent, and popular tradition declares that it comes by channels from the Lago di Celano, and that it used occasionally to bring up fragments of fishing-nets from thence.

Having feasted on the convent fare we returned to *Collepardo* to visit its famous grottos. We left our horses at the top of the rock, whence a stony path winds down by zigzags into the abyss of the Cosa. Here the scenery is magnificent, the gorge is very narrow, only wide enough to contain the stream and the path by its side, and on the left rises a tremendous precipice, in the face of which yawns the mouth of the cavern. We had taken the precaution of asking for what is called an "illumination" on our way to Trisulti—and had ordered one of five francs, knowing by experience that the light which is enough to show, but not to annihilate the effect of darkness, is far the most effective. When we arrived, all was ready, and a troop of boys, and of

peasant women from the village, had arrived to take part in the spectacle. We descended into the earth by a wide path like a hill-side, and then ascended by a narrower rocky path through the darkness, lighted by glaring torches. Suddenly we found ourselves on the edge of a chasm, something like the Pozzo di Santulla, a fearful pit, with a kind of rock-altar rising in the midst, blazing with fire, and throwing a ghastly glare on the wondering faces looking over the edge of the abyss, and on the sides of the tremendous columns of stalactites which rose from the ground to the roof like a vast natural cathedral, and seemed to fall again in showers of petrified fountains. Sir R. C. Hoare says that "the large vaulted roofs, spacious halls, fantastic columns and pyramids, imitating rustic yet unequalled architecture, present a fairy palace which rivals the most gorgeous descriptions of romance." Yet this does not give a sufficiently impressive idea of Collepardo. It must be seen to be realized:—seen, with its vast stalactite halls opening one beyond another, not level, but broken by rugged cliffs with winding pathlets along their edges; seen, with its flame-bearing pinnacles sending volumes of bright smoke into the upper darkness: seen, with its groups of wondering people clambering along the rocks, with their flashing torches, shouting to one another as they go, and startling the bats and owls which add by their shrieks to the hideous confusion. Collepardo is the crowning feature of the tour.

"The very entrance promises something extraordinary. A black abyss yawns from between dark masses of rock, and a stream of cold air seems to rise up from the deepest depths. We wrapped up carefully before going down. The guides with the torches went on before, and soon light clouds of smoke, issuing from the clefts of the outer wall, showed that they were within. I have seen many mountain grottos, and

am no longer on the whole susceptible to these freaks of nature; so I did not think much of the grotto of Collepardo when I entered. Yet it made an impression on me by its great size. It consists of two principal parts, like two enormous halls, separated in the middle by a low broken wall. The colour of the sides and the ground is black or golden-brown; great rocks lie about, some of which must be climbed over, and from the irregular vaultings of the roof depend stalactites of various shapes, great and small, while others in the strangest forms and groups seem to rise to meet them from the ground.

"The most singular formations are in the back part of the grotto. In order to see it perfectly, we waited in the front space until it was completely lighted up. Not only had many men and boys with torches placed themselves here and there, but they had lighted great heaps of tow in different places. When I looked into the magic hall thus illuminated, it was certainly a wonderful sight. We now seemed to enter an Egyptian temple with black pillars, between which stood statues of sphinxes and gods, now we roamed through a forest of stone palm-trees and other fantastic plants, and again lances and swords bristled here, or armour of dwarfs and giants hung from the walls. All this seemed to live in the flickering light of the torches, which here brought out the dazzling masses, and there threw yet blacker shadows. No representation can be made of such a cave, for the imagination of each one sees it in a particular way, and peoples it with phantoms.

"Of course names are not wanting for particularly prominent stalactite formations, and I was called upon to acknowledge the likeness of this and that, but the only ones I remember are the so called 'Trophies of the Romans,' some strongly-marked forms which may easily recall the trophies on the ascent to the Capitol at Rome."—*Gregorovius.*

It is possible to reach Rome in the evening after visiting Trisulti and Collepardo. We only went to the excellent country inn at *Frosinone*, and spent a delightful morning in the enjoyment of its invigorating air, and the lovely view from our windows. The town is most picturesque, and is full of quaint mediæval bits, with some insignificant remains of a Roman amphitheatre. It occupies the site of the Volscian city *Frusino.*

"Fert concitus inde
Per juga celsa gradum, duris qua rupibus hæret
Bellator Frusino."—*Sil. Ital.* xii. 530.

CHAPTER XXI.

FARFA.

(The only way of reaching Farfa and returning to Rome the same day —and there is no satisfactory sleeping-place—is to take the train at 6.40 A.M. to Montorso. If carriages are waiting at the station, the direct road to Farfa may be taken ; if not, there is a humble diligence to Poggio Mirteto, whence a two-horse carriage—25 francs—may be taken to Farfa, about five miles distant, and kept to go on to Montorso to meet the evening train. Rather more than 1½ hour must be allowed for the return drive to Montorso. There is no inn at Montorso, so those who are late for the last train must go on to sleep at Terni or Spoleto.)

THE excursion to Farfa should be kept till the spring. In the latter part of April, or still better in May, it is quite impossible to visit a place of more radiant loveliness. It is the ideal Italy,—the most fertile part of the beautiful Sabina, and no transition can be more complete than that from the desolate Campagna, with its ruined tombs and aqueducts speaking only of the past, to these exquisite woods and deep shady valleys amid the purple mountains, filled with life and in the richest cultivation, and watered by the rushing stream of the Farfarus.

One can scarcely open a page of Italian history in the middle ages, without meeting the name of Farfa. Doubly founded by saints, its monastery rose to the utmost height of ecclesiastical importance. Its Benedictine monks were looked upon as the centre of Italian learning, and the

"Chronicle of Farfa," compiled from its already decaying charters and records by Thomas the Presbyter, about 1092, and now preserved amongst the most valuable MSS. of the Vatican, has ever since been one of the most important works of reference for Church history. The abbots lived as princes and considered themselves as the equals of the popes. It is narrated that the Abbot of Farfa once met a Pope at Corese, and knew that he must be going to the monastery. He said to his Majordomo, who was with him —"That is the Pope, and he is going to Farfa; of course I cannot be expected to return, but you will go back to receive him, and you will desire that the same respect should be paid to him which is paid to me, and that a fatted calf should be killed in his honour." The monks of Farfa appear never to have numbered more than 683, but the amount of their possessions is almost incredible :—"urbes duas, Centumcellas (Civita-Vecchia) and Alatrium; castaldatus 5; castella 132; oppida 16; portus 7; salinas 8; villas 14; molendina 82; pagos 315; complures lacus, pascua, decimas, portoria, ac prædiorum immanem copiam." Till the recent suppression, the revenues of the abbot, who has long resided at Rome, amounted to nine thousand scudi annually.

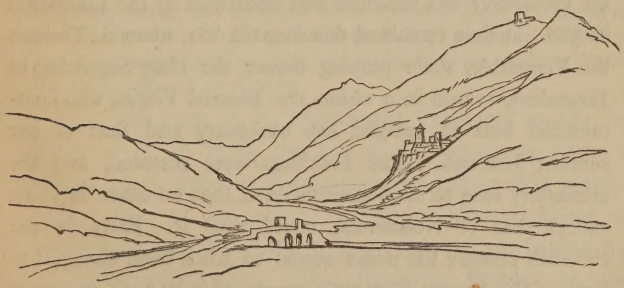
But in 1686, when Mabillon made his monastic tour, the buildings of Farfa were already falling into decay. In the summer and autumn months the air of the Farfarus was considered unhealthy, and the abbot resided at the castle of Fara on the hill-side above the monastery, and the monks eight miles off, at the convent of San Salvatore. Since that time Farfa has been more and more neglected, till its very name and existence are almost utterly forgotten.

Before our visit to Farfa in April, 1874, we found it utterly impossible to obtain any accurate information either as to the present state of the monastery or the means of reaching it. No foreigner, no modern Roman, had ever been known to go there. Even Mr. Hemans, so usually indefatigable, had never seen it. Priests, monks, and bishops were consulted in vain. Two monks were found in the abbey of Monte Cassino who had been there, and who spoke of it almost with tears of affectionate admiration, but they had been there in extreme youth, and they were now very old men. Our nearest approach to accurate information about the long lost monastery came from a porter at one of the palaces, who had a cousin, who had a sister-in-law, who had a lover, who had *seen* Farfa. At last, a coachman was found who came from that neighbourhood, and who said that Englishmen went far and wide to see the country and underwent many difficulties to accomplish their objects, but he wondered that they never went to Farfa, for "at Farfa were the Gates of Paradise."

Finding no carriage at the Montorso station, we were glad to take the so-called diligence to Poggio Mirteto, being the only possible means of locomotion—not a very swift one certainly, as it only went at a foot's pace on the level ground, and on the hills it stopped altogether, when, as the driver explained, it was "necessary for all the company to get out and walk, to prevent the wheels rolling backwards." We at once began to reach a new country, rich in vines and figs and olives, and with lovely views towards the noble serrated outline of Soracte. Here, amidst the glowing uplands, the master of the Hotel Minerva at Rome has a great farm and a pink palazzo. Various towns and villages crest the differ-

ent hills; to the left, Cantelupo, Pompeo, Poggio Catino, and Aspra; to the right, Montopoli. The largest town is *Poggio Mirteto*, which our driver assured us was *Il Parigi della Sabina*, and which has rather a handsome church and piazza. Strange to say, the population of this considerable, though out of the way place, is chiefly Protestant, and there is a Protestant church here. The priests themselves, by their lives, had brought about this change of religion, said the people we spoke to.

Here we obtained a carriage, and proceeded to *Montopoli* by an excellent road along the ridges of the swelling hills, which are covered with olives, chestnuts, and peach-trees, with an under-carpet of corn. On the left a wide valley runs up between the mountains, which are here clothed with wood almost to their summits, ending in the rock-built town of Torfea. The further mountain is crowned by a castle. This is the famous fortress of *Fara*, which protected the abbey at its feet in time of trouble, and which is spoken of in the chronicle of Farfa as, "Castellum Pharæ in hoc



Farfa.

eminente monte." On the hill beyond, at the spot called

Bucci, is another castle of the monastery called Tribucci or Buccinianum. A tall ruined tower on a nearer hill is called Cottetino.

Embosomed in woods, beneath La Fara, the great monastery of Farfa stands boldly out from the side of the mountain. It is on the spot where the Syrian hermit Lorenzo, who had been made Bishop of Spoleto, retired from the world about A.D. 550, and built a hermitage, where by his prayers he destroyed a poisonous dragon which had long devastated the neighbouring valleys. The exact site of his cell was long marked by three tall cypresses, but they are now only to be seen in a fresco in the church. Many brethren and disciples gathering around his retreat, he built a monastery which he called after the name of the farm—Casale Acutianus—in which it was erected, and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin. The monastery of Acutianus became a place of pilgrimage, as containing the shrine of Lorenzo, and attained great splendour, no less than five basilicas being raised there, one of which was intended for women. But the monastery was attacked and destroyed by the Lombards in 568. It then remained desolate till 681, when S. Thomas the Venerable, while praying before the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, beheld in a vision the Blessed Virgin, who commanded him to rebuild her sanctuary and that of her servant Lorenzo. The buildings were restored, and the monastery rose to such magnificence, that no other in Italy, except that of Nonantula, could rival it. Early in the eleventh century the name seems to have been changed to Farfa. The famous Chronicle speaks of it by both its names —"Liber Chronici Monasterii Acutiani sive Farfensis in Ducatu Spoletano."

"About the year 936, the reigning abbot was murdered by two of the fraternity, Campo and Hildebrand. The last words of the abbot, addressed in doggerel Latin to Campo, were, 'Campigenans Campo, malè quam me campegenastis.'

"Campo was abbot in 936, and Hildebrand in 939. The conduct of Campo seems to have been particularly disgraceful: his children he portioned from the effects of the church, and he seems to have been addicted to every species of riotous and disorderly living, to the great scandal of the place and times.

"These crying sins of the Christians, says the history, calling aloud for punishment, the Agareni (Saracens) invaded the country (A.D. 1004) and surrounded the monastery of Farfa. The abbot of that time, Peter, made a stout resistance, and drove away the invaders several times; and, in the interim, found means to send away all the treasure of his convent to Rome, to Rieti, and Firmo. The valuable marbles of the church lie hid underground, and they have never since been discovered. The Saracens, when they at length took the deserted monastery, though enraged at the loss of their expected booty, admired the place so much, that instead of burning it, they converted it into a residence for themselves. The abbey was subsequently destroyed by fire: certain Christian marauders from Poggio Catino, who had taken up their lodging there for the night, whilst the Saracens were absent upon some occasion, had lighted a fire in a corner, which (being alarmed by some noise in the abbey) they left burning; and, hurrying away, the neglected fire spread, and the stately buildings were completely destroyed.

"After this, Farfa lay in ruins forty-eight years; till Hugo, king of Burgundy, coming into Italy, the abbot Raffredus began to restore it, with the treasures sent to Rome and to Firmo; but those which had been conveyed to Rieti had fallen into the hands of the Saracens."—*Sir W. Gell's Rome and its Vicinity.*

From the time of St. Thomas the Venerable in 680, to Nicholas II. in 1388, the list of the abbots of Farfa is almost intact, and the place constantly increased in importance. One of its monks, Bernardo, chosen Abbot of Subiaco in the thirteenth century, pompously begins his installation-edict with: "We, Bernardo Eretoni, of the Order of St. Benedict, monk of the holy and imperial abbey of S. Maria of Farfa, and afterwards by the grace of God Abbot of S. Scolastica, &c."

Through the valley beneath the monastery flows the beautiful river Farfarus or Fabaris :—

"Qui Thybrim Fabarimque bibunt."—*Virgil. Æn.* vii. 715.
"Amœnæ Farfarus umbræ."—*Ovid. Metam.* xiv. 330.

and is crossed by an ancient bridge.

As in classical times, the valley is almost buried in verdure. Plautus alludes to it :—"You shall be dispersed like the leaves of Farfarus." A stony road (possible for carriages) ascends from the stream, through thickets of oaks, and of Judas trees, which make the very ground pink with their falling flowers in spring. The banks are carpeted with periwinkles and anemones, and cuckoos and nightingales sing incessantly in the thick shades. An outer wall surrounds the monastic enclosures, and serves also as protection to the little village, which nestles under the shadow of the church. Twice a year, after Easter and Michaelmas, there is a famous fair here, much frequented by those who purchase the oil of Farfa, which is sold here in huge barrels. At these times the Titular Abbot, who is also the *Procuratore Generale* of the whole Benedictine Order (the Padre Pescinelli), comes to reside for a time at Farfa, where there are generally only three monks, to fulfil the offices of the Church. We were fortunate in arriving at this time. The little street was lined with booths full of gay wares, and shaded by coloured awnings of orange, blue, and white canvas. Two gateways, both very richly sculptured, lead to the church. Over the outer, the sainted founders, Lorenzo and Tomaso, over the inner Benedict and Scholastica, kneel before the Virgin and Child, in two very beautiful frescoes by an early Umbrian master. The church is

cruciform, and almost covered with frescoes, which, if not very good as works of art, are at least highly picturesque. The papal benefactors of the monastery are represented between the arches, which are supported by ancient granite pillars. The ceiling is richly carved in wood. At the cross is an intricate pavement of opus-alexandrium. The whole of the western wall above the door is occupied by a fresco of the Last Judgment, which, when executed, was considered "so terrible to behold, that those who looked upon it thought of nothing but death for many days."

Convent of Farfa.

The choir is now stripped of its "choir books plated with gold and silver and set with gems," and is no longer rich in "gold and silver ornaments, and in dresses for the officiating priests, embroidered with gold, and studded with precious stones," but a beautiful paschal-candlestick remains, a real work of art, though only carved in wood. On the left of the

altar is the Chapel of S. Lorenzo Siro, where he is buried, and where the brazen hoop of the *scatola* in which he carried a famous picture of the Virgin to Farfa is preserved. This picture is still over the high-altar: four heads, the Virgin, with the Bambino beneath, and two seraphins set in gold—black of course, and attributed to St. Luke. On the right is the chapel of the second founder, Tomaso, with a picture of him receiving the commands of the Virgin; the hill of Farfa and the three cypresses of Lorenzo are represented in the background. Here also, and in other parts of the church, the original building is pourtrayed with two towers, only one of which remains.

The vast monastic buildings are now chiefly used as a farm. In the corner of the cloister is an ancient well, apparently a relic of some pagan temple on this site, to which the pillars of the church also probably belonged. It is beautifully sculptured with the Battle of the Amazons in high relief. Outside, is the terrace, where the Chronicle says that the monks were sitting before supper, in the year 1125, when "they beheld the tower of the castle of Farfa stricken and burnt by a flash of lightning."

It was a picture seldom seen now in Italy, when the carriage came to take us away from Farfa and the venerable abbot with his few remaining monks came out to take leave of us. He had invited us to stay, as the abbey is no longer *clausura*, and the ladies of our party could have been accommodated, "though," he added, "as there were neither beds nor chairs, they might not be very comfortable." As he stood in the gateway, under the old fresco, the whole population of the little town gathered around him, with perfect

friendly confidence in him, and farewell speeches for us—and it gave one an idea of what the paternal relation must often have been between the abbots and their people in these secluded places, and of what might have been their influence.

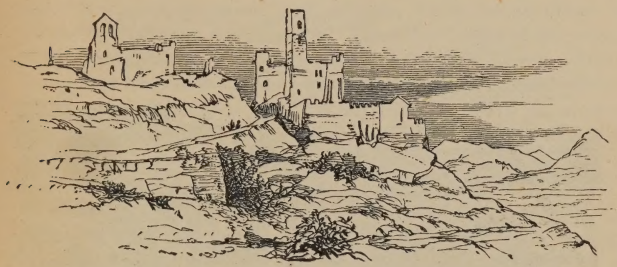
CHAPTER XXII.

CIVITA CASTELLANA AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THIS is quite one of the most interesting parts of Italy, and is far too little known. Scarcely one traveller in a thousand ever visits Civita Castellana, though it stands amid the noblest scenery imaginable, possesses the most delightful air and lovely views over the mountains, and is only two hours distant from Rome. The inns are very humble, but bearable. The Croce Bianca is the best, though there is a fine view from La Posta. To the archæologist the neighbourhood of Civita opens a wonderful mine of interest hitherto almost unexplored, while to the botanist and geologist it would prove scarcely less attractive. An artist might pass months here fully employed upon the glorious scenery, though there is no variety of costume in this country, as in the mountain villages south of Rome.

On the last day of April, a most lovely fresh sunny morning, we took our tickets at Rome for the Borghetto station on the Florence line of railway. It is rather more than an hour's journey across the Campagna, passing close under the hill of Fidenæ, and seeing, beyond it, Monte Rotondo on the right, and the town of Corese, the ancient Cures, which Dionysius calls the greatest of Sabine cities, on the left.

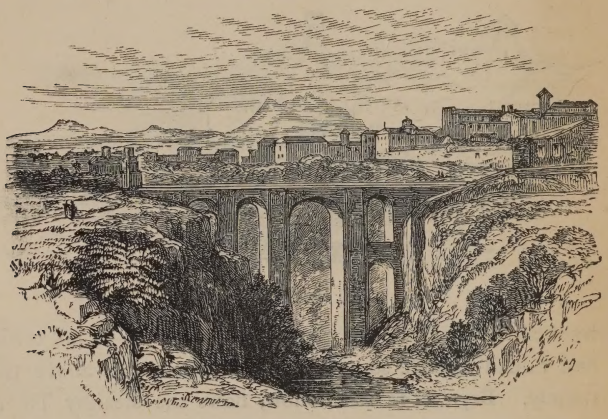
Several carriages were waiting at Borghetto, and we travelled pleasantly into the delicious clover-scented uplands, stopping



Borghetto.

by the way to admire the grand old castle with its tall tower and ruined church, standing on a tufa rock just above the railway. Beyond, in the hollow, flows the stealthy Tiber, which here makes such immense bends amongst the low-lying pasture lands that one pities the passengers in the river steamers, which till a few years ago were the chief means of communication between Rome and Borghetto. As we were carried merrily on over the luxuriant hay-fields, between hedges of wild roses and cistus, we looked across the valley to Maglian Sabina gleaming white against the dark mountain steeps. Suddenly, without any previous sign, the pastures opened, and we found ourselves on the edge of a gulf in the tufa, a deep abyss of rock where the evergreen shrubs and honeysuckle fell in perfect cascades of luxuriance over the red and yellow tufa cliffs, stained here and there with dashes of black and brown, and perforated with Etruscan tombs of various sizes, reached by narrow pathways along the face of the precipice. In the misty depths the little river Treja wanders

amid huge stones, and under the tall arches of a magnificent bridge of 1712, which crosses the ravine at a height



Gorge of Civita Castellana.

of 120 feet. The opposite bank is crested by the old houses and churches of Civita; and in the hollow are some rustic water-mills. One must make a very sharp bargain if one descends at the Hotel of La Posta, as the landlord takes advantage of his few travellers to extort as much as he possibly can. It is a curious kind of caravansary, as a great part of the large building is let off to poor families, and most of what remains is occupied by the officers of the garrison. Ablutions can here only be made like mosaics, a small portion at a time. From the terrace there is the most lovely view over the ravine to the mountains.

The *Cathedral* of Civita is very fascinating, and very unlike anything else. The wide portico at the west end supported by a range of pillars is encrusted with lovely mosaic work of 1210, by Lorenzo Cosmati and his sons.

"A fine flight of steps leads up to a porch of fair proportions, flanked by porticoes. The porch opens on to the chief portal by a broad arch resting on pilasters and crowned with an entablature and balcony. The portal is a series of pilasters and columns, above the architrave of which is a recess with a fan window. The arched border of this recess, as well as the pilasters, friezes, and wall, are worked in mosaic. In the key of the border is the lamb; on the pilasters, the symbols of the Evangelists. The following inscription on the architrave reveals the name of the author:

Laurentius cum Jacobo, filio suo, magistri
doctissimi Romani, hoc opus fecerunt.

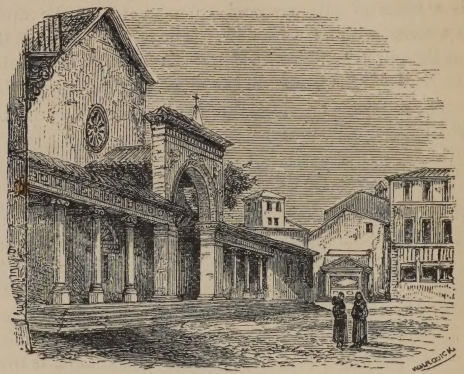
Two lateral doors flank the chief portal, and in the lunette of that to the right is a bust figure in mosaic of the Saviour, with a cruciform jewelled nimbus, holding a book and stretching out his right hand in the act of benediction. A natural movement and fair contours mark the figure, which has none of the usual grimness or vehemence. The oval head, inclosed by hair falling in a triple wave behind the shoulders, has at least an expression of repose. The chin, broad and bare, is fringed with a short beard, the nose is straight, the mouth small, and the eyes without stare. A red tunic with gold borders and jewelled blue cuffs, and a gold mantle, complete the dress, which is shadowless and flat, but fairly lined. The yellowish flesh tints tend to red on the cheeks, and are outlined with red in the lights and black in the shadows. On the architrave below this gay and not unpleasant mosaic are the words:

Ma . . . Jaco } † Rainerius Petri Rodulpho fieri fecit."
bus m fecit } *Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

Except the opus alexandrinum pavement and the crypt, the interior of the church has been modernized, but the arrangement is remarkable, as the nave ends in a broad semi-circular staircase leading to the tribune, like a picture of Paul Veronese. The transepts are occupied by the local saints Gracilianus and Felicissima: the latter is shown in a glass case and wreath of pink roses.

Beyond the cathedral rises the *citadel*, built by Antonio San Gallo for Alexander VI. Gsell-fels calls its tower with the triangular outworks "the political Bastile of Rome." Some years ago we went thither to visit the famous robber chief-

tain Gasparoni, imprisoned for twenty years under the papacy. Many of his band were with him, and there was certainly



Cathedral Portico, Civita Castellana.

an unpleasant sensation when the door of the large room they inhabited was closed, and from the numerous little beds where they were lying, gaunt and with matted hair, the many figures rose up of men who were so long the terror of the Campagna, and whose murders under circumstances of the most detailed barbarity still are told by Castelli grandmothers to terrify the village circles. When About went to visit Gasparoni in his prison, the old robber-chief offered him a printed list of the hundred murders he had committed, as a *souvenir* on taking leave, and was greatly surprised that he did not wish to accept it. Under the Sardinian government * Gasparoni and all the survivors of his band are set at liberty!

Civita Castellana occupies the site of the Falerium Vetus,

* Who complain that brigandage is encouraged by the adherents of the Pope and Francis II.

mentioned so often by Plutarch and Livy, and founded by the Pelasgi soon after the Trojan war. Ovid however, who married a Faliscan wife, ascribes its foundation to Halesus, son of Agamemnon.

"Venerat Atridæ fatis agitatus Halesus;
A quo se dictam terra Falisca putat."
Fast. iv. 73.

"Cum mihi pomiferis conjux foret orta Faliscis,
Mœnia contigimus victa, Camille, tibi.
Casta sacerdotes Junoni festa parabant
Per celebres ludos, indigenamque bovem.
Grande moræ pretium ritus cognoscere, quamvis
Difficilis clivis huc via præbet iter.
Stat vetus et densa prænubilus arbore lucus:
Aspice, concedas numen inesse loco.
Accipit ara preces, votivaque tura piorum,
Ara per antiquas facta sine arte manus.
Hinc ubi præsonuit sollenni tibia cantu,
It per velatas annua pompa vias.
Ducuntur niveæ, populo plaudente, juvencæ,
Quas aluit campis herba Falisca suis."
Amor. iii. *Eleg.* 13.

"Camillus was the military tribune under whom Falerii was added to the territory of Rome. According to the legend, 'a schoolmaster, who had the care of the sons of the principal citizens, took an opportunity when walking with his boys without the walls, to lead them to the Roman camp, and throw them into the power of the enemy. But Camillus, indignant at this treason, bade the boys drive their master back into the town again, flogging him all the way thither, for the Romans, he said, made no war with children. Upon this the Faliscans, won by his magnanimity, surrendered to him at discretion, themselves, their city, and their country.'"—*Arnold's Hist. of Rome.*

The most remarkable remains of the ancient Falerii will be found near the Ponte Terrano about a mile beyond the castle of Sangallo. The bridge crosses the ravine of the Rio Maggiore by a double arch; one pier is of rock, the other of Etruscan masonry.

"The cliffs above and below the bridge are perforated in every direction with holes—doorways innumerable, leading into spacious tombs—sepulchral niches of various forms and sizes—here, rows of squares, side by side, like the port-holes of a ship of war—there, long and shallow recesses, one over the other, like an open cupboard, or a book-case, where the dead were literally laid upon the shelf,—now again, upright like pigeon-holes,—or still taller and narrower, like the *creneaux* in a fortification. This seems to have been the principal necropolis of the Etruscan city. If you enter any of the tombs, which are in all the faces of the low cliffs into which the ground breaks, you will find one general plan prevailing, characteristic of the site. Unlike those of Sutri, where the door opens at once into the tomb, it here leads into a small ante-chamber, seldom as much as five feet square, which has an oblong hole in the ceiling, running up like a chimney to the level of the ground above. The tomb itself is generally spacious—from twelve to twenty feet square, or of an oblong form—never circular—mostly with a massive square pillar in the centre, hewn out of the rock, or, in many cases, with a thick partition-wall of rock instead, dividing the tomb into two equal parts. The front of this, whether it be pillar or projecting wall, is generally hollowed out, sometimes in recesses, long and shallow, and one over the other, to contain bodies, sometimes in upright niches, for cinerary urns or votive offerings. Around the walls are long recesses for bodies, in double or triple tiers, just as in the catacombs and tombs of the early Christians, forcibly reminding you, by their size, form, and arrangement, of the berths in a steamer's cabin. The door-posts are frequently grooved to hold the stone slabs with which the tombs were closed. The chimney in the ceiling of the ante-chamber probably served several purposes—as a *spiramen*, or vent-hole, to let off the effluvium of the decaying bodies or burnt ashes—as a means of pouring in libations to the graves of the dead—and as a means of entrance on emergency after the doors were closed. That they were used for the latter purpose is evident, for in the sides of these chimneys may be seen small niches, about a foot or eighteen inches one above the other, manifestly cut for the hands and feet. These chimneys were probably left open for some time, till the effluvium had passed off, and then were covered in, generally with large hewn blocks. Similar trap-doorways to tombs are found occasionally at Corneto, Ferento, Cervetri, and elsewhere in Etruria, but nowhere in such numbers as at Civita Castellana and Falleri, where they form a leading characteristic of the sepulchres."—*Dennis, Cities of Etruria.*

One of the tombs near the bridge is decorated with a row

of niches, five on each side of the doorway; on the next tomb to this is inscribed—'Tucthnu' in Etruscan letters, once filled in with red. Another tomb hard by has an Etruscan inscription of two lines, but much obliterated. Fragments of Etruscan masonry remain here and there along the edge of the cliffs, serving as the foundation of mediæval walls. Wherever you turn around Civita Castellana, the ravine seems to pursue you, as if the earth were opening under your feet; so does it twist around the town. Each turn is a picture more beautiful than the last, and ever and again beyond the rocky avenues, Soracte, steeped in violet shadows, appears rising out of the tender green of the plain. The gorge has been compared to the famous Tajo of Ronda; it has no waterfalls and the cliffs are not as high, but it is quite as full of colour and beauty. The traveller who merely spends a few hours in Civita knows nothing of it. In the early morning the hollows are filled with mist, while the sun lights up here and there a crag crested with ilex and overhung with clematis and honeysuckle. Near the bridge a huge block of grey rock divides the valley and stands level at the top with the surrounding country, from which it must once have been riven,—like an inaccessible island fortress in the midst of the ravine. Up into the town winds the ancient way, a steep zig-zag following the curves of the rock, and here are fountains where the dresses of the women who come down to draw water, or to wash at the great basons on the ledge, add bright patches of colour to the view. While upon the face of the rocks and along the edge of paths in the precipices, so narrow now that only goats can follow them, yawn everywhere the open mouths of caverned sepulchres, the dead pursuing the living up to the very gates of the city.

About three miles beyond the Ponte Terrano, stranded and deserted in the upland plain, so wildly beautiful from its thickets of broom and cistus and its primæval oak woods, and backed by the lovely ranges of the Ciminian hills, stands the utterly ruined city of *Falleri.* One of the finest Etruscan tombs in this country is passed on the way thither. It is in a hollow, on the right of the road, presenting a three-arched portico, with a boldly-cut cornice, sculptured in the rock. Within is an ante-chamber leading into the principal tomb. Here the flat ceiling is supported by a square pillar, all around are benches for sarcophagi, and the walls and pillars are perforated with niches for urns or ornaments. Several other tombs exist close by, but this may be taken as a good specimen of an Etruscan sepulchre, and is more architecturally interesting than any of the tombs at Castel d'Asso or Bieda.

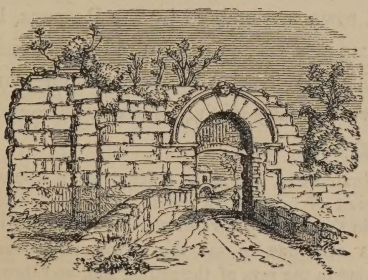
Soon after ascending the hill beyond the tombs, Falleri comes in sight, its massive walls and towers rising above the ploughed land, about twenty-five feet in height. They are almost perfect, but there are no ruins standing of the city within them.

"There is nothing to recommend the site of Falerii, as a strong position. The whole of the northern wall of the city stands only as much above the plain, as may be accounted for by the circumstance of having been built upon the earth thrown out of the ditch. In this part of the wall there are nineteen towers, all remaining in a state of great perfection, fifteen or sixteen courses in height; but, from their position, they are of little strength. About nineteen more are on the second side of the triangle, placed on the verge of precipices: the third side is defended not only by walls, but by a rocky descent into a deep glen, watered by a pretty stream, which falls into the Tiber. The vestiges of an ancient aqueduct may be traced from the upper country, and a modern one passes near the stream in the glen below.

The walls were of tufa; in some parts twelve courses of blocks are

still remaining, and in others as many as fifteen or sixteen. The solidity of the towers is singular; they do not project internally beyond the thickness of the walls, and some of them have no more than five stones at the base, and no empty space within. The distance between them is about fifty yards. Above the parapet the towers were chambered; and being pierced by doors, permitted an uninterrupted walk on the top of the walls behind the battlements. Perhaps no place presents a more perfect specimen of ancient military architecture; its preservation in modern times may be principally ascribed to the seclusion and comparative desertion of the district."—*Gells' Roman Topography.*

In the turfy enclosure which the walls encircle stand only the remains of a mediæval abbey—*Santa Maria di Falleri*, with its beautiful church, of the twelfth century, utterly ruined since the roof fell in thirty years ago, and overgrown with rank vegetation, though retaining all the delicate sculpture of its pillars and cornices, evidently constructed of materials taken from the ancient city. The cart-track which diverges from the front of the church leads to the *Porta di Giove*, a fine gate admirably preserved and flanked by towers. It takes its name from the sculptured head over the key-stone of the arch, though this more probably represents Apollo than Jupiter.



Porta di Giove. Falleri.

To enjoy Falleri properly, one must make the circuit of

the walls, which are nearly triangular, and which, on the side which overhangs the stream, rise almost perpendicular with the tufa rocks. Here and there they are hollowed into tombs and niches, while on the other side of the narrow ravine are tall cliffs full of small caverned sepulchres. In the distance beyond the broomy heights, soars Soracte, ever one of the most beautiful of mountains. Below flows the rivulet Miccino, one of the waters which Pliny describes as having the power of imparting a white colour to cattle. In the southern wall of the city is the *Porta del Bove*, so called from the bull's-head upon its key-stone. Falleri was a city constructed entirely upon the Etruscan model, but was built in the year of Rome 512, after the destruction of the ancient city, when it was called *Falerium Novum*. Zonaras, who describes the capture of Falerium Vetus, says that "the ancient city situated on a steep and lofty height was destroyed, and another built on a site easy of access." The name of the ancient city was transferred with the inhabitants, and when the town on the earlier site rose from its ruins, in the ninth century, it was with the name of Civita Castellana. The second town was erected by the Romans, but at a time when Etruscan arts were most admired and copied, and it was probably raised on or near the site of some small Etruscan citadel, to which many of the tombs in its rock-barriers may have belonged.

"This celebrated city, unlike the other rivals of Rome, has preserved entire the circuit of her ancient walls. Not one ancient building is standing within them: they have survived all that they were erected to defend. It is very fine to see the enormous masses of travertine masonry glowing in the rays of the setting sun, and throwing their long purple shadows on the bright fresh green of the spring grass and blossoming thickets. And most of all, where the walls, skirting one of the deep glens, are built down even into its depths, presenting a face of

solid masonry not less than fifty feet in height. One longs to have a painter there, to catch the warm glow of the great wall, lichened and weather-stained, as it descends into the verdure, and then into the deep shadow of the underlying ravine ; then the same is again repeated, but with all the varieties of receding colour, as, promontory after promontory, the defences run up the glen ; till at length a barrier of high rocks closes in its head, over which, after a belt of wooded country, rises the graceful group of Soracte, in loveliest, tenderest blue. But no painter can give us the fragrance of the spring-flowers which fills the air, nor the gushing notes of many nightingales from the balmy thickets below." —*Dean Alford.*

On the first of May we drove out from Civita Castellana to spend the day upon Soracte, emerging from the town through an Etruscan cutting in the rock, which is lined with tombs. The excursion is a very easy one, though when we made it the stone bridges in the hollow had all been washed away in a flood, and a man had to be sent on to help in taking our horses out and in drawing our carriage over a temporary wooden structure.

No drive can be uninteresting with such an object as Soracte before one, ever becoming more defined. Those who look at it from Rome have no idea whatever of the majestic character of the mountain as seen from this side, where it rises abruptly in the midst of the rich green plain of the table-land. Dennis compares it to the rock of Gibraltar. Ampère says that it resembles a blue island in the Ægean Sea. At first it is a sharp blue wedge against the sky, darkened by the woods with which it is covered, then it lengthens out into several peaks of sharp cliff succeeding one another and crowned by white convents and hermitages. The lower slopes are rich and green. They melt gradually into thick olive groves, which terminate in steeps of bare grey rock, white and dazzling when the sun falls upon them.

It is a mark of a severe winter when Soracte is capped with snow :—

> "Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
> Soracte—"
>
> *Horace, Od.* i. 9.

and, thus crested, it is the most beautiful feature in the well-known view from the terrace of the Pamfili-Doria villa at Rome. But all the snow will have melted before the charms of the fresh spring have attracted visitors to Civita Castellana, and its lower slopes will be breaking into such a loveliness of tender green as is quite indescribable. Though of no great altitude, Soracte, from its isolation, its form, and its glorious colour, is far more impressive than many mountains which are five times its height.

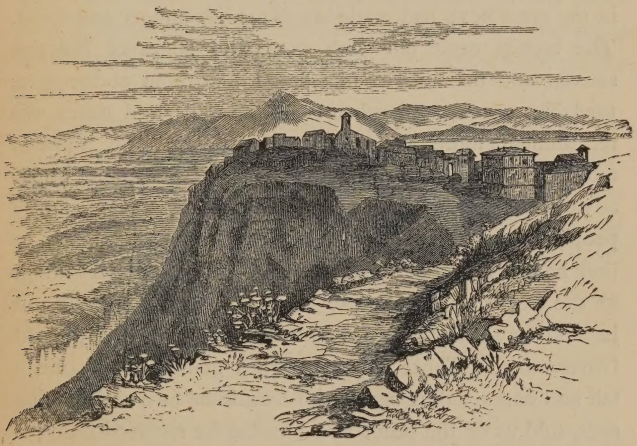
> "Athos, Olympus, Etna, Atlas, made
> These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
> All, save the lone Soracte's height, displayed
> Not now in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid
> For our remembrance, and from out the plain
> Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
> And on the crest hangs pausing."
>
> *Byron, Childe Harold,* c. iv.

Separated from the main mass of the mountain on the Roman side, is an attendant rock supporting the picturesque little town of *Sant' Oreste,* which has given its modern name to Soracte. At the foot of this smaller hill is the fountain of Felonica, marking the side of Feronia, where the peasants of the surrounding districts offered their firstfruits to the great Sabine goddess, who would seem to have been identical with Proserpine.

"The most important of all the Italian fairs was that which was held at Soracte in the grove of Feronia, a situation than which none could be found more favourable for the exchange of commodities among the

three great nations. That high isolated mountain, which appears to have been set down by Nature herself in the midst of the plain of the Tiber as a goal for the pilgrim, lay on the boundary which separated the Etruscan and Sabine lands (to the latter of which it appears mostly to have belonged), and it was likewise easily accessible from Latium and Umbria. Roman merchants regularly made their appearance there, and the wrongs of which they complained gave rise to many a quarrel with the Sabines."—*Mommsen's Hist. of Rome*, ch. xiii.

It was narrated by Strabo, that pilgrims to Feronia, possessed with her spirit, could walk with bare feet, uninjured, over burning coals. The goddess was honoured with such valuable offerings of gold and silver, that Hannibal thought it worth while to turn aside hither, to plunder the famous shrine.



S. Oreste from Soracte.

"Annibal alla au pied du Soracte piller le sanctuaire de Féronia ; les paysanes capenates, aussi dévotes à la grande déesse sabine que leurs descendants peuvent l'être à Saint Oreste, offraient à ce sanctuaire

célèbre les prémices de leurs moissons. Elle recevait aussi des offrandes en or et en argent. Annibal traita le sanctuaire de Féronia comme le général Buonaparte devait traiter un jour le sanctuaire de Notre-Dame de Lorette ; il le dépouilla."—*Ampère, Hist. Rome*, iii. 100.

A carriage can ascend the mountain as far as S. Oreste, and here we left it near the gate of the town and followed a foot-path, which turns up to the left by a small chapel. It is about two miles to the top. Most of the convents are in ruins. *Sta. Lucia* is the first which comes in sight, on the crest of the nearest peak, then *Sta. Romana* on the eastern slope. Then, by the pilgrims' road which winds through an avenue of ancient ilexes and elms, we reached the gates of *Sta. Maria delle Grazie.* The long drive, and the steep walk in the great heat, had made us faint with hunger and thirst. The monks came out with wine, and slices of Bologna sausage and delicious coarse bread, to a room at the gate, for ladies are not allowed to enter the walls, and never was refreshment more acceptable. There are only thirteen monks now, who live an active life of charity, and whose advice and instruction are widely sought by the country people around. There is little fear of their suppression, as they have scarcely any finances, and their humble dwellings on the bare crag, far from all human habitations, could not be sold for anything, and would be useless to the present Government. Those we saw were a grand group ; one, a tall and commanding figure with handsome face and flashing eyes, told us of the peace and blessing he received from his solitary life here, and of the ever-growing interest of the place and all its associations ; another, of a coarse common expression, spoke in murmuring tones, and was sceptical about all his stories, which he wound up always by "È tradizione ;"

a third, was an old venerable man of eighty-six, who had passed his life in these solitudes, a life so evidently given up to prayer that his spirit seemed only half to belong to earth. We spoke to him of the change which was coming over the monastic life, but he did not murmur—"È la volontà di Dio;" only when he talked of the great poverty of the people from the present taxation, and of their reduced means of helping them, he lamented a little. He said the people came to him every day, and they asked why they had such sufferings to bear, that they had been quite happy before, and had never wished or sought for any change; and that he urged them to patience and prayer, and to the faith that though outward events might change and earthly comforts be swept away, God, who led His children by mysterious teaching which we could not fathom, was Himself always the same.

The three monks went with us to the top, where the temple of Apollo, the "guardian of the holy Soracte," formerly stood, and where the Hirpini, as the people of the surrounding district were called, came to offer their annual sacrifices, and were, on that account, says Pliny, exempted from military service and other public duties.

"Summe deûm, sancti custos Soractis Apollo,
Quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor acervo
Pascitur: et medium freti pietate per ignem
Cultores multâ premimus vestigia pruna;
Da, pater, hoc nostris aboleri dedecus armis."

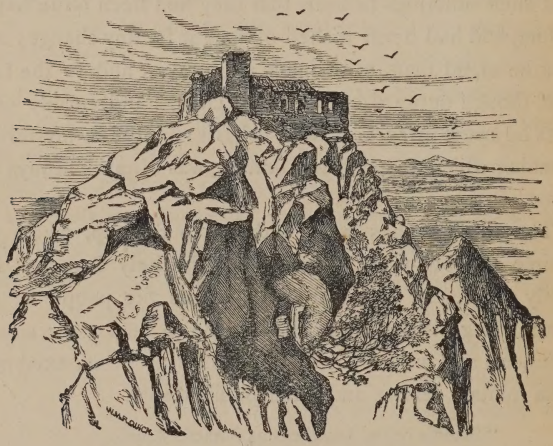
Virgil, Æn. xi. 785.

"Tum Soracte satum, præstantem corpore et armis,
Æquanum noscens; (patrio cui ritus in arvo,
Quum pius arcitenens accensis gaudet acervis,
Exta ter innocuos læto portare per ignes)
Sic in Apollinea semper vestigia pruna

Inviolata teras, victorque vaporis ad aras
Dona serenato referas solennia Phœbo."

Sil. Ital. v. 175.

On the supposed site of the ancient temple, 2270 feet above the level of the sea, perched on the highest points of the perpendicular crags, its walls one with their precipices, now stands the monastery of *S. Silvestro.* It is a sublime position, removed from and above everything else. Hawks circle around its huge cliffs, and are the only sign of life.



Convent of S. Silvestro, Summit of Soracte.

On a lower terrace are the church and hermitage of *S. Antonio*, ruined and deserted. To these solitudes came Constantine to seek for Sylvester the hermit, whom he found here in a cave and led away to raise to the papal throne, walking before him as he rode upon his mule, as is represented in the ancient frescoes of the Quattro Incoronati.

"Sylvester, who had been elected bishop of Rome, fled from the persecution, and dwelt for some time in a cavern, near the summit of Soracte. While he lay there concealed, the Emperor Constantine was attacked by a horrible leprosy: and having called to him the priests of his false gods, they advised that he should bathe himself in a bath of children's blood, and three thousand children were collected for this purpose. And, as he proceeded in his chariot to the place where the bath was to be prepared, the mothers of these children threw themselves in his way with dishevelled hair, weeping, and crying aloud for mercy. Then Constantine was moved to tears, and he commanded that the children should be restored to their mothers with great gifts, in recompense of what they had suffered.

"On that same night, as he lay asleep, S. Peter and S. Paul appeared at his bedside, and they stretched their hands over him, and said—'Because thou hast feared to spill the innocent blood, Jesus Christ has sent us to bring thee good counsel. Send to Sylvester, who lies hidden among the mountains, and he shall show thee the pool, in which having washed three times, thou shalt be clean of thy leprosy; and henceforth thou shalt adore the God of the Christians, and thou shalt cease to persecute and oppress them.' Then Constantine, awaking from this vision, sent to search for Sylvester. And he, when he saw the soldiers of the Emperor, supposed it was to lead him to death: but when he appeared before the Emperor, Constantine saluted him, and said, 'I would know of thee who are those two gods who appeared to me in the vision of the night?' And Sylvester replied, 'They were not gods, but the apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ.' Then Constantine desired that he would show him the effigies of these two apostles; and Sylvester sent for the pictures of S. Peter and S. Paul, which were in the possession of certain pious Christians. Constantine, having beheld them, saw that they were the same who had appeared to him in his dream. Then Sylvester baptized him, and he came out of the font cured of his malady." —*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

The oratory of Sylvester was enclosed in a monastery founded in 746 by Carloman, son of Charles Martel, and uncle of Charlemagne, and though later buildings have succeeded upon the same spot, and the existing edifice is externally of 1500, it encloses much of the church of Carloman, and the more ancient hermitage of Sylvester. The walls of the church are covered with mediæval frescoes, fading, but

still very beautiful. On the right of the entrance is S. Buonaventura; then come S. Anne, the Virgin, S. Roch, and S. Sebastian, but all have been much injured by the goat-herds who used to shelter their flocks here when the church was utterly deserted. The beautiful old high-altar is richly carved in stone taken from the mountain itself. Behind it are a curious holy water basin, and a priest's chamber. A martyr's stone—"Pietra di Paragone"—may be seen in the wall.

Beneath the lofty tribune is the cell of Sylvester, half cut in the mountain itself. It encloses the sloping mass of rock which formed the bed of his hermitage, and his stone seat. Here also is the altar on which, first Sylvester himself, and afterwards Gregory the Great, said mass. On the walls are dim frescoes of the seventh century, faintly lighted by the rays stealing in above the altar—Christ, S. Silvester, S. Gregory, and the Archangel Michael. A long inscription in the upper church tells the story of a later sainted monk of Soracte, Nonnosus, who is reported to have performed three miracles here. The first was when a monk broke a valuable lamp—"una lampada orientale"—quite into small pieces in this church, and was in despair about the consequences, when Nonnosus fell on his knees and prayed, and the culprit saw the fragments miraculously joined together again. In the second, the olive-gardens of the convent failed, and the abbot was about to send out to buy up the oil of the paesani, when Nonnosus took the convent oil—"il poco che fu"—and it was miraculously multiplied. In the third, he lifted by the force of prayer a large stone, which had fallen, back to its mountain ledge, where it may still be seen in proof of the power of this saint.

Behind the convent is its little garden, where legend tells that S. Sylvester would sow one day his turnips for the meal of the morrow, and that they were miraculously brought to perfection during the night. There is a grand view from this over all the wide-spreading country, but especially into the blue gorges of the Sabina, and the monks described the beautiful effect when each of the countless villages which can be seen from hence, lights its bonfire on the eve of the Ascension.

The last monks who lived in S. Silvestro were Franciscans, and they left it in 1700, because seven of their number were then killed by lightning in a storm. Our monastic friends accompanied us on our return as far as Sta. Maria delle Grazie, and as we turned to descend the mountain-path, the old monk of eighty-six, standing at the head of the steps, stretched out his hands and most solemnly blessed us—"May the blessed Saviour keep and guide you, and may His holy angels walk with you in all your ways."

As we slowly descended the mountain, we looked down through the woods to Santa Romana at its eastern base, near which are the deep fissures called Voragini, whence pestilential vapours arise. Pliny mentions these exhalations from Soracte as fatal to birds, and quotes Varro, who speaks of a fountain on Soracte four feet in width, which flowed at sunrise, and appeared to boil, and of which, when birds drank, they died. By Servius a story is told of some shepherds who were sacrificing to Pluto, when the victims were carried off from the very altar by wolves. The shepherds pursuing them came upon the cave whence the pestilential vapours issued, which destroyed all who came within their reach. A malady ensued, and the oracle declared that the only remedy was to

do as the wolves did—to live by plunder.* Hence they were called Hirpini Sorani—Pluto's wolves, from *hirpus*, which was Sabine for a wolf, and *Soranus*, another name for Pluto; and accordingly, robbers there always were on Soracte till the forests which clothed the whole neighbourhood were for the most part cut down about twenty years ago. With the robbers the wolves and bears, which abounded on the sides of the mountain, disappeared, many persons being still alive who have had adventurous escapes from them. Cato says that there were also wild goats upon Soracte, of such wonderful activity, that they could leap sixty feet at one bound! †

From S. Oreste one looks across a wooded country to the village of *Rignano*, about 3½ miles distant. It claims to be the birth-place of Cæsar Borgia. Fragments of ancient columns and altars abound there, and in the piazza is preserved a curious primitive cannon. Rignano gives a title to the eldest son of Duke Massimo.

Seven miles south-east of Rignano is a hill crested by the ruined church of San Martino, which occupies the site of the Etruscan *Capena*, the faithful ally of Veii, indeed Cato says that Veii was founded by the Capenates. The citadel was strongly defended by nature, being situated on an insular rock connected with the neighbouring heights by a kind of isthmus, and was consequentiy almost impregnable. It was never taken by siege, but capitulated to the Romans, after vainly joining with the Falisci, in an attempt to succour Veii.

"After the fall of Veii, Valerius and Servilius marched to Capena; and, the inhabitants not daring to quit their walls, the Romans de-

* Æn. xi. 785. † Cato ap. Varron. Re Rust. ii. cap. 3.

stroyed the country, and particularly the fruit-trees, for which it was celebrated."—*Livy*, v. 24.

There are some small remains of the foundations of walls and towers, and of reticulated work, visible here and there amid the thickets of wild-pear, descendants of the fruit-trees mentioned by Livy, which are covered with blossom in spring.

"Placed, like Alba and Gabii, upon the verge of a volcano, Capena assumed the form of a crescent; the citadel was on the highest point westward, and communicated by a steep path with the Via Veientana. This road may be traced in the valley below, running towards the Grammiccia and the natural opening of the crater on the east; and it was only here, as the remains testify, that carriages could enter the city.

"On ascending from this quarter, a fine terrace is observed, which is evidently placed on the top of the ancient walls. The squared blocks with which the place is strewed, show that these were parallelograms of volcanic stone. They may yet be traced by their foundations round the summit of the hill.

"Capena has something in it altogether peculiar: the situation, though commanding, seems singularly secluded, the country is once more wholly in a state of nature; nothing of animated life, except here and there flocks of goats or sheep, feeding on some green eminence or in the valleys below, which are spotted with such innumerable patches of underwood, that, were it not for the brousing of these animals, it would soon become a forest. The desolation is complete: Silvanus, instead of Ceres, is in full possession of the soil."—*Gells' Topography of Rome.*

"The view from the height of Capena is wildly beautiful. The deep hollow on the south, with its green carpet: the steep hills overhanging it, dark with wood—perhaps the groves celebrated by Virgil: the bare swelling ground to the north, with Soracte towering above: the snow-capt Apennines in the eastern horizon: the deep silence, the seclusion; the absence of human habitations (not even a shepherd's hut) within the sphere of vision, save the distant town of Sant' Oreste, scarcely distinguishable from the gray rock on which it stands;—it is a scene of more singular desolation than belongs to the site of any other Etruscan city in this district of the land."—*Dennis' Cities of Etruria.*

The stream of the Grammiccia probably once bore the name of Capenas.

"Dives ubi ante omnes colitur Feronia luco,
Et sacer humectat fluvialia rura Capenas."
Sil. Ital. xiii. 84.

The site of Capena is best visited on horseback, and may be reached from Rome by leaving the Via Flaminia on the left at the Monte della Guardia. About three miles from Capena, on the Tiber, is *Fiano*, with the castle of the Duke of that name. This village is supposed to mark the site of the Flavinium of Virgil :—

"Hi Soractis habent arces, Flaviniaque arva,
Et Cimini cum monte lacum lucosque Capenos."
Æn. vii. 696.

and the Flavina of Silius :—

"Quique tuos, Flavina, focos, Sabatia quique
Stagna tenent, Ciminique lacum."
Sil. viii. 492.

Six miles north of Civita Castellana is *Corchiano*, a most picturesque village occupying an Etruscan site, and surrounded, like almost all the towns of Etruria, with ravines full of mutilated sepulchres. One of these, half a mile distant, on the way to Falleri, is inscribed Larth. Vel. Arnies, in Etruscan characters. Three miles further is *Gallese*, beautifully situated on a rock at the junction of two ravines. Canon Nardoni has written a work to prove that this is the Æquum Faliscum, mentioned by Strabo, Virgil, and Silius. It contains some obscure Roman remains, and there are many Etruscan tombs in the neighbouring valleys. Gallese was early the seat of a bishopric.

Six miles north-west of Corchiano is *Vignanello*, and four miles beyond it *Soriano*, both Etruscan sites.*

* For all these places see *Dennis' Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, vol. ii.

Dennis believes that he has identified the fragments of a city, half covered with wood, but marked by the ruined church of S. Silvestro ("a mile and a half west of Ponte Felice, on the way to Corchiano"), with the lost town of *Fescennium*, mentioned by Dionysius and Virgil, and celebrated in the history of Latin poetry for the nuptial songs called Carmina Fescennina, to which, according to Festus, it gave its name.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CIMINIAN HILLS—NEPI, SUTRI, AND CAPRAROLA.

(These most interesting places may be visited from Civita Castellana, taking the railway to Borghetto. Here a carriage may be engaged for the whole excursion at about 20 francs a day. Or Ronciglione, where the Aquila Nera is a humble but tolerable inn, may be reached by diligence from Rome, and excursions made from thence. If a carriage be taken from Rome to Ronciglione, Nepi and Sutri—a few miles off the road in opposite directions—may be visited on the way. Caprarola is three miles beyond Ronciglione.)

IT is a delightful drive of about an hour and a half through the forest from Civita Castellana to Nepi. The road passes near the castle and Benedictine church of *Sant' Elia*, the latter a very curious early Christian building, covered internally with frescoes by the brothers Johannes and Stephanus and their nephew Nicolaus of Rome.

"The exact period in which these artists executed the decorations of S. Elia cannot be ascertained; but they were men who combined the imitation of forms and compositions characteristic of various ages of Roman art, with a technical execution which can only be traced as far back as the tenth century. Their work, though it has suffered from the ravages of time, illustrates a phase hitherto comparatively unknown. They seem to have been men accustomed to mosaics, for they mapped out their colours so as to resemble that species of work. They used, not the thin water-colour of the early catacomb painters at Rome or Naples, but the body-colour of the later artists, who painted of the chapel of S. Cecilia in S. Calisto and the figures of Curtius and Desiderius in the

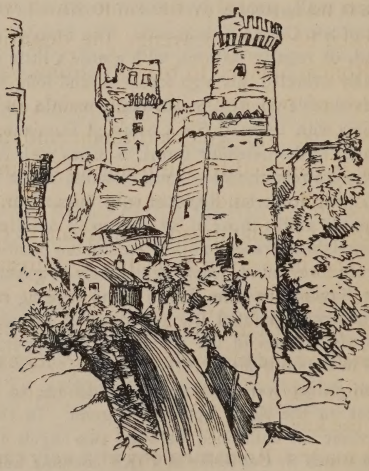
catacomb of S. Januarius. On a rough surface of plaster they laid in the flesh tones of a uniform yellowish colour, above which coarse dark outlines marked the forms, red tones the half-tints, and blue the shadows. The lights and darks were stippled on with white or black streaks, and a ruddy touch on the cheeks seemed intended to mark the robust health of the personage depicted. The hair and draperies were treated in the same manner. They were painted of an even general tone streaked with black or white lines to indicate curls, folds, light and shadow. The result was a series of flat unrelieved figures, which were, in addition, without the charm of good drawing or expression.

"In the semidome of the apsis, the Saviour was represented standing with his right arm extended, and in his left hand holding a scroll. On his right S. Paul in a similar attitude was separated from S. Elias by a palm on which the phœnix symbolized Eternity. S. Elias, in a warrior's dress, pointed with his left hand to S. Paul. To the Saviour's left S. Peter, whose form is now but dimly visible, and probably another saint were depicted. A back-ground of deep blue, spotted with red clouds of angular edges, relieved the figures. This was in fact an apsis picture similar to those in the numerous churches of Rome, and in arrangement not unlike that of SS. Cosmo e Damiano. The form of the Redeemer indeed, his head, of regular features, with a nose a little depressed and the flesh curiously wrinkled, his high forehead, and long black hair falling in locks, his double-pointed, beard, tunic, mantle and sandals, had a general likeness with those of SS. Cosmo ed Damiano. The saints, on the other hand, in their slender forms, S. Elias with his small head and long body, were reminiscent of later mosaics, whilst their attitude, and movement, their draperies, depicted with lines, their defective feet and hands, were not unlike those of SS. Nereo ed Achilleo. The Neo-Greek influence might be traced in other parts of the paintings of S. Elia. Beneath the green foreground, where the four rivers gushed from under the feet of the Saviour, and the Lamb stood pouring its blood into a chalice, an ornament separated the paintings of the semidome from those in the lower courses of the apsis. In the uppermost of these, Jerusalem, and in the intervals of three windows, twelve sheep in triple groups, between palms, were depicted. Bethlehem, no doubt, closed the arrangement on the right, but is now gone. In the next lower course, the Saviour sat enthroned between two angels and six female saints, amongst which S. Catherine in a rich costume and diadem and S. Lucy may still be recognized. The rich ornaments, the round eyes and oval faces, of these female saints, were not without admixture of the foreign element which had left its impress on Rome in the seventh and eighth centuries. Still, the angels with their hair bound in tufts and

their flying bands were of regular features. The painters covered the sides of the tribune with three courses of pictures, fragments of which remain. On the upper to the right, the prophets with scrolls, on the second, martyrs with the chalice, on the third, scenes from the Old Testament. On the left the lowest course was likewise filled up with biblical subjects taken from the Revelation. The aisles and nave were also doubtless painted, but the pictures have unfortunately disappeared. The painters inscribed their names as follows beneath the feet of the Saviour in the apsis—Joh. FF. Stefanu frīs picto . . e . . Romani et Nicholaus Nepī Johs.

"The paintings of S. Elia are far more instructive and interesting than those of a later date, and even than the mosaics of the eleventh century at Rome."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

Nepi is the ancient Nepete. Its position is not higher than that of the surrounding plain, but it is cut off by deep ravines like Civita Castellana. At the entrance of the town



Castle of Nepi.

the gorge is crossed by a bridge and by a double aqueduct

built by Paul III. in the sixteenth century. Below this a little rivulet tumbles over the cliffs to a great depth. The piazza has a handsome town-hall, with a large fountain and a wide portico decorated with Roman altars and fragments of sculpture found in the neighbourhood. The cathedral has a fine campanile; its first bishop was S. Romanus, and tradition ascribes the foundation of the see to S. Peter. At the Roman entrance to the town stands the most picturesque castle, with a double gateway. Outside this there is a charming spot; the great machicolated towers hang over the edge of the cliffs, against which rises an old mill, and, below, a waterfall sparkles and loses itself in a mass of luxuriant evergreens. Turning to the right are some grand remains of ancient Etruscan wall, probably the same which were scaled by Camillus, when he came to avenge the desertion of the city from the Roman alliance to that of Etruria.

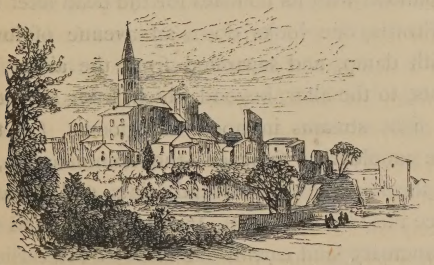
Again a drive of two hours, through woods of oaks and deep lanes overhung with golden broom, and then along the plain which is bounded by the beautiful Ciminian Hills, upon which Ronciglione and Caprarola gleam in the sunlight, and—crossing the high road from Rome to Siena—we reach *Sutri*. The little town is visible at a great distance, and occupies a crest in the tufa, filling every rocky projection with its old walls and houses, for its extent seems to have been limited by the cliffs which formed its natural protection, and which gave it such strength as made it deserve the name of "the key of Etruria."

Sutrium was made a Roman colony at a very early period, and was celebrated for its devotion to Rome. In U. C. 365 it was captured by the Etruscans, and the whole of its inhabitants were expelled, with nothing but the clothes they wore.

Camillus met them with his army as they were escaping towards Rome, and moved by their anguish, bade them be of good cheer, for he would soon transfer their troubles to their conquerors, and this he did, for that very day he reached the town, found it undefended, and the Etruscans occupied in collecting the spoil. Before night the rightful inhabitants were restored, and their victors driven out. From the rapidity with which his march was effected, "ire Sutrium" became henceforth a proverb for doing anything in a hurry. Soon after (368) the town was again taken by the Etruscans, and again restored by Camillus: in 443 the old enemy once more besieged it, when the consul Fabius came to the rescue.

As we approach the town on the Roman side, the rocks on the left of the road are filled with tombs. They are cut in the tufa, but many seem to have been fronted with more durable stone-work. The cliffs are crested by grand old ilexes which hang downwards in the most luxuriant masses of foliage, unspoilt by the axe. There is no appearance of anything more than this, and it is startling, when one turns aside from the road and crossing a strip of green meadow passes through a gap in the rocks, to find oneself suddenly in a Roman *Amphitheatre*, perfect in all its forms, almost in all its details, with corridors, staircases, vomitories, and twelve ranges of seats one above the other, not built, but hewn out of the solid rock, all one with the cliffs which outwardly make no sign. The Coliseum is grander, but scarcely so impressive as this vast ruin in its absolute desertion, where Nature, from which it was taken by Art, has once more asserted her rights, and where the flowers and the maiden-hair fern, clambering everywhere up the

grey steps and fringing the rock galleries, and the green lizards darting to and fro, are the only spectators which look down upon the turfy arena. All around the great ilexes girdle it in, with here and there the tall spire of a cypress shooting up into the clear air. The silence is almost awful, and there is a strange witchery in the solitude of this place, which nothing leads up to, and which bears such an impress of the greatness of those who conceived it, and made it, and once thronged the ranges of its rock-hewn benches, now so unspeakably desolate. Dennis considers that the amphitheatre of Sutri was "perhaps the type of all those celebrated structures raised by Imperial Rome, even of the Coliseum itself. For we have historical evidence that Rome derived her theatrical exhibitions from Etruria. Livy tells us that *ludi scenici*, a new thing for a warlike people, who had hitherto only known the games of the circus, were introduced into Rome in the year 390, in order to appease the wrath of the gods for a pestilence then devastating the city, and that *ludiones* were sent for from Etruria, who acted to the sound of the pipe, in the Etruscan fashion."



Sutri.

Turning to the left, beyond the amphitheatre, a path leads

under the old city. The tufa, glowing from the red and golden colour with which time has stained it, is half rock and half masonry, the natural cliffs being surmounted by ranges of Etruscan walling, and the whole crested by stately mediæval houses which follow every crevice of the natural formation, and occasionally, where more space is required, are bracketted out from it upon arches.

On the other side of the narrow ravine, the rocky barrier is still fringed with ilexes and perforated with tombs. A little path attracted us to the entrance of one of these, just beneath the villa and the old clipped garden of the Marchese Savorelli. Over the door is inscribed in Italian :— "Here stay thy step ; the place is sacred to God, to the Virgin, and to the repose of the departed. Pray or pass on.' It admitted us to one of the most interesting places we ever entered. Several tombs had apparently been thrown together at a very early period of Christianity, and formed a very long narrow Christian church, of which the pavement, roof, pillars, and seats were all one, and all carved out of the living rock. From the ante-chapel or entrance tomb, still surrounded with its couches for the dead after the manner of Etruria, one looks down an avenue of low pillars green with damp, and separated from the aisles by rock-hewn seats, to the altar, beyond which, from an inner sanctuary, a light streams in upon the gloom. On the rock walls are mouldering frescoes—the Annunciation, the Salutation, the Last Supper ; several saints, and a grand angel with a face raised in low relief. It is a touching and most unearthly sanctuary, and carries one back to the earliest times of Christian life and Christian suffering more forcibly than the most celebrated Roman catacomb. The church is now

called, "La Madonna del Parto," and is still much frequented. A poor woman, while we were there, was kneelin the dimness, so lost in prayer, that she seemed quite unconscious of the strangers wandering about, though they must be rare enough at Sutri. The chapel beyond the altar had a traditional communication with the Roman catacombs, but it has been walled up now, in consequence of stories of persons having been lost there.

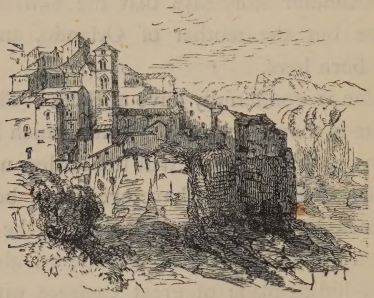
A ruin on the cliff near the Villa Savorelli, is shown as the building in which Charlemagne staid when he was on his way to Rome in the time of his "great father" Adrian I. In a wood below is the Grotta d'Orlando, a cave to which the great hero of chivalrous romance is supposed to have been lured by the witcheries of a beautiful maiden of Sutri of whom he was enamoured, and where he was shut up by her. Another story says that the Sutri maiden was not the love but the mother of Orlando, and that the Paladin was born here.

But tradition is wonderfully alive at Sutri. The house of Pontius Pilate is shown, and to the curse which he brought upon his own people, it is said that the lawless nature is due for which the natives of Sutri have ever since been remarkable. At a corner of the principal street is the head of a beast, be it ass or sheep, which is believed always to be watching the hiding-place of great treasure with its stone eyes, but the authorities of the town, who will not search for it themselves, have forbidden all other enterprise in that direction.

Some of the old palaces have beautifully-wrought cressets still projecting from their walls. In a small piazza is a grand sarcophagus, adorned with winged griffins, as a foun-

tain. The dirty *Cathedral* has a lofty tower with trefoiled windows, and an opus-alexandrinum pavement. It contains a portrait of Benedict VII., who was a native of Sutri, and of the canonized Dominican, Pius V., who was its bishop for five years.

It is about an hour's drive from Sutri to Ronciglione, retracing the road by which we came for some distance. Here the little inn of the Aquila Nera is a tolerable resting-place, and though the rooms are humble, the people are most civil and anxious to please. There is a handsome cathedral of the last century, and a large fountain in the upper town, and below the inn is one of the deep ravines so peculiar and apparently so necessary to Etruscan cities, perforated with tombs, and with a ruined castle (La Rocca) and an old church (La Providenza) clinging to its sides.



La Providenza di Ronciglione.

It is most pleasant in these old places to have plenty of time, and no fixed plans to tie one down. The walks in the still evening light along the edge of these wonderful gorges are so inexpressibly charming, and the power of resting from the glowing mid-day heat in the great shady churches. Even

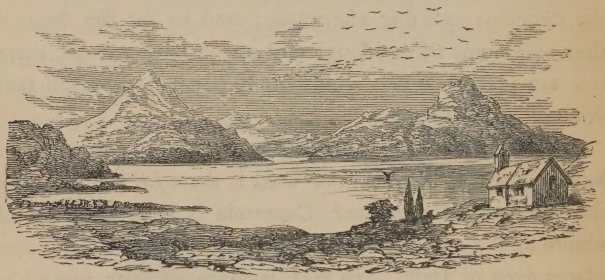
in the ugly churches, much may be derived either from the decaying, neglected pictures, often so beautiful, or from the numerous inscriptions, for in Italy almost everything is handed down to us about either places or people, indelibly written upon stone. And then it is so pleasant to make friends with the cordial, open-handed, open-hearted peasantry, who are so pleased to be talked to, so happily natured, so willing to understand a joke, and so merry, while so civil. And if there is rather a stuffy sensation of domestic fog in some of the little inns, it is atoned for by the delicious morning afterwards; and as for the fleas, if they only come thick enough and go on long enough, there is a moment when you almost try to persuade yourself that you really like them.

It is almost necessary to sleep at Ronciglione in order to have a day at Caprarola, and what is there for which such a day does not compensate? Caprarola is alike a climax of nature and of art, certainly one of the most perfectly glorious places even of Italy. No view is more singular, more historical, or more lovely. No royal palace in any country of Europe has such a situation, or has the beauty of this masterpiece of Vignola in its solitude, its desertion, and decay.

We leave Ronciglione by the Viterbo road, and as soon as we have ascended the hill behind the town, come upon the *Lago di Vico*, the Ciminian lake. Tradition tells that when Hercules was here, the natives asked him to give them a proof of his enormous strength, and that, to please them, he drove an iron bar deep into the earth; but that when they bade him draw it forth again, waters followed, which filled the hollow of the mountain and formed the lake.*

* Serv. Æn. vii. 697.

Beneath its waves the lost city of Succinium was believed to exist.* Formerly it was surrounded by a forest which was regarded as an impenetrable barrier to preserve Etruria against the attacks of the Romans. It was said that Fabius, after his great defeat of the Etruscans at Sutrium, was the first Roman who dared to enter the Ciminian wood, and the terror which was excited when his intention of doing so became known at Rome, caused the senate to despatch especial envoys to deter him.†



Lago di Vico.

The little lake lies, deep-blue, in the vast bason of an extinct crater. Part of the hollow is taken up by the water, and the rest by the wooded hill of Monte Venere, which looks as if it had been thrown up by the same convulsion which hollowed the bed of the waters at its foot. Virgil was here, and speaks of the lake and its mountain, and as we drive through the adjoining forests we think of Macaulay, and

> "—the stags that champ the boughs
> Of the Ciminian hill."

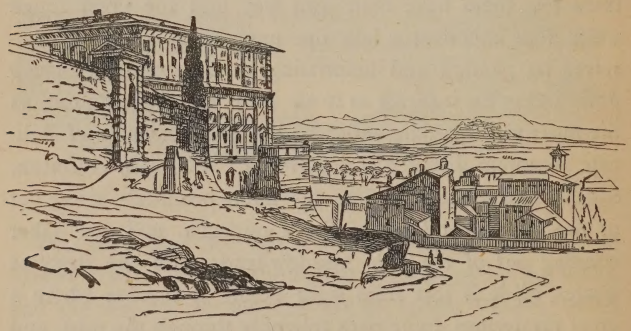
* Amm. Marcell. xvii. 7, 13.

† Livy, ix. 56; Florus, i. 17.

It is a long ascent after this; and oh, what Italian scenery, quite unspoilt by English, who never come here now. The road is generally a dusty hollow in the tufa, which, as we pass, is fringed with broom in full flower, and all the little children we meet have made themselves wreaths and gathered long branches of it, and wave them like golden sceptres. Along the brown ridges of thymy tufa by the wayside, flocks of goats are scrambling, chiefly white, but a few black and dun coloured creatures are mingled with them, mothers with their little dancing elf-like kids, and old bearded patriarchs who love to clamber to the very end of the most inaccessible places, and to stand there embossed against the clear sky, in triumphant quietude. The handsome shepherd dressed in white linen lets them have their own way, and the great rough white dogs only keep a lazy eye upon them as they themselves lie panting and luxuriating in the sunshine. Deep down below us, it seems as if all Italy were opening out, as the mists roll stealthily away, and range after range of delicate mountain distance is discovered. Volscian, Hernican, Sabine, and Alban hills, Soracte—nobly beautiful—rising out of the soft quiet lines of the Campagna, and the Tiber winding out of the rich meadow-lands into the desolate wastes, till it is lost from sight before it reaches where a great mysterious dome rises solemnly through the mist, and reminds one of the times when years ago, in the old happy *vetturino* days, we used to stop the carriage on this very spot, to have our first sight of S. Peter's.

Near a little deserted chapel, a road branches off on the right, a rough stony road enough, which soon descends abruptly through chestnut woods, and then through deep clefts cut in the tufa and overhung by shrubs and flowers,

every winding a picture, till, in about half an hour, we arrive at Caprarola. Why do not more people come here? it is so very easy. As we emerge from our rocky way the wonderful position of the place bursts upon us at once. The grand, tremendous palace stands backed by chestnut woods, which fade into rocky hills, and it looks down from a high-terraced platform upon the little golden-roofed town beneath, and then out upon the whole glorious rainbow-tinted view, in which, as everywhere we have been, lion-like Soracte, couching over the plain, is the most conspicuous feature. The buildings are so vast in themselves, and every line so noble, every architectural idea so stupendous, that one is carried back almost with awe to the re-



Capraro'a.

collections of the great-souled Farnese who originated the design, and the grand architect who carried it out. The idea does not embrace only the palace itself, but is carried round the whole platform of the hill-side in a series of buildings, ending in a huge convent and church, built by Odoardo Farnese. S. Carlo Borromeo, the great patron of idle alms-

giving, came hither to see it when it was completed, and complained that so much money had not been given to the poor instead. "I have let them have it all little by little," said Alessandro Farnese, "but I have made them earn it by the sweat of their brows."

"Cardinal Farnese would have everything in his Palace of Caprarola arranged after the designs and invention of Jacopo Barozzi, the architect Vignola. Nor was the judgment of the prelate in selecting so good an architect less remarkable than his greatness of mind in constructing so noble and magnificent an edifice, which is not indeed in a position to be much enjoyed by the public, being in a remote and solitary district, but is nevertheless admirably placed for one who desires to escape for a time from the toils and vexations of cities.

"The edifice has the form of a pentagon; it is divided into four parts, exclusive of the principal front, wherein is the great door; behind which is a loggia eighty palms long by forty broad, and at one end of the same is a spiral staircase the steps of which are ten palms in width, while the space in the centre, which gives light to the whole, is of twenty palms. This spiral stair ascends from the ground to the third or uppermost floor, it is supported on double columns, and adorned with rich and varied cornices: at the lower end we have the Doric Order which is followed successively by the Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite, all richly decorated with balustrades, niches, and other fanciful ornaments, which render it very graceful and beautiful."—*Vasari.*

"Vignola's great work is the palace of Caprarola. The plan is unique, or nearly so, being a pentagon, enclosing a circular court. Each of the five sides measures 130 feet on plan, and the court is 65 feet in diameter, while the three stories are each about 30 feet in height, so that its dimensions are very considerable, and certainly quite sufficiently so for palatial purposes. The object of adopting the form here used, was to give it a fortified or castellated appearance, as all citadels of that age were pentagons, and this palace is accordingly furnished with small sham bastions at each angle, which are supposed to suggest that idea of defensibility. Above the terrace formed by these bastions and their curtains, the palace rises in two grand stories of "Orders," the lower arcaded in the centre, the upper including the stories of windows. This last is certainly a defect, but in spite of this, the whole is so well designed, the angles are so bold, and the details are so elegant, that it is one of the finest palaces in Italy, and we may admire the ingenuity of the archi

tect the more, because the pentagonal form is singularly unfavourable to architectural effect externally, or to commodious arrangements inside, and the site also is such that from most points it looks too high for its other dimensions. But all these defects have been overcome in a manner that makes us regret that its architect was not more employed on the great works of his day."—*Fergusson.*

There is the most overwhelming sense of strength and imperviousness to time in the huge rock-like bastions upon which the palace stands. As it has five sides, from every view of it you have an angle, and the effect is very singular. When you ascend the balustraded terraces and cross the bridge you are admitted to an open circular court, whence a magnificent staircase, a *cordonia*, leads to the upper chambers, decorated by the three brothers Zuccheri, by Tempesta, and Vignola, with pictures chiefly relating to the power and importance of the Farneses, uninteresting perhaps elsewhere, but here, where all is suggestive of them, most striking and curious. In the great hall are a fountain and a grotto, like those in the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, yet roofed in and not too large in this vast chamber. 96,000 lbs. of lead, comprising the works of this and many other fountains, were sold in the last century by a dishonest steward, who also took advantage of the constant absence of the owners to make away with all the old furniture and tapestries. The walls of the hall have frescoes of the towns which belonged to the Farneses:—Parma, Piacenza, Castro, Vignola, Scarpellino, Capo-di-monte, Canina, Ronciglione, Fabrica, Isola, and Caprarola; no wonder they were rich! The chapel has windows of ancient stained glass, and between them frescoes of the apostles, with S. Gregory, S. Stephen, and S. Laurence. The design of the elaborate ceiling is curiously repeated in the pavement. The next hall is all

Farnese history. The marriage of Orazio Farnese is represented (1652) with Diana, daughter of Henry II. of France,* and that of Ottavio, with a daughter of Charles V.† Pietro and Raniero Farnese are made captains-general of the Florentines. Then Alessandro and Ottavio Farnese are seen accompanying Charles V. on a campaign against the Lutherans; and the three Zuccheri carrying a canopy over Charles V., who is riding with Francis I. on one side, and Cardinal Farnese on the other. Paul III., who took such unbounded care of his family, is shown appointing Pietro Farnese commander of the Papal army,‡ and Orazio governor of Rome.§ Ranutio Farnese is receiving the golden rose from his uncle. And there are many scenes from the life of the great Pope himself; how he presided at the Council of Trent; how he made peace between Francis I. and Charles V.; and how Charles kissed his feet on his return from Africa; how he gave the lucky hat to four cardinals who afterwards all became popes. We see one of these again, Julius II., when he is receiving the city of Parma

* In this picture, besides the portraits of Diana and Orazio, there are those of Queen Catherine de' Medici; of Margaret the King's sister; of the King of Navarre; the Constable; the Dukes of Guise and Nemours; the Prince de Condé, Admiral of France; and the younger Cardinal of Lorraine; with those of another Guise who had not then been made a Cardinal; of the Signor Piero Strozzi; of Madame de Montpensier; and of Mademoiselle de Rohan.

† In the centre is Pope Paul III. The picture also contains portraits of Cardinal Farnese the younger; Cardinal di Carpi; the Duke Pier Luigi; Messer Durante; Eurialo da Cingoli; Giovanni Riccio of Montepulciano; the Bishop of Como; the Signora Livia Colonna; Claudia Mancina; Settimia; and Donna Maria de Mendoza.

‡ Here are portraits of the Pope; Pier Luigi Farnese; the Chamberlain; the Duke Ottavio; Orazio, Cardinal of Capua; Simonetta; Jacobaccio; San Jacopo; Ferrara; the Signor Ranuccio Farnese, who was then a youth; Giovio; Molza, and Marcello Cervini, who was afterwards Pope; the Marquis of Marignano; the Signor Giovan Battista Castaldo; Alessandro Vitelli; and the Signor Giovan Battista Savelli.

§ Here also are numerous portraits, including the Cardinal Jean Belley, Archbishop of Paris; with Visco, Morone, Badia Sfondrato, Ardinghelli, and Christofano Madruzio, the prince-bishop of Trent.

from Ottavio and Alessandro, the kneeling nephews of his predecessor, and restoring it to them. There is also a portrait of Henry II. of France,—"conservator familiæ Farnesiæ." All these pictures are described at the utmost length by Vasari. Many other rooms are very interesting,—the private study and bed-room of the Cardinal with his secret staircase for escape; the room covered with huge maps like the gallery at the Vatican, and with the wonderful fresco of the "Maura," for which 12,000 scudi have been refused; the room with the frescoes of the appearances of S. Michael the Archangel to Gregory the Great at Rome, and to the shepherds of Monte Gargano; and then all the family are represented again and again, and their attendants, down to the dwarfs, who are painted as if they were just coming in at imaginary doorways.

Are we really in Arcadia, when the old steward opens the door from the dark halls where the Titanic forms of the frescoed figures loom upon us through the gloom, to the garden where brilliant sunshine is lighting up long grass walks between clipped hedges, adding to the splendour of the flame-coloured marigolds upon the old walls, and even gilding the edges of the dark spires of the cypresses which were planted three hundred years ago? From the upper terraces we enter an ancient wood, carpetted with flowers—yellow orchis, iris, lilies, saxifrage, cyclamen, and Solomon's seal. And then we pause, for at the end of the avenue we meet with a huge figure of Silence, with his finger on his lips. Here an artificial cascade tumbles sparkling down the middle of the hill-side path, through a succession of stone basons, and between a number of stone animals, who are sprinkled with its spray, and so we reach an upper garden before the

fairy-like casino which was also built by Vignola. Here the turfy solitudes are encircled with a concourse of stone figures, in every variety of attitude, a perfect population. Some are standing quietly gazing down upon us, others are playing upon different musical instruments, others are listening. Two Dryads are whispering important secrets to one another in a corner; one impertinent Faun is blowing his horn so loudly into his companion's ears, that he stops them with both his hands. A nymph is about to step down from her pedestal, and will probably take a bath as soon as we are gone, though certainly she need not be shy about it, as drapery is not much the fashion in these sylvan gardens. Above, behind the Casino, is yet another water-sparkling staircase guarded by a vast number of huge lions and griffins, and beyond this all is tangled wood, and rocky mountain-side. How we pity the poor King and Queen of Naples, the actual possessors, but who can never come here now. The whole place is like a dream which you wish may never end, and as one gazes through the stony crowd across the green glades to the rosy-hued mountains, one dreads the return to a world, where Fauns and Dryads are still supposed to be mythical, and which has never known Caprarola.

CHAPTER XXIV.

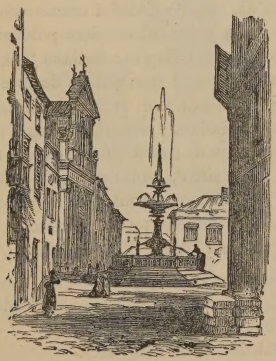
VITERBO AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

ON descending the Ciminian Hill towards Viterbo, one overlooks the great plain of Etruria, once crowded with populous cities, now deserted and desolate. It is a deeply interesting historical view, second only to that on the other side of the hill.

"With what pride must an Etruscan have regarded this scene two thousand five hundred years since. The numerous cities in the plain were so many trophies of the power and civilization of his nation. There stood Volsinii, renowned for her wealth and arts, on the shores of her crater-lake—there Tuscania reared her towers in the west—there Vulci shone out from the plain, and Cosa from the mountain—and there Tarquinii, chief of all, asserted her metropolitan supremacy from her cliff-bound heights. Nearer still, his eye must have rested on city after city, some in the plain, and others at the foot of the slope beneath him; while the mountains in the horizon must have carried his thoughts to the glories of Clusium, Perusia, Cortona, Vetulonia, Volaterræ, and other cities of the great Etruscan Confederation. How changed is now the scene! Save Tuscania, which still retains her site, all within view are now desolate. Tarquinii has left scarce a vestige of her greatness on the grass-grown heights she once occupied; the very site of Volsinii is forgotten; silence has long reigned in the crumbling theatre of Ferentum; the plough yearly furrows the bosom of Vulci; the fox, the owl, and the bat, are the sole tenants of the vaults within the ruined walls of Cosa; and of the rest, the greater part have neither building, habitant, nor name—nothing but the sepulchres around them to prove they ever had an existence."—*Dennis'* "*Cities of Etruria.*"

The sun was setting as we drove down the long descent

of the Ciminian forest, and entered Viterbo, and over the gate the great figure of Santa Rosa holding her crucifix stood out stern and grey against the opal sky. Viterbo, which the old chroniclers called "the city of beautiful fountains and beautiful women," is now rightly known as "the Nuremberg of Italy." Every street is a study. Such wonderful old houses, with sculptured cornices, Gothic windows, and heavy outside staircases resting on huge corbels! Such a wealth of sparkling water playing around the grand Gothic fountains, and washing the carved lions and other monsters which adorn them! The great piazza is so curious, where the houses are hung with stone shields of arms, where two lions on tall pillars guard the way, and where stands the *Palazzo Publico*, within whose court is such a fine view of the city and the hills beyond. Here, round the little platform, are five Etruscan figures reclining upon their tombs



At Viterbo.

much like people looking out of their berths in a steamer. In the palace above are preserved the forgeries by which

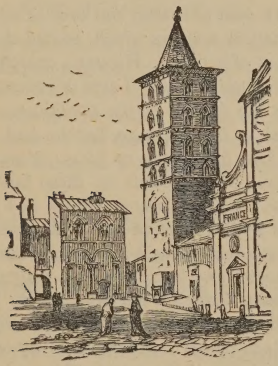
Fra Giovanni Nanni, commonly called Annio di Viterbo, claimed for his native city an antiquity greater than that of Troy, and a marble tablet, inscribed with a pretended edict of Desiderius, the last of the Lombard kings, decreeing that "within one wall shall be included the three towns, Longula, Vetulonia, and Terrena, called Volturna, and that the whole city thus formed shall be called Etruria or Viterbum.

On the opposite side of the piazza, raised high against the wall of the church of *S. Angelo in Spata*, is the sarcophagus tomb of the fair Galiana, whose beauty made her the cause of a war between Viterbo and the Romans, who only consented to raise the siege of her native city, on condition of her showing herself upon the battlements, and allowing the besiegers once more to gaze upon her charms. Her epitaph says:—

"Flos honor patriæ, species pulcherrima rerum,
Clauditur hic tumulo Galiana ornata venusto;
Fœmina signa polos conscendere pulchra meretur
Angelicis manibus diva hic Galiana tenetur.
Si Veneri non posse mori natura dedisset,
Nec fragili Galiana mori mundo potuisset.
Roma dolet nimium; tristatur Thuscia tota;
Gloria nostra perit; sunt gaudia cuncta remota;
Miles et arma silent, nimio perculsa dolore.
Organa jam fidibus pereunt caritura canoris.
Anno milleno centeno terque deceno
Octonoque diem clausit dilecta Tonanti."

"Galianæ Patritiæ Viterbensi,
Cujus incomparabilem pulchritudinem
Insigni pudicitiæ junctam
Sat fuit vidisse mortales,
Consules majestatis tantæ fœminæ
Admiratione hoc honoris ac pietatis
Monumentum hieroglyphicum exsculp."
CIↃCXXXVIII.

Though not so old as the mendacious Dominican, Nanni, would make out, there is nothing new, and nothing small, in Viterbo, whose very name, compounded of *Vetus Urbs*, would indicate its antiquity. Every wall, every doorway, every sculpture, is vast of its kind, and every design is noble. Its ancient name would appear from inscriptions to have been Surrina. The *Cathedral* (of S. Lorenzo) stands in the lower part of the town, on a rising ground, which was once occupied by a temple of Hercules, and which was called "Castellum Herculis" as late as the thirteenth century. Near it is a *Bridge* with Etruscan foundations in blocks of six courses. The cathedral stands in a kind of close, and is



Cathedral of Viterbo.

almost surrounded by different fragments of the half-demolished *Palace* where the popes of the thirteenth century resided. In the great hall which still exists, met the conclaves at which Urban IV. (1261), Clement IV. (1264), Gregory X. (1271), John XXI. (1276), Nicholas III. (1277), and Martin IV. (1277), were elected. The cardinals spent six months

over the election of the last pope, and made Charles of Anjou, who was then at Viterbo, so impatient, that he took away the roof of their council-chamber to force them to a decision, and they, in a kind of bravado, dated their letters of that time from "the roofless palace." This council-hall is surrounded by memorials of all the popes who were natives of Viterbo and its surrounding villages, or who lived there. Adjoining it is another hall, still roofless, in which Pope John XXI. (Pedro Juliani—a Portuguese) was killed by the fall of the ceiling in 1277. This room is supported by a single pillar, standing in the open space below, which projects through the floor so as to form a fountain.

"John XXI. was a man of letters, and even of science; he had published some mathematical treatises which excited the astonishment and therefore the suspicion of his age. He was a churchman of easy access, conversed freely with humbler men, if men of letters, and was therefore accused of lowering the dignity of the pontificate. He was perhaps hasty and unguarded in his language, but he had a more inexpiable fault. He had no love for monks or friars: it was supposed that he meditated some severe coercive edicts on these brotherhoods. Hence his death was foreshown by gloomy prodigies, and held either to be a divine judgment, or a direct act of the Evil One. John XXI. was contemplating with too great pride a noble chamber which he had built in the palace at Viterbo, and burst out into laughter; at that instant the avenging roof came down on his head. Two visions revealed to different holy men the Evil One hewing down the supports, and so overwhelming the reprobate pontiff. He was said by others to have been, at the moment of his death, in the act of writing a book full of the most deadly heresies, or practising the arts of magic."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

There is not much to see in the cathedral, beyond a beautiful font, pictures of several of the native popes, and the tomb of poor John XXI. close to the door. It is chiefly interesting to Englishmen from the murder of Prince Henry D'Almaine, son of Richard Earl of Cornwall and nephew of

Henry III. He was returning from the crusades with his cousin Prince Edward, and was met here by Guy de Montfort, the hereditary enemy of his family, who stabbed him while kneeling at the altar. The murderer was leaving the church and boasting of his vengeance to his followers, when one of them reminded him that his father, Simon de Montfort, had been dragged in the dust, upon which, returning to the altar, and seizing the lifeless prince by the hair, he dragged him into the piazza. The deed is commemorated by Dante, who alludes to the fact that his sorrowing father exposed the heart of Prince Henry to public pity on London Bridge, and who sees the murderer in the seventh circle of hell, plunged in a river of boiling blood.

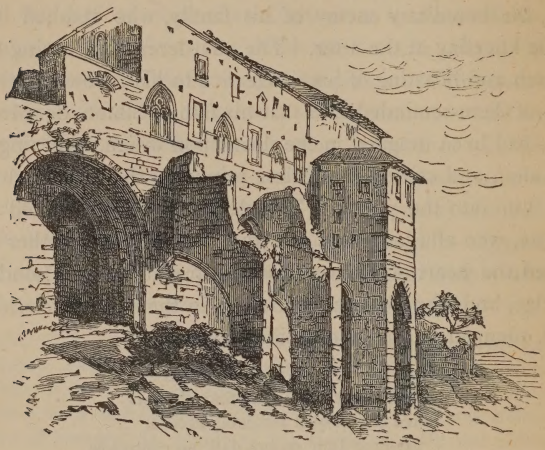
"Poco più oltre il Centauro s'affisse
Sovra una gente, che fino alla gola
Parea che di quel bulicame uscisse.
Mostrocci un' ombra dall' un canto sola
Dicendo: Colui fesse in grembo a Dio
Lo cor che in su 'l Tamigi ancor si cola."

Purgatorio, xii.

Passing through the detached Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre (beyond the council-chamber), which contains a curious fresco portrait of our Saviour, we may emerge on a terrace below the finest part of the papal palace, a lofty wall pierced with Gothic windows and supported by flying buttresses.

Quite at the other end of the town, close to the Tuscan gate, stands the fine old castle called La Rocca, like all the town-castles in this part of Italy. In front of it is a beautiful fountain approached by many steps. The neighbouring *Church of S. Francesco* has an outside pulpit, whence S. Bernardino of Siena used to address the people. It contains several

beautiful thirteenth-century tombs, especially that, resplendent with delicate sculpture and mosaic, of Pope Adrian V.,



Papal Palace, Viterbo.

who was one of three popes elected within three years after the death of the holy and wise Gregory X. He was Ottobuoni Fieschi, nephew of Innocent IV. He answered his relations who came to congratulate him on his election,—"Would that ye came to a cardinal in good health and not to a dying pope." He was not crowned, consecrated, or even ordained priest, and only lived long enough to choose his name and to redeem his native Genoa from interdict.* On the other side of the altar is another grand Gothic tomb, that of Cardinal Landriano (1445), with angels drawing a curtain over his sleeping figure. Opposite, is the solemn thought-inspiring picture of "the Solitude of the Virgin," by *Sebastian del Piombo*,—the Madonna watching the dead body of Christ

* See *Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity*, vol. v. 94.

through the moonlit night. It is a grand subject, grandly carried out, and should be seen in early morning, when alone there is sufficient light in the church to illumine the barren distances of the picture, and reveal figures otherwise unseen.

"The works of Sebastiano having been exalted to great, or rather infinite, reputation by the praises lavished on them by Michael Angelo, to say nothing of the fact that they were in themselves beautiful and commendable, there was a certain Messer, I know not who, from Viterbo, who stood high in favour with the Pope, and who commissioned Sebastiano to paint a dead Christ, with our Lady weeping over him, for a certain chapel which he had caused to be erected in the Church of S. Francesco in Viterbo ; but although the work was finished with infinite care and zeal by Sebastiano, who executed a twilight landscape therein, yet the invention was Michael Angelo's, and the cartoon was prepared by his hand. The picture was esteemed a truly beautiful one by all who beheld it, and acquired a great increase of reputation for Sebastiano."—*Vasari.*

"The figure of Christ, which has, apparently, been drawn from nature, is nearly black; it is extended on a white winding-sheet, with the shoulders raised, and the head drooping back, admirably drawn. The difficulties of the position are completely surmounted. The Madonna, behind, clasping her hands in an agony of grief, strongly expresses the deep, passionate, overwhelming affliction of a mother, weeping for her child in a despair that knows no comfort. This is its charm ; there is nothing ideal, nothing beautiful, nothing elevated. She is advanced in life ; she is in poverty ; she seems to belong to the lower orders of women : —but, there is nature in it, true and unvitiated, though common, and perhaps vulgar—nature, that speaks at once to every heart."—*Eaton's Rome.*

Next to S. Francesco, the most interesting church in Viterbo is that of *Sta. Maria della Verità*, outside one of the gates. The interior was once painted all over with frescoes of the rare master *Lorenzo di Viterbo*, who spent twenty-five years upon the work, completing it in 1469. The church was used as a hospital during the plague, after which it was thought necessary to whitewash it all over, only a greatly-revered figure of the Virgin and one or two saints being pre-

served in the body of the church. But the chapel of the Virgin was uninjured. It stands on the right of the nave, from which it is separated by a curious screen of wrought-iron, and it is covered all over with frescoes from the story of the Madonna. In the picture of the Nativity, her figure, kneeling in a long white veil, is perfectly lovely. The oblong fresco of the Sposalizio, crowded with figures, is most interesting, not only as a memorial of thirteenth-century art, but of all the persons living in Viterbo at that time, as every figure is a portrait. Few who visit the church will agree with the following criticism, yet it is not without interest.

"The preservation of the name of Lorenzo is due to the vanity of a citizen of Viterbo, Niccola della Tuccia, who having compiled a book of the annals of his native place, could not resist the temptation of inserting a passage in it relative to himself. He describes how Nardo Mazzatosta, having caused a chapel in S. Maria della Verità, outside Viterbo, to be painted by Maestro Lorenzo di Pietro Paolo, that artist took him for a model in his fresco of the Presentation in the Temple, 'on the 26th of April, 1469.'

"On the walls of the chapel of Nardo Mazzatosta, the curious of our day will see, in a lunette, the Procession of Mary and her parents to the temple, with the Sposalizio in a lower course; in a second lunette, a Virgin and angel annunciate with saints, and the Nativity below; in a third, the Burial and Assumption of the Virgin; finally, in the ceiling, the symbols of the evangelists, prophets, fathers of the Church, and confessors, the venerable Bede amongst them.

"Nothing can be more clear than the imitation of the manner and conception of Piero della Francesca and Melozzo in the Presentation and Sposalizio. Lorenzo not only designs with the examples of Piero in his mind, he endeavours also to reproduce his architecture and perspective. In some portraits his realism is not without power; but vulgarity and affectation are striking. He is not correct as a draughtsman. His colour is cold and dull. His perspective is false, his forms rigid. These features are, however, more striking in the Nativity than in the Annunciation, which recalls Benozzo. Nor are the reminiscences of that master confined to one subject. They are produced with equal force in the ceiling, in which a head like that of the venerable Bede seems a caricature of the Florentine in tricky tone as well as in features

"The initials of Lorenzo, and the date 1469, confirm the annals of Niccola della Tuccia, but Lorenzo was busy in other parts of S. M. della Verità, besides the chapel of Nardo Mazzatosta ; and an Annunciation, a Marriage of S. Catherine, and a Madonna giving suck to the infant Saviour, all of them completed before 1455, betray the same rude hand, and the influence of Gozzoli."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

In the *Chiesa degli Osservanti del Paradiso* is a replica by *Sebastian del Piombo* of his famous "flagellation" in the church of S. Pietro in Montorio at Rome. Here also is a Nativity, attributed to *Pinturicchio*, but "the style is that of Spagna's pupils, such as Jacopo da Norcia, or the Perugian Orlandi who was assistant to Sinibaldo Ibi."* A lunette on the outside of the church, representing the Virgin and Child between S. Jerome and S. Francis, has been attributed, without reason, to Leonardo da Vinci—it is more probably the work of *Lo Spagna.*

No one should stay at Viterbo without going to visit the *Church of Sta. Rosa*, to look upon the incorruptible patroness of the town. There was no sign of her when we first entered the church, where the people, in loud voices, were singing "Benediction," but the service being over, we were directed to ring a bell, when a wooden screen drew up, and a nun appeared behind a grille, pointing to a blackened mummy by her side, in a golden shrine and crowned with roses. The dead face still wears a calm, rather touching, expression. A number of country people had flocked to the grille with us, most of whom knelt. We all received from the nun a gift of a small piece of knotted cord—"Disciplina"—which had been laid upon the holy body, and roses were given to those especially favoured.

Santa Rosa was not a professed nun, but a member of the

* *Crowe and Cavalcaselle*, iii. 297.

Third Order of S. Francis. In the thirteenth century she was as conspicuous for her eloquence as for her charity, and for the extraordinary moral influence she exercised over the people of Viterbo. She obtained her position as patroness of the city rather through politics than piety. By her fiery addresses she excited her fellow-citizens to rise against Frederic II. of Germany. They were defeated, and she was driven into exile, but lived to return triumphantly when the Emperor died, and after her death (May 8, 1261) she was canonized by the Pope she had served, and invoked by the party she had advocated.

"We paid a visit, at her own convent, to Santa Rosa, a very surprising woman. 'Cowards die many times before their death,' but this saint has died once since hers.

"She originally died, it seems, in the thirteenth century; but after lying dead a few hundred years, she came to life one night when her chapel was on fire, got up and rang the bell to give notice of it, and then quietly laid down and died again, without anybody knowing anything of the matter. The chapel, however, was burnt down, though she had got out of her grave and rung the bell to prevent it; all her fine clothes, too, were burned off her back, and her very ring was melted on her finger; but she remained unconsumed, though her face and hands are as black as a negro's. However, they say she was very fair four hundred years ago, before she was singed, and that she never was embalmed even after her first death, but was preserved solely in the odour of sanctity. This remarkable saint began, with praiseworthy industry, to work miracles as soon as she was born, by raising a child from the dead, while she was yet a baby herself; and miracles she still continues to perform every day —as the nun who exhibited her informed me. On inquiring what kind of miracles they were, I was informed that she cures all sorts of diseases, heals sores, and even re-establishes some lame legs; but she does not, by any means, always choose to do it, thinking it proper that the infirmities of many should continue. I have no doubt that the nun, who related her history to me, really and truly believes in it all. She knelt before the saint in silent devotion first, and then gave me a bit of cord, the use of which perplexed me much; and while I was turning it round and round in my fingers, and wondering what she expected me to do with it,

a troop of dirty beggars burst into the church, together with some better dressed, but scarcely less dirty people ; and the whole company, having adored the saint, received from the nun, every one, bits of cord like mine. I inquired the use of them, and was told they had been round the body of the saint, where they had acquired such virtues, that, tied round any other body, they would save it from 'molte disgrazie.'"—*Eaton's Rome.*

Another convent, *S. Caterina*, is interesting from its connection with the beautiful Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara, who retired here in 1541, prompted by the wish of greater abstraction and retirement from worldly life. Here she held her principal residence till the last year of her life (1546), taking part in the education of the younger nuns. Of the sonnets which she composed here, one may be given as a specimen, and especially as showing her spirit of constant preparation for death.

"Would that a voice impressive might repeat,
In holiest accents to my inmost soul,
The name of Jesus ; and my words and works
Attest true faith in Him, and ardent hope ;
The soul elect, which feels within itself
The seeds divine of this celestial love,
Hears, sees, attends on Jesus ; Grace from Him
Illumes, expands, fires, purifies the mind ;
The habit bright of thus invoking Him,
Exalts our nature so, that it appeals
Daily to Him for its immortal food.
In the last conflict with our ancient foe,
So dire to Nature, armed with Faith alone,
The heart, from usage long, on Him will call."

Translation by J. S. Harford.

The streets of Viterbo are full of old palaces. Just above the pleasant little hotel of La Americana, is that which was built by Paul III. for his Legate. The old *Palazzo Chigi* is very curious. The loggia is covered with frescoes. Several of the chimney-pieces are magnificent, sculptured

with lilies in low relief. Some of the tapestry, with a beautiful frieze of "putti," is interesting as representing all the fashionable amusements of its time. The tall tower is now so ruinous, that its ascent, by a series of ladders, is almost dangerous, but it has a splendid view. It is a resting-place for innumerable pigeons, who do not belong to the inmates, but are allowed a home here and provide for themselves.

The *Palazzo San Martino,* which Murray would lead people to look for in Viterbo, is in reality four miles distant, on the declivity of the Ciminian Hills, whence there is a splendid view. It is well worth visiting on account of its connection with Olympia Pamfili, the famous "papessa," sister-in-law of Innocent X. She was born at Viterbo in 1594, of the noble but ruined family of the Maidalchini, and was destined by her parents for a convent, but insisted upon marrying a Count Pamfili, nineteen years older than herself. The attraction to this alliance was the fact that her husband had a brother, over whom she obtained unbounded ascendancy, and who rose under her guidance to obtain a cardinal's hat in 1629, and the papal tiara in 1644. Her husband being then dead, Donna Olympia took up her residence at the Vatican, and employed the eleven years of her brother-in-law's life in the sale of benefices, appointments, and offices of every description, for which she did not hesitate to drive the hardest bargains possible.

"Olympia established herself in the Vatican as its mistress! No step of domestic government or foreign policy decided on, no grace, favour, or promotion accorded, no punishment inflicted, was the pontiff's own work. His invaluable sister-in-law did all. He was absolutely a puppet in her hands. The keys of S. Peter were strung to her girdle; and the only function in which she probably never interfered, was blessing the people.

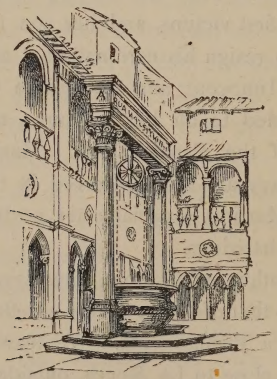
"One day a large medal was conveyed into the Pope's hands, on the

obverse of which was represented Olympia, with the pontifical tiara on her head, and the keys in her hand: while the reverse showed Innocent in a coif, with a spindle and distaff in his hands. Another day a report was brought to him from England that a play had been represented before Cromwell, called 'The Marriage of the Pope;' in which Donna Olympia is represented rejecting his addresses on account of his extreme ugliness, till, having in vain offered her one of the keys to induce her to consent, he attains his object at the cost of both of them. The Emperor again had said to the Papal Nuncio, 'Your Pope, my Lord, has an easy time of it, with Madame Olympia to put him to sleep.'"—*T. A. Trollope.*

Innocent X. died Jan. 7th, 1655, by which time Olympia had amassed, besides vast estates, and an immense amount of uncoined gold and precious stones, more than two millions of golden crowns. The succeeding Pope, Alexander VII., demanded from her an account of the State monies which had passed through her hands, and restitution of the valuables she had taken away from the Vatican; but this was never carried out, the pestilence which appeared in Italy drew away the attention of every one, Olympia herself was among its first victims, and her son Camillo, who had been allowed to resign his cardinal's hat and released from his Orders by Innocent, and married to the rich Princess Rosano, succeeded to all her treasures, and founded the great family of the Pamfili-Doria. Many relics of their wicked ancestress are still preserved in the palace of the Dorias at San Martino, especially her portrait, and her bed with its leather hangings.

There is another even more interesting palace in this neighbourhood, that of Duke Lante at Bagnaja. It is the perfect ideal of a Roman villa. We leave Viterbo by the Porta Romana, close to La Rocca, outside which there is a public garden, crowded towards evening, like the Pincio, with gaily-dressed ladies and cavalry-officers in their smart tightly-fitting uniforms.

A straight road, a mile in length, leads from the gate to the famous sanctuary of *La Quercia.* In the square before it two ancient fairs are held, which are of great antiquity, the first founded in 1240 by Frederick II., beginning on the 22nd of September, and ending on the 6th of October; the second, founded in 1513 by Leo X., beginning at Pentecost, and lasting for the fifteen days following. The front of the great church of *La Madonna della Quercia,* and its stately tower, are splendid works of *Bramante.* Over the central door is a fine representation of the Madonna surrounded by angels, and over the side doors S. Joseph and S. Stephen, S. Dominic and S. Peter Martyr, by *Luca della Robbia.* The monks of the adjoining convent are devoted to education, and when we visited the church its vast aisles were peopled with large groups of children, which the friars in their white robes were teaching. The ceiling is gilt and very magni-



The Well of La Quercia.

ficent, like that of Santa Maria Maggiore. Behind the altar,

in a kind of recess, is preserved the famous relic, the Madonna which miraculously grew out of an oak on that spot. The branch of the tree is preserved as evidence! But the great charm of the place is its glorious Gothic cloister and fountain, with the inscription, "He who drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but he who drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." It was in this church that the Père Lacordaire and the Père Requedat made their profession. Alexandrine de la Ferronays thus describes the scene to M. de Montalembert :—

"Les cloches sonnaient, l'orgue jouait triomphant dans cette belle église. . . Je m'étais mis à genoux, baissant la tête. En la relevant, je vois près de moi deux dominicains étendus la face contre terre : c'étaient les frères Lacordaire et Requedat. Ils se sont bientôt relevés et ont écouté, assis, le discours que leur a fait celui qui ce jour-là occupait la place du supérieur. Ce discours a été excellent. Il leur a parlé de ce que devait être leur vie, obéissante et mortifiée ; de tous les différents pays de la terre où ils pouvaient être appelés à aller ; de ce qu'ils ne devaient rien s'attribuer,—ce qui ne voulait pas dire qu'ils dussent ignorer les talents qu'ils possédaient, lorsqu'ils en avaient, mais que, s'ils mourraient martyrs avant d'avoir pû faire autre chose, rien ne serait mieux— A ce mot, Pauline a vu un sourire de béatitude sur la figure de M. Requedat. Puis ils ont fait profession entre les mains du supérieur, qui les a très-tendrement embrassés. Tout a été bien vite fini, et on nous a menés voir la madone miraculeuse conservée dans le chêne."—*Récit d'une Sœur.*

Two miles further, a tall tower and a quaint castle guarding a little village announces *Bagnaja*. The castle was the old residence of the Lante family, and though neglected now and let out to poor families, it still retains much that is interesting in the interior. A steep street leads up to the iron gate of the later villa, which admits one to a glorious garden, designed by *Vignola* at the same time with the villa itself. It is a perfect paradise. In the centre of the clipped

box-walks is a large fountain with most beautiful Florentine figures—and beyond it a silvery cascade glitters and dances down through the green depths from a series of fern-fringed grottoes. On either side stand the buildings of the villa, one for the family, the other for the guests. They were begun by Cardinal Riario, and finished by Cardinal Gambara. The great hall has fine frescoes by the Zuccheri brothers, and the real comfort and elegance of the rooms attest the frequent presence of the present Duchess, who is of American birth.

Beyond the villa the walks are of indescribable beauty: gigantic plane-trees; terraces, where crystal water is ever sparkling through grey stone channels; mossy grottoes overhung with evergreens; woods of ancient ilexes, which have never known the axe, and which cast the deepest shade in the hottest summer weather; peacocks strutting up and down the long avenues and spreading their tails to the sun; and, here and there, openings towards the glorious mountain distances or the old brown town in the hollow.

But the great object of our stay at Viterbo was to see the Etruscan remains in its neighbourhood, to which three hard-worked days must be devoted, for distance and difficulty make it utterly impossible that any traveller can ever have visited Castel d'Asso, Norchia, and Bieda, on the same day, and gone on to Ronciglione, as is indicated in Murray's Handbook. It is best to make head-quarters at Viterbo, as we did, and drive out each day, for though Vetralla is nearer the scene of action at the two latter places, the inn, a mere tavern, is so dirty and so perfectly miserable, we should not advise any one to attempt it. Castel d'Asso is only five miles from Viterbo, on the edge of the great plain of Etruria, but the place is so little visited, and the track

across the fields so constantly changed, that it is most difficult to find. The description in Murray's Handbook, copied from Sir William Gell, is most grandiloquent, saying that "the cliffs of this and the four adjoining valleys are excavated into a continued series of cavern-sepulchres of enormous size, resembling nothing else in Europe, and only to be compared to the tombs of the kings of Thebes," and that "nothing can be more grand or imposing than the ruined fortress of Castel d'Asso from all parts of the valley." It is perhaps only kindly, however, to warn our readers that the highest of the individual tombs is only about ten feet high, their usual height only six feet (though the cliff above occasionally rises to a height of from 25 to 30 feet, and is now and then ornamented with a moulding near the top), so that travellers may not be deterred from visiting Egypt by the imputed resemblance of "the Bibar el Melek of Etruria." While, as for the fortress, it is a small ordinary campagna tower on the edge of the glen, with a few low, ruined walls.

Etruscan Tomb, Castel d'Asso.

As usual, on all subjects connected with Etruria, the most correct account is that of Mrs Hamilton Gray, by whom these valleys were first unlocked to the general English public, and who made her way, hatchet in hand, through the brushwood from one memorial to another, encountering and sur-

mounting difficulties, and countless natural obstacles, in a way which none but those who have followed in her footsteps can appreciate. The place does *not* present any one of the sublimities described in Murray's Handbook; it has *not* any of the natural advantages of scenery which render most of the Etruscan sites so attractive, but it is very curious, and the careful antiquarian, and real lover of historical detail, will not find it unworthy of a visit. Mrs Gray considers Castel d'Asso to have been the site of the Fanum Voltumnæ, which Dennis places at Montefiascone.

"The great interest of Castel d'Asso arises from its having been the ancient Voltumna, the grand gathering place of all the Etruscan tribes, where the national councils were held from the time of their first establishment in Central Italy; frequented on every occasion by the assembled nobles and their trains, by the rulers of each separate state, and by the priests with all the pomp of their gorgeous and awful worship. There the national chief, or dictator, was elected; hence laws were promulgated, and peace and war declared, not by one state only, but by all Etruria, collected for her own internal government, or for defence against her foes; there all those solemn councils were held which required the highest religious sanctions, and the universal national consent—a plan of government under which the nation increased and flourished for six centuries, until about fifty years before the building of Rome.

"At the head of the glen is supposed to have stood the great temple in the precincts of which the council assembled, and within which sacrifices were made; and in its immediate vicinity were the rocks dedicated to be the sepulchres of those whom Etruria honoured and mourned—the high captains of the league, the high priests, the distinguished patriots, noted orators, dreaded warriors, or beloved and wise kings; those, in short, to whom the whole nation gave a grateful burial, and for whom they wept."—*Mrs Hamilton Gray's Sepulchres of Etruria.*

The best time for a visit to Castel d'Asso is the winter; in the summer, the tombs (such is their size!) are almost entirely concealed by the brushwood. The so-called guides at Viterbo are utterly ignorant, inefficient, and useless.

The road to Castel d'Asso descends into the great plain of Etruria from the Porta Romana, and then turns to the left, at the foot of the hills. It is an excellent carriage-road as far as the hot suphureous baths of the *Bulicame*, mentioned by Dante.

"Lo Bulicame che sempre si scema."

Inferno, xii. 179.

"Tacendo divenimmo là 've spiccia
Fuor della selva un picciol fiumicello,
Lo cui rossore ancor mi raccapriccia.
Quale del Bulicame esce 'l ruscello
Che parton poi tra lor le peccatrici ; *
Tal per la rena giù sen giva quello."

Inf. xiv. 70.

Soon after leaving the Baths, the road becomes the merest track in the wilderness, but can still be pursued in a carriage with a careful driver. It is necessary to take almost all turns to the left, and as far as possible to keep in sight the tower of Castel d'Asso. At length one arrives upon the edge of a very narrow side-gorge just opposite the ruin. Here one must leave the carriage, tether the horse, and fight one's way through the thick wild roses and honeysuckle into the main glen. Before we reach it, the tombs begin to appear on the right of the way, and continue to follow the face of the cliffs into the principal ravine, though, perhaps, small as they appear, those at the entrance of the side glen are the best specimens of the whole. The face of the cliffs is everywhere smoothed away by art, leaving the decorations of the sepulchres in high relief. These decorations are of Egyptian character, each tomb-front being marked by boldly-raised mouldings which seem to denote the outline of a door, the

* See Bussi, Storia di Viterbo.

real entrance being deep below. Occasionally the mouldings are engraved with inscriptions, generally only the names of those within, but occasionally with the addition of other words, especially of Ecasu, which is sometimes interpreted, "Rest in peace," sometimes "Adieu," though, as the learned Orioli of Bologna says, "we really know nothing about it, and our wisest plan is to confess our ignorance." There is no variety in the sculpture. The low opening at the base of the tombs admits to the interior, consisting generally of two chambers. All the tombs have been rifled, but are strewn with broken pottery; brass arms and scarabei have been found there.

"The doors of the tombs have been engraved high up on the rocks in the Egyptian form, that is, smaller at the top than at the bottom, and they have a broken and defaced, but perfectly visible, rock-cornice above them. These rock-sepulchres joined one another in a continued series; there was indeed fully a mile of them, thirty of which we counted, and the castle valley is met by another towards its centre, and directly opposite the ruin, in which we saw sepulchres in the cliffs on both sides. They were like a street, the dwellings of which correspond to each other. We found beneath each engraved door, if I may use such an expression, an open one, six or eight feet lower, which led into the burial-chamber. It would appear that these cavern mouths had formerly been covered up with earth, and that nothing remained above-ground but the smooth face of the rock, with its false Egyptian door and narrow cornice."—*Sepulchres of Etruria.*

The difficulties of finding the way to the sepulchres of Castel d'Asso are not to be compared to those of reaching the famous temple-tombs of Norchia, which is about fourteen miles from Viterbo. A carriage may be taken for about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles beyond the picturesque mediæval town of *Vetralla*, which stands finely on an outlying spur of the Ciminian Hills. Travellers occasionally pass the night there, but the

inn is most miserable, and it is much better to return to Viterbo and to set out again in the early morning. The site of the Forum Cassii, a station on the Via Cassia, is about a mile from Vetralla, and is now marked by the church of *Santa Maria in Forcassi*, called "Filicassi" by the natives.

The Etruscan sites of Norchia and Bieda are each about four miles from Vetralla. The road to Norchia does not lead one, as Murray says, over "bare moors," but through a forest of brushwood; nor does the eye, when you arrive there, "range along the face of the cliffs and trace a long and almost unbroken line of tombs," for though a vast number of tombs exist, they are at great intervals from one another, and exceedingly difficult to discover. We had taken the guide who is generally recommended from Vetralla to direct us to the temple-tombs, and at first, when we left the carriage, he marched on so confidently, that we had faith in his knowledge. After a long hot walk we reached a little ruined Romanesque church, occupying the end of a promontory between two ravines, and marking the site of an ancient village, called Orcle in the ninth century, a name which has been supposed to come from Hercules, who was worshipped by the Etruscans as Ercle. The church was ruined and the village pulled down at a very early period, when the place was utterly deserted on account of the malaria, and all the inhabitants removed to Vitorchiano. To our dismay our so-called guide began to try to persuade us that the ruins of the church were the famous Etruscan monument. He had been here hundreds of times, he said, "this was where all travellers staid, here they held up their hands in admiration, here they expatiated on the grandeurs of Etruria, all around were

the *scavi*, the *pozzi*, of that ancient people; why were we not satisfied?"

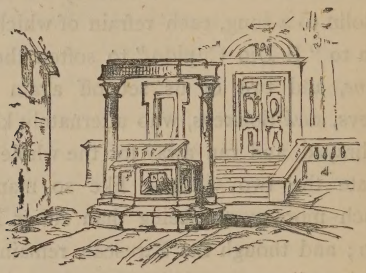
Despairing of our "guide," we engaged two *contadini* who were at work in a corn-field and set out again, struggling through the thick thorns and brambles on the hill-side, sliding down the almost perpendicular banks of tufa, and wading up to our waists in the high corn and grass, reeking with wet below from late thunder-storms, though the sun was pouring down upon us with full force, and the whole valley steaming under its influence. Dismally enough for ourselves we were so foolish as to follow the only indications which "Murray" gives, and which led us in every direction but the right one. Each little tomb we came upon, generally with the same external mouldings as those at Castel d'Asso, our contadini persisted was the celebrated monument, while the guide aimlessly scrambled about amongst the bushes, and tried to mislead us by ecstasies over imaginary discoveries, which often made us clamber up after him, to find nothing whatever.

At last, when we actually found, in the valley to the right of the church, a tomb on which two human heads were sculptured, they would search no further. The contadini declared that we must now have seen sufficient of these freaks of nature (*scherzi della natura*), for such they persisted the sepulchres to be, and the guide now changed his tone, and swore that though the temple-tomb had certainly existed,—he had forgotten it at first, but remembered it now perfectly—it had fallen down with a piece of the rock years ago, and not a vestige of it remained. For hours we searched, scrambling amid brambles and brushwood, tumbling over broken rocks, making our way over

streams by almost invisible stepping-stones, till at last, as, though we had lost all faith in each of our companions, we had still some lingering belief in the position indicated by our guide-books, we began to think that the tomb must have perished as the guide said, and, weary and disgusted, we retraced our steps to Vetralla.

Several hours of daylight still remained, so we left the ladies of our party to rest in the carriage at Vetralla, with an old blind musician seated on a chair by its side, playing on the mandolin to a song, each refrain of which ended in an invocation to "Il Dio Cupido," to soften the hearts of the *belle donne*, and two of us set off again for Bieda, taking donkeys, *such* donkeys, who alternately kicked, and fought, and brayed, and ran away for the whole four miles which separate the two villages, like so many demons. Bieda is much more worth seeing than either Norchia or Castel d'Asso; and though the Etruscan remains are exaggerated, the natural scenery of the place is most beautiful. The road is only a stony, sandy track across rough uplands, with occasional steps in the tufa. After crossing a bridge, it becomes a mere ledge in the face of the precipice, and *Bieda* is seen hanging, eyrie-like, a nest of old worn houses on the edge of the cliff, which is furrowed beneath with ranges of rude sepulchres, for the most part mere caves and devoid of ornament. Deep below a little stream murmurs through the ravine. As the Etruscan city of *Blera*, this place was of considerable importance, and though unapproached by any road, it continued to be so through the middle ages. Two Popes, Paschal II. and Sabinianus, were natives of Blera. The town has still an old gateway, and there is a beautiful well with the arms of the great

extinct family of Anguillara in its little piazza. The church was once a cathedral, and there were fourteen bishops of Blera who also ruled over Civita Vecchia and Toscanella. Over its west door is a little figure of the local saint, the "Divus Viventius," who was a native of the place, where he officiated first as priest and then as bishop. His shrine is in the crypt (now entered by steps in front of the altar, but once approached by two side staircases), which is supported



Cathedral Well, Bieda.

by curious old fluted marble columns, apparently from a pagan temple. In a side chapel is *Annibale Caracci's* fine picture of the Flagellation, displaying wonderful power of muscular drawing. In proof of the healthiness of Bieda, the tomb is shown of "Joannes Samius," who died here in his hundred and eighth year, having been parish-priest for seventy-eight years. As we came out of the church, three little children were sitting in the old Roman sarcophagus in the portico, pretending it was a boat, and a number of country-people were collected round our donkeys, curious to see the unwonted strangers, and forming the most picturesque groups with their bright costumes. Several had brought coins and

curiosities of different kinds dug up in the neighbourhood, in the hope of selling them. Our arrival had made such a sensation that it was declared to be quite impossible that we could leave without visiting the great person of the place, the Conte di San Giorgio—the very idea raised quite a clamour, and to his palazzo our new friends accordingly accompanied us in triumph. We found the young Count in his garden, decorated with beautiful vases and *amphoræ*, found in his own *scavi*, and with all the shrubs clipped into patterns after the fashion of this neighbourhood. With the purchase of the estates of Bieda, the family of San Giorgio have acquired almost feudal rights in the place, but their tenure obliges them to reside here at least six months of every year, six months of exile from all civilized life, for it was fifteen years, the Count said, since any strangers had visited Bieda. He had occupied the time in making a small museum of Etruscan curiosities found on the property. Opposite the Palazzo S. Giorgio, which is a mere country villa, are the remains of the stately tower of the Anguillaras, destroyed by the people three hundred years ago, and its lord murdered, because he insisted on an old baronial right which allowed him to forestall every bridegroom on his estates.

A steep path, a mere cleft in the tufa, leads from the gate near this tower, to a famous Etruscan bridge, the "Ponte del Diavolo," built of huge blocks of tufa. The bridge is gone, and only its three arches remain, formed of huge stones, fastened together without cement. The whole is now overgrown with shrubs and most picturesquely overhung with smilax and ivy.

"The central arch was a true semi-circle thirty feet in space. It has

been split throughout its entire length, probably by an earthquake; the blocks, being uncemented, have been much dislocated, but few have fallen. It is clear that this split occurred at an early period; for in crossing the bridge, passengers have been obliged to step clear of the gaps, which in some parts yawn from one to two feet wide, and, by treading in each other's footsteps, have worn holes far deeper than pious knees have done in the steps at A' Becket's shrine, or in the Santa Scala at Rome. They have worn a hollow pathway almost through the thick masses of rock, in some spots entirely through—a perpendicular depth of more than three feet."—*Dennis' Cities of Etruria.*

The cliffs beyond the bridge rise to a great height, and the valley is exceedingly beautiful. The rock above a cave close to the bridge is covered with bullet-marks, for by old feudal custom, every inhabitant of Bieda on returning successful from the chase, is compelled to discharge his gun against this rock, in order to warn his lord, the Conte di San Giorgio, who then descends from the height to claim his tithe of the boar's thigh. Without returning into the town, one may follow a path along the hollow where there is another old bridge. Here, beneath the houses, the cliff is perfectly honey-combed with tombs, many of them used now as pig-sties or cattle-sheds.

"Here are rows of tombs, side by side, hollowed in the cliff, each with its gaping doorway; here they are in terraces, one above the other, united by flights of steps carved out of the rock; here are masses split from the precipice above, and hewn into tombs, standing out like isolated abodes—shaped, too, into the very forms of houses, with sloping roofs culminating to an apex, overhanging eaves at the gable, and a massive central beam to support the rafters. The angle of the roof is that still usual in Italian buildings—that angle, which being just sufficient to carry off the rain, is naturally suggested in a climate where snow rarely lies a day. On entering any one of the tombs, the resemblance is no less striking. The broad beam carved in relief along the ceiling—the rafters, also in relief, resting on it and sinking gently on either side—the inner chamber in many, lighted by a window on each side of the door in the partition-wall, all three of the same Egyptian form—the

triclinial arrangement of the rock-hewn benches, as though the dead, as represented on their sarcophagi, were wont to recline at a banquet—these things are enough to convince one that in their sepulchres the Etruscans, in many respects, imitated their habitations, and sought to make their cemeteries as far as possible the counterparts of the cities on the opposite heights."—*Dennis.*

We did not reach Viterbo on our return from Bieda till 9 P. M. Very early next morning we received a visit from the antiquity vendor of Viterbo, a most grandiloquent gentleman, who declared that he had himself made excavations, and was enthusiastic as to having lately discovered some fine sarcophagi—"mi sono detto, questi sono per l'Inghilterra, così gli ho destinato." He produced a little bronze ornament from a chandelier of the seventeenth century, an amorino, and swore that it was "Cupido," the ancient god of the Etruscans, upon whose image the warriors struck their weapons when they went to battle, and he protested that some scratches in the metal figure had been left by the clashing of their swords. Nevertheless, as his report of their continued existence coincided with our own opinion, we were beguiled into believing him when he vowed that he knew Norchia intimately, and that he had seen the temple-tombs hundreds of times, and so, tired as we were, we actually ordered the carriage again, and retraced the long fatiguing drive to Vetralla, and on to the copses of Norchia, taking him with us. He roused our hopes by leading us, after we left the carriage, exactly in the opposite direction to that in which we had been the day before. After long wanderings, we reached the bank of a river, which we had to wade through, and then to follow more valleys in the tufa, half choked up with brushwood. He, and all the natives, were fully convinced that we had come to Norchia to look for a hidden treasure of which

he fancied we had discovered the whereabouts. "You know,—of course you have read in history," he said, "that the Etruscans, when they emigrated to England, took with them documents (pergamena), telling of an immense treasure buried at Norchia, and at intervals ever since the English have come, of course you know it, to seek for these riches." Hour after hour we wandered, vainly affirming that the temple-tombs were all that we cared for, and when at length in despair we insisted that we must be near the place, the guide began—"Oh si, Signori, mi pare che deve essere qui, o almeno deve essere qua," pointing in exactly opposite directions, and—it turned out that he knew nothing whatever about it, had never seen the temple-tombs in his life, had not the faintest idea what they meant, and that all he had said was a lie. For hours we searched fruitlessly,* sending the so-called guide in other directions, till at length in one of these excursions a shepherd encountered "questa spia," as he called him, and returning with him to us, declared that he really knew of a "facciata sculta" in a distant valley, and could find the way to it. All our hopes were renewed by this intelligence, our fatigues melted away, and we set out again, but it was a long round of six miles.

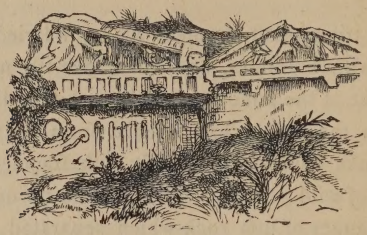
For the benefit of future travellers we may say that if they turn to the right across both fields and woods from the place where the carriage has to be left, they may eventually arrive at the tombs; but the safest way would be (utterly disregarding Murray's direction as to its being at the "extremity" of any valley at all), to make straight for the ruined church, beneath which a number of valleys unite. Looking hence

* We had not *Dennis' Cities of Etruria* with us, otherwise we might have found the tomb by his admirable plan.

(*away* from the path already traversed), the tombs are on the further side of the first collateral valley on the right.

It was a triumphant moment, when, wearied, wet, foot-sore, torn with brambles, and covered with mud, we first came in sight of the famous sepulchres. A featureless glen, smaller than the others, had opened from one of the main valleys; banks covered alternately with fragments of rock, and shrubs of wild pear and cistus, sloped up on either side to the low ranges of tufa rock which separated it from the flat plain around, and here, on turning a corner, we saw two sculptured Doric sepulchres, which recalled the monuments of Petra in extreme miniature. It is, as it were, a double tomb, with two massive projecting entablatures, but one encroaches on the other which is cut away to receive it, so that they are evidently not of the same date. Both are much alike, and have been covered with sculptures in the boldest relief. Half of one of the pediments has fallen down, but on the tomb and a half which remain, though much worn by time, the forms of warriors are distinctly visible. One figure seems to have fallen and others are fighting over him; a winged genius is also discernible; and there are remnants of colour over the whole, the ground-work apparently red. The pediments end on either side in a volute, within which is a gorgon's head. There are traces of pillars having once supported the heavy entablatures. On the mass of tufa below the pediments are traces of more figures, probably once painted, with the armour in low relief. All archæologists are agreed that both architecture and sculpture are imitations of the Greek. Orioli attributes the monuments to the fourth or fifth century of Rome. The

interiors of the tombs are quite devoid of ornament, mere chambers hewn in the tufa.



Temple-Tombs, Norchia.

Mutilated and ruined as they are, the massive sculptures of the temple-tombs will ever make them one of the most interesting of Etruscan remains, and in connection with their lost history, and their lost language, it is impossible to look upon them without the deepest interest. We, however, were unable to linger long on the rugged slopes before their portals;—night was fast closing in, and it was so late before we reached Viterbo, that we met people coming out with lights to look for us, when we were two miles from the town.

Eight miles from Vetralla on the Via Cassia in the direction of Sutri is *Capranica*, an Etruscan site, but of little interest.

CHAPTER XXV.

MONTEFIASCONE, BOLSENA, AND ORVIETO.

(Orvieto is now most easily reached from Rome by railway (in 3½ hours) as it has a station—at the foot of the hill on which the town is situated—on the line from Orte to Siena. But those who have time will not regret the longer excursion by Viterbo and Bolsena. There is a diligence to Viterbo from Orte, and thence carriages may be taken for the rest of the excursion.)

IT is an interesting drive across the great Etruscan plain from Viterbo to Montefiascone. On the left of the road, five miles from Viterbo, are the ruins called *Le Casacce del Bacucco*, consisting of baths and other buildings of imperial date. The largest ruin is now popularly called *La Lettighetta*, or the warming-pan. Considerably to the east of this, stranded in the wide plain, are the ruins, still called *Ferento*, of the Etruscan city Ferentinum, which Horace alludes to, when he says :—

> "Si te grata quies et primam somnus in horam
> Delectat; si te pulvis strepitusque rotarum,
> Si lædit caupona ; Ferentinum ire jubebo."
>
> 1 *Epist.* 17.

From this it appears to have been a quiet country town, but Suetonius speaks of it as the birth-place of the Emperor Otho, and Tacitus as the site of a temple of Fortune. It

continued to exist in mediæval times, and was the site of an episcopal see, but was utterly destroyed in the eleventh century by the people of Viterbo, because its citizens had committed the heresy of representing the figure of Christ upon the cross with the eyes open instead of shut!

In the area of the town, mediæval remains are mingled with early Roman foundations and polygonal blocks of basaltic pavement. The principal ruin is the *Theatre*, which is finely placed on the edge of a ravine. It has seven gates, and the stage-front is a hundred and thirty-six feet in length, built of large rectangular volcanic blocks without cement.

"Ferentum, though small, and probably at no time of political importance, was celebrated for the beauty of its public monuments. Vitruvius cites them as exhibiting 'the infinite virtues' of a stone hewn from certain quarries, called 'Anitianæ,' in the territory of Tarquinii, and especially in the neighbourhood of the Volsinian Lake. This stone, he says, was similar to that of the Alban Mount in colour, i.e., it was grey like *peperino;* it was proof alike against the severity of frost and the action of fire, and of extreme hardness and durability, as might be seen from the monuments of Ferentum, which were made of it. 'For there are noble statues of wonderful workmanship, and likewise figures of smaller size, together with foliage and acanthi, delicately carved, which albeit they be ancient, appear as fresh as if they were but just now finished.' The brass-founders, he adds, find this stone most useful for moulds. 'Were these quarries near the city, it would be well to construct everything of this stone.' Pliny speaks of this stone in the same laudatory terms, but calls it a white *silex.*"—*Dennis' Cities of Etruria.*

About four miles east of Ferento, by a path very difficult to find, is *Vitorchiano*, a village on an Etruscan site, which still possesses the curious privilege of having the monopoly of supplying the servants of the Roman senators. It is said that this was granted when a native of the place successfully extracted a thorn from the foot of one of the emperors. Every forty years the principal families draw lots for their

order of service, each sending one of its members, or selling the privilege at a price which is fixed by custom.

Still further east, 12 miles from Viterbo, by the direct road, is *Bomarzo*. Two miles from the modern village, which has an old castle of the Borghese, is the site of an Etruscan town, supposed to be Mœonia. There are few remains above-ground, but several interesting tombs. One, with a single pillar in its centre, is known as the *Grotta della Colonna*. Near it is the *Grotta Dipinta*, decorated with very curious frescoes of Dolphins and other monsters, some of them with semi-human faces. The temple-shaped sarcophagus, adorned with snakes, now in the British Museum, was found in this tomb.

As we continue the road to *Montefiascone*, the town is exceedingly effective from a distance, cresting a hill, and crowned by the handsome dome of a cathedral, designed by San Michele and dedicated to S. Margaret. The hill, always celebrated for its wine, probably derives thence its name,—*fiascone* signifying a large flask. Dennis considers that it occupies either the site of the Etruscan city Œnarea, or that of the Fanum Voltumnæ, the shrine where the princes of Etruria met in council on the affairs of the confederation. No Etruscan remains however exist except a few caverned tombs, now turned into the hovels of the miserable living inhabitants.

"Well may this height have been chosen as the site of the national temple! It commands a magnificent and truly Etruscan panorama. The lake (of Bolsena) shines beneath in all its breadth and beauty—truly meriting the title of 'the great lake of Italy;' and though the towers and palaces of Volsinii have long ceased to sparkle on its bosom, it still mirrors the white cliffs of its twin islets, and the distant snow-peaks of Amiata and Cetona. In every other direction is one 'intermingled

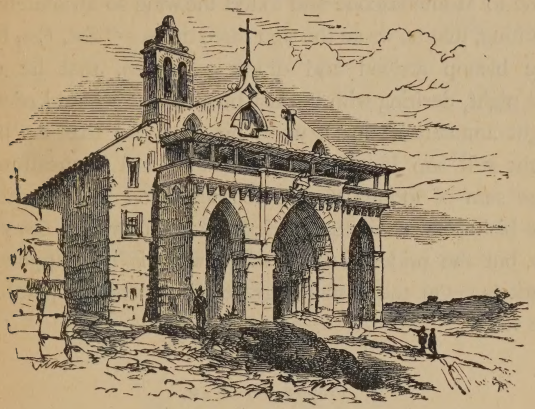
pomp of vale and hill.' In the east rise the dark mountains of Umbria; and the long line of mist at their foot marks the course of 'the Etruscan stream'—

'The noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.'

The giant Apennines of Sabina loom afar off, dim through the hazy noon; and the nearer Ciminian, dark with its once dread forests, stretches its triple-crested mass across the southern horizon. Fertile and populous was the country, numerous and potent the cities, that lay beneath the confederate princes as they sate here in council; and many an eye in the wide plain would turn hitherward as to the ark of national safety. The warriors gathering at the sacred lake in defence of their children's homes and fathers' sepulchres, would look to the great goddess for succour, the augur on the distant arx of Tarquinii or Cosa, would turn to her shrine for a propitious omen,—the husbandman would lift his eye from the furrow, and invoke her blessing on his labours,—and the mariner on the bosom of the far-off Tyrrhene, would catch the white gleam of her temple, and breathe a prayer for safety and success."—*Dennis' Cities of Etruria.*

Outside the Roman gate of the town, near the pleasant little inn of the Aquila Nera, at which the *vetturini* halt, is the principal sight of the place, the wonderful old *Church of S. Flaviano*, which dates from the eleventh century, but was restored by Urban IV. in 1262. It is a most curious building, and highly picturesque outside, with a broad balconied loggia over a triple entrance. Within, it is quite one of the most remarkable churches in Italy, by no means "subterranean," as Murray says, nor has it even a crypt, but the triforium is of such breadth, that it almost forms a second church, and contains a second high-altar, and a bishop's throne, approached by staircases on either side of the high-altar which covers the remains of S. Flaviano in the lower church. The pillars are most extraordinary, of enormous size, and with magnificent and very curious capitals sculptured with intricate patterns. Some of the side chapels are

almost in ruins. The whole building was once covered with frescoes, which are now only visible where a white-wash coating has been removed. In a chapel on the left of the



S. Flaviano, Montefiascone.

entrance they are more perfect, and exquisite specimens of Umbrian Art. The chief subject is the Massacre of the Innocents; a beautiful head, probably of the unknown artist, is introduced in the frieze. In the centre of the ceiling is Our Saviour surrounded by Angels.

An incised grave-stone before the high-altar representing a bishop with a goblet on either side of his head, is interesting as that of Bishop Johann Fugger, one of the famous family who burnt the proofs of the debts of Charles V., and lived in princely splendour in the old palace at Augsburg, now known as the "Drei Mohren." The bishop loved good wine beyond everything, and travelled over all distant lands in search of it. He was so afraid of the price

rising on his advent, that he sent on his valet before, bidding him taste the wine at the places he came to, and if he found it good to send back the word "Est." The valet came to Montefiascone and found the wine so absolutely enchanting, that he wrote the sign three times—"Est, Est, Est." The bishop arrived and drank so much, that he died that night, desiring with his last breath, that a barrel of wine might annually be upset upon his grave, so that his body might still sop in the delicious fluid, and bequeathing a large sum of money to Montefiascone on this condition. The bishop's wishes were carried out annually till a few years ago, but the price of the cask of wine is now applied to charities. On the bishop's grave is the epitaph placed by the valet.

"Est, Est, Est
Propter nimium est,
Joannes de Foucris
Dominus meus
Mortuus est."

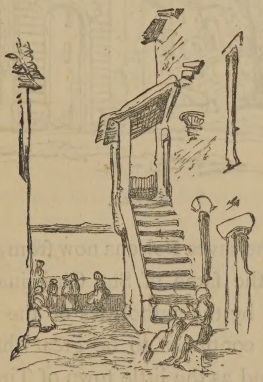
From the hill above Montefiascone we look down over the lake of Bolsena, which we have already made acquaintance with from the top of Soracte. It is more than twenty-six miles round, and encircled by low hills. Two rocky islets break the expanse of water; on the larger, *Bisentina*, is an interesting church built by the Farnesi to commemorate the miraculous escape of Sta. Christina from drowning: in the smaller island, *Martana*, may be seen the staircase which led to the bath where the Gothic Queen Amalasontha was strangled by her cousin Theodatus. The lake is full of fish, especially eels: Pope Martin IV. died from eating too many of them:

"E quella faccia
Di là da lui, piu che le altre trapunta,
Ebbe la santa chiesa in le sue braccia
Dal Torso fu, e purga per digiuno
Le anguille di Bolsena e la vernaccia.

Purgat. xxiv.

"The lake is surrounded with white rocks, and stored with fish and wild-fowl. The younger Pliny (Ep. xi. 95) celebrates two woody islands that floated on its waters: if a fable, how credulous the ancients! if a fact, how careless the moderns! yet, since Pliny, the islands may have been fixed by new and gradual accessions."—*Gibbon*, v. 128.

As we approach Bolsena the valley is hemmed in to our right by curious basaltic rocks, formed by rows of columns closely imbedded together, as at the Giant's Causeway, and at Dunstanborough in Northumberland. Since railways have diverted the traffic, there has been absolutely no inn in

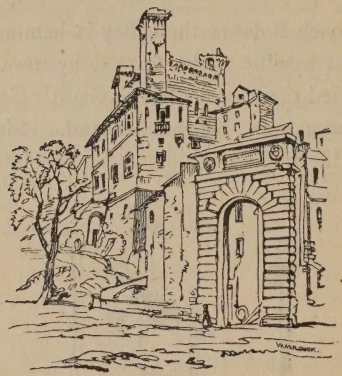


Street Scene, Bolsena

the little town of Bolsena, though artists may obtain lodgings there. They will find plenty of work in its old streets, full of beautiful doorways, and charming subjects of vine-covered

loggias before the old houses, with views of the blue lake beneath the twining branches.

Outside the northern gate is a sort of little piazza, round which are ranged some altars and capitals of columns, relics of the city of Volsinii, which the Romans built on the site of the earlier Etruscan city of Volsinium, celebrated in the pages of Livy. Sejanus, the favourite of Tiberius, was born at Volsinii.



Bolsena.

That which alone saves Bolsena now from sinking into utter insignificance, is the fame of Sta. Christina, for though her legend is rejected by the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church, her fame continues to be great through the whole of central Italy, and as the little town of Tiro, where she was born, on the shore of the lake, has been swallowed up by its waters, the pilgrimages in her honour are all now devoted to Bolsena, where she is buried.

"Her legend, as given in the *Perfetto Legendario*, represents her as the

daughter of Urbanus, a Roman patrician, and governor of the city. He was an idolater, but his daughter, who had been early converted to the faith of Christ, called herself therefore Christina. 'One day, as she stood at her window, she saw many poor and sick, who begged alms, and she had nothing to give them. But suddenly she remembered that her father had many idols of gold and silver; and, being filled with the holy zeal of piety and charity, she took these false gods and broke them in pieces, and divided them amongst the poor. When her father returned and beheld what had been done, no words could express his rage and fury! He ordered his servants to seize her and beat her with rods, and throw her into a dark dungeon; but the angels of heaven visited and comforted her, and healed her wounds. Then her father, seeing that torments did not prevail, ordered them to tie a mill-stone round her neck, and throw her into the lake of Bolsena; but the angels still watched over her; they sustained the stone, so that she did not sink, but floated on the surface of the lake; and the Lord, who beheld from heaven all that this glorious virgin had suffered for His sake, sent an angel to clothe her in a white garment, and to conduct her safe to land. Then her father, utterly astonished, struck his forehead and exclaimed, "What meaneth this witchcraft?" And he ordered that they should light a fiery furnace and throw her in; but she remained there five days unharmed, singing the praises of God. Then he ordered that her head should be shaved, and that she should be dragged to the temple of Apollo to sacrifice; but no sooner had she looked upon the idol, than it fell down before her. When her father saw this his terror was so great that he gave up the ghost.

"'But the patrician Julian, who succeeded him as governor, was not less barbarous, for, hearing that Christina in her prison sang perpetually the praises of God, he ordered her tongue to be cut out, but she only sang more sweetly than ever, and uttered her thanksgivings aloud, to the wonder of all who heard her. Then he shut her up in a dungeon with serpents and venomous reptiles; but they became in her presence harmless as doves. So, being well-nigh in despair, this perverse pagan caused her to be bound to a post, and ordered his soldiers to shoot her with arrows till she died. Thus she at length received the hardly-earned crown of martyrdom; and the angels, full of joy and wonder at such invincible fortitude, bore her pure spirit into heaven.'"—*Jameson's Legendary Art.*

The beautiful *Church of Sta. Christina* stands near the Roman gate. In front of it is a splendid sarcophagus, with

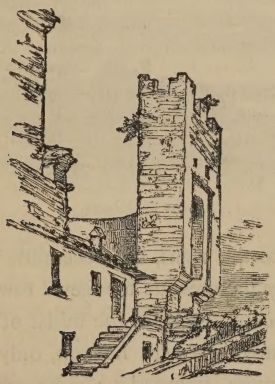
Bacchic bas-reliefs. The doors have ornaments by *Luca della Robbia.* Inside, is the shrine of the saint, with three scenes from her prolonged martyrdom,—the cutting off of her breasts, her being roasted in a furnace, and her being shot with arrows.

A dark chapel on the left is famous as the scene of the Miracle of Bolsena, pourtrayed by Raphael on the Walls of the Stanze, when, to convert an unbelieving priest, the consecrated wafer bled at the moment of elevation. The institution of the festival of Corpus Domini by Urban IV. is often attributed to this story, but really resulted from the visions of Julienne, abbess of Mont Cornillon near Liege. The miracle of Bolsena has however a still greater memorial in the Cathedral of Orvieto.

"The story of the miracle of Bolsena presents one of the most singular examples of the acceptance, and intensely-felt influences in the popular mind, of the miraculous, admitted without any such proofs or investigations as modern intellect would demand. And the two versions of the same story are essentially different. A German priest, troubled in conscience for having doubted, not (it seems) the doctrine of a *real*, but of a *carnal* Presence, in the Eucharist, set out for Rome, with the hope of securing the intercession of the chief Apostle, for the solving of his doubts or pardoning of his errors. Resting one day on the shores of the beautiful lake of Bolsena, he celebrated mass in the church of Sta. Christina; and after the consecration, whilst holding the sacred Host in his hands, with mind earnestly bent, as was natural, on the mysterious question that had led him to undertake his pilgrimage, beheld blood issuing from the consecrated species, and staining the linen corporal; each stain severally assuming the form of a human head, with features like the 'Volto Santo,' or supposed portrait of the Saviour! Such is one version; but different indeed are even leading details in the other—namely, that the priest merely let fall some drops of consecrated wine on the corporals, and when endeavouring to conceal this by folding up the linen, found that the liquid had passed through all the folds, leaving on each a red stain, in circular form like the Host! The rest of the story is given without discrepancies, and is perfectly credible. Too much awe-stricken to consume the elements, that priest, now for

ever cured of scepticism, reverentially reserved both those sacramental species; proceeded to Orvieto, and threw himself at the feet of the Pope, confessing his doubts, and narrating the miracle. Urban IV. immediately sent the Bishop of Orvieto to bring thither the Host and the corporals; and himself, with all the local clergy, went in procession to meet the returning prelate, at a bridge some miles distant, where he received the sacred deposit from his hands. It was soon afterwards, in 1264, that Urban IV. published at Orvieto the bull instituting the Corpus Domini festival, and commissioned S. Thomas Aquinas, who was then giving theological lectures in that city, to compose the office and hymns for the day."—*Heman's Hist. of Mediæval Christianity.*

Three stones "insanguinati" are enclosed in the altar, and beneath it is another relic, the stone which was tied to the feet of Sta. Christina, that she might sink in the lake, but which miraculously bore her up like a boat, and on which her holy foot-marks may still be seen. In the sacristy is a predella telling the story of S. George.



Castle Gate, Bolsena.

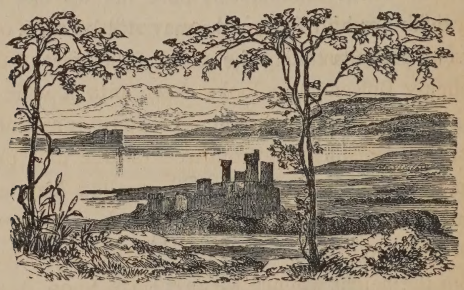
We were amused by the curious sense of proprietorship manifested by the little children who surrounded us while

we were drawing at Bolsena. "You think that those roses in your hand are beautiful, don't you?" said one little child of six years old to another; "you should see the roses in *my* vigna."

"Ah, tu hai una vigna!" exclaimed the little listener with wide jealous eyes.

"Oh, *altro!*"

Most lovely is the ascent from Bolsena into the vine-clad hills, where, between the garlands hanging from tree to tree, one has glimpses of the broad lake with its islands, and the brown castle and town rising up against it in the repose of their deep shadow.



Lake of Bolsena.

Considerably to the right, but accessible from this road, is the wonderfully picturesque mediæval town of *Bagnorea*, the ancient Balneum Regis, in the midst of a wild volcanic district, and occupying a high hill-top, only approached by narrow ridges across tremendous gulfs which separate it from the table-land. This remote town was the birth-place of Giovanni da Fidanza, the "Seraphic Doctor," who obtained his name of S. Buonaventura from the exclamation of S.

Francis, "O buona ventura," when, during a severe illness, he awoke from a death-like trance in answer to the prayers of his great master. He died in 1240, leaving behind him a vast number of mystic works, bearing such names as—"The Nightingale of the Passion of our Lord fitted to the Seven Hours," "The six wings of the Cherubim and the six wings of the Seraphim," and "The Soul's Journey to God." Dante introduces him as singing the praises of S. Dominic in Paradise :—

> "Io son la vita di Bonaventura
> Da Bagnoregio, che ne' grandi uffici
> Sempre posposi la sinistra cura."
>
> *Par.* xii. 127.

Long before reaching Orvieto, one comes in sight of it. It occupies an Etruscan site. On turning the crest of the hills which shelter Bolsena, one looks down into a wide valley filled with the richest vegetation,—peach-trees and almonds and figs, with vines leaping from tree to tree and chaining them together, and beneath, an unequalled luxuriance of corn and peas and melons, every tiniest space occupied. Mountains of the most graceful forms girdle in this paradise, and, from the height whence we first gaze upon it, endless distances are seen, blue and roseate and snowy, melting into infinity of space; while, from the valley itself, rises, island-like, a mass of orange-coloured rock, crowned with old walls and houses and churches, from the centre of which is uplifted a vast cathedral, with delicate spray-like pinnacles, and a golden and jewelled front,—and this is Orvieto.

The first impression is one which is never forgotten,—a picture which remains; and the quiet grandeurs of the place, as time and acquaintance bring it home to one, only paint in the details of that first picture more carefully.

"La città d Urbivieto è alta è strana:
Questa da Roman vecchi il nome prese,
Ch'andavan la perchè l'aere v' è sane."

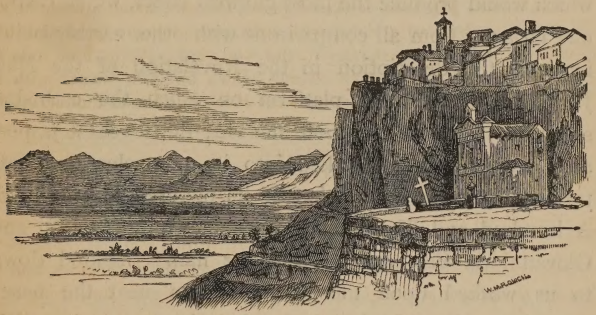
Fazio degli Uberti.

"Orvieto is built upon the first of those huge volcanic blocks which are found like fossils, embedded in the more recent geological foundations of the Campagna of Rome. Many of them, like that on which Civita Castellana is perched, are surrounded by rifts and chasms, and ravines and fosses, strangely furrowed and twisted by the force of fiery convulsions. But their advanced guard, Orvieto, stands up definite and solid, an almost perfect cube, with walls precipitous to north and south and east, but slightly sloping to the westward. At its foot rolls the Paglia, one of those barren streams which swell in winter with the snows and rains of the Apennines, but which in summer-time shrink up, and leave bare beds of sand and pestilential cane-brakes to stretch irregularly round their dwindled waters.

"The time to see this landscape is at sunrise; and the traveller should take his stand upon the rising ground over which the Roman road is carried from the town—the point, in fact, which Turner has selected for his vague and misty sketch of Orvieto in our Gallery. Thence he will command the whole space of the plain, the Apennines, and the river creeping in a straight line at the base; while the sun, rising to his right, will slant along the mountain flanks, and gild the leaden stream, and flood the castled crags of Orvieto with a blaze of light. From the centre of this glory stand out in bold relief old bastions built upon the solid tufa, vast gaping gateways black in shadow, towers of churches shooting up above a medley of deep-corniced tall Italian houses, and, amid them all, the marble front of the cathedral, calm and solemn in its unfamiliar Gothic state. Down to the valley from these heights there is a sudden fall; and we wonder how the few spare olive-trees that grow there can support existence on the steep slope of the cliff.

"Our mind, in looking at this landscape, is irresistibly carried to Jerusalem. We could fancy ourselves to be standing on Mount Olivet, with the Valley of Jehoshaphat between us and the Sacred City. As we approach the town the difficulty of scaling its crags seems insurmountable. The road, though carried skilfully along each easy slope or ledge of quarried rock, still winds so much that nearly an hour is spent in the ascent. Those who can walk should take a foot-path, and enter Orvieto by the mediæval road, up which many a Pope, flying from rebellious subjects or foreign enemies, has hurried on his mule."—*J. A. Symonds.*

"Never can I forget one view I enjoyed of this cathedral. Early on an autumn morning I left Orvieto to travel by vettura southwards. The valley that surrounds the isolated height where the city stands, on the plateau above her rock-fortifications, was filled with dense mist, like a rolling sea of white waves; nothing of town, towers, or rocks was visible through that autumnal veil; but there, all radiant in the morning sun, rose, as if on an aërial island, the glorious façade, its marbles and pinnacles, mosaics and sculptures, glittering in solitary resplendence under the eye of Heaven."—*Hemans.*



From the Walls of Orvieto.

We descend into the plain by the winding road, where wains of great grey oxen are always employed for the country work of the hill-side, and we ascend the hill on which the city stands, and enter it by a gate in rocky walls. The town* is remarkably clean, but one has always the feeling of being in a fortress. Unlike Viterbo, gaiety and brightness seem to have deserted its narrow streets of dark houses, interspersed with huge tall square towers of the Middle Ages, and themselves, in the less frequented parts, built of rich-brown stone, with sculptured cornices to their massive doors and windows, and resting on huge buttresses. From one of

* There are two good inns at Orvieto—the "Belle Arti" and the "Aquila Nera."

the narrowest and darkest of these streets we come suddenly upon the cathedral, a blaze of light and colour, the most aërial Gothic structure in the world, every line a line of beauty. There is something in the feeling that no artists worked at this glorious temple but the greatest architects, the greatest sculptors of their time, that no material was used but that which was most precious, most costly, and which would produce the most glorious effect, which carries one far away from all comparisons with other earthly buildings—to the description in the Revelation of the New Jerusalem. The very platform on which the cathedral stands is of purple Apennine marble; the loveliest jaspers and *pietre dure* are worked into its pinnacles and buttresses; the main foundation of its pictured front is gold. A hundred and fifty-two sculptors, of whom Arnolfo and Giovanni da Pisa are the greatest names handed down to us, worked upon the ornamentation near the base: sixty-eight painters and ninety workers in mosaic gave life to the glorious pictures of its upper stories. All the surroundings are harmonious—solemn old houses, with black and white marble seats running along their basement, on which one may sit and gaze: a tower surmounted by a gigantic bronze warrior, who strikes the hours with the clash of his sword upon a great bell: an ancient oblong palace with Gothic arches and flat windows, where thirty-four popes have sought a refuge or held a court at different times*—all

* When Gardiner and Fox were sent on an embassy to Clement VII. here, they wrote, "The Pope lieth in an old palace of the bishop's of this city, ruinous and decayed, where, or we come to his pryvey-chamber, we pass three chambers, all naked and unhanged, the roofs fallen down, and as we can guess thirty persons, rif-raf and others, standing in the chambers for a garnishment. And as for the Pope's bedchamber, all the apparel in it was not worth twenty nobles, bed and all." The first Pope who resided at Orvieto was Adrian IV.—the Englishman, Nicholas Breakspear, —but the palace was built by Urban IV., 1261—64.

serving as a dark setting to make more resplendent the glittering radiancy of the golden front of the temple in their midst.

"Willingly would I descant on the matchless façade of Orvieto, similar in style, but more chaste and elegant than that of Siena—on the graces of its Lombard architecture—on its fretted arches and open galleries—its columns varied in hue and form—its aspiring pediments—its marigold window with the circling guard of saints and angels—its quaint bas-reliefs—its many-hued marbles—its mosaic gilding, warming and enriching the whole, yet imparting no meretricious gaudiness,—the entire façade being the petrifaction of an illuminated missal—a triumphant blaze of beauty obtained by the union and tasteful combination of the three Sister graces of Art."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

No passing traveller, no stayer for one night, can realize Orvieto. Hours must be passed on those old stone benches, hours in reading the wondrous lessons of art, of truth, of beauty, and of holiness which this temple of temples can unfold. For Orvieto is not merely a vast sculpture-gallery and a noble building, but its every stone has a story to tell or a mystery to explain. What depths of thought are hidden in those tremendous marble pictures between the doors! First the whole story of Genesis; then the Old Testament story, which followed Genesis, leading on to the birth of Christ; then the story of our Saviour's life upon earth; and, lastly, the lesson of His redemption wrought for us, in the resurrection of the dead to the second life. Even the minor figures which surround these greater subjects, how much they have to tell us! Take the wondrous angels which surround the story of Christ; the Awe-stricken Angel of the Salutation, the Welcoming Angel of the Flight into Egypt, the Praying Angel of the Temptation, the Suffering Angel of the Betrayal, the Agonized Angel (and, oh, what a sublime figure, with its face covered with its hands) of the Crucifixion, the

Angel, rapt in entire unutterable beatitude, of the Resurrection. Or let us look at the groups of prophets, who, standing beneath the life of Christ, foresee and foretell its events,—their eager invocation, their meditation, their inspiration, their proclamation, of that which was to be.

Above these lower subjects is a great Mosaic of the Virgin and Child as the centre of the whole, and, on either side of it, the Baptism of Christ, and the Birth of the Virgin between the bronze emblems of the Evangelists. Next we have the Assumption, between the Annunciation and the story of Joachim and Anna. Then the stupendous rose window between the Spozalizio and the Presentation in the Temple, and, highest of all, a grand representation of the Coronation of the Virgin.

"The cathedral of Orvieto is the grand monumental record of dogmatic teaching as to the Holy Sacrament of the Altar; and the sublime office for Corpus Domini, composed by S. Thomas Aquinas, does not more impressively convey its meanings in orison or hymn, than does this splendid cathedral in the various art-works adorning it—in the very fact, indeed, of its existence.

"In 1344 Clement VI. granted an indulgence to all those who should visit Orvieto for devotional purposes; which spiritual favours were doubled in an indulgence from Gregory IX., obtainable by all who should assist at the works for this new cathedral. Then were seen citizens of all classes co-operating, besides multitudes of pilgrims, who, after attending religious services, would spend the rest of the day in doing what they could to help the masons, stone-cutters, or other artizans at the sacred building. Persons of good condition carried burdens on their shoulders; and those who could not do rough work, brought drink or food to the labourers, enabling them thus to refresh themselves without leaving the spot. It is one of the proofs how utterly were Sabbatarian notions foreign to the mediæval mind, even while religious influences were at the greatest height, that Sundays and other festivals were marked by special activity (in the hours after the principal rites were over) during the progress of these labours. Companies of artists were sent to seek and to work the most suitable marbles at Rome,

Siena, and Corneto; and such prepared material used to be brought to Orvieto by buffaloes, or (if from Rome) up the Tiber as far as Orte.

"This glorious cathedral was consecrated by the Cardinal Bishop of the see, Nov. 13, 1677. If it be surpassed by other examples of Italian Gothic in architectural completeness or general harmony of effect, its façade stands unrivalled, a sun amidst minor luminaries. No description could do justice to that pomp of beauty, that concentrated resplendence of art—the noble offering of man's genius, skill, and labours, strained to the utmost during successive ages, to glorify the Eternal in this wondrous structure."—*Hemans' Hist. of Mediæval Christianity.*

"As regards the bas-reliefs on the front of the cathedral, which Vasari ascribes to Niccola, Giovanni, and other artists whom he generalizes under the name of 'Tedeschi,' it is at the present time impossible to fix either the date of their completion, or the names of the numerous sculptors who assisted in producing them. . . . The greatest sculptor employed at the cathedral in the first years after its foundation in 1290, was Ramo di Paganello 'de ultramontis,' a master who, after the commission of some offence against the laws of Sienna, had been exiled and then pardoned in 1281. With Ramo di Paganello in 1293 were Jacobo Cosme of Rome, Fra Guglielmo of Pisa, Guido, and a number of other sculptors from Como. . . . The bas-reliefs of the front sufficiently prove that sculptors of different periods executed various parts of them; and as the labours of the edifice lasted till 1356 under Lorenzo and his son Vitale Maitani, it is apparent that, in addition to works that might have been completed in the loggia at an early time, others of much later period were used.

"The principal ornaments of the front are four pilasters. . . . In the first on the left, representing scenes from the creation to the settlement of the children of Noah, the creation of Adam and Eve, in the lowest course, is a fine composition, full of truthful and natural movement, no longer in the conventional and sculptural forms peculiar to Niccola and the continuators of his manner, but by one who sought to follow, and, if possible, to improve upon, nature. They may therefore be by Andrea Pisano. The Temptation, and Adam and Eve hiding at the voice of our Lord,—the Expulsion, and our first parents labouring by the sweat of their brow,—the Sacrifice of Cain and Abel, and the murder of the latter, were of that advanced art which seemed to foreshadow the manner of Pollaiolo. Noah teaching his children, Tubal Cain and Seth, in the uppermost course, were no longer in the same style, but revealed, in their short and square figures, the manner of the followers of Niccola. The second pilaster was devoted to the genealogy of the

house of David, and terminated at the upper part by a relief of the Crucifixion. The third was occupied by incidents from the life of the Saviour, admirably composed and grouped, but recalling, like the second, the styles of Niccola and Giovanni's followers. In the fourth pilaster, the upper course representing the Saviour in glory was of the same class; but the lower compartment, far different, exhibited more modern types, and seemed the perfection of the manner of Giovanni Pisano. It would have been difficult to find a more fertile fancy, greater skill in rendering form, more vigour or character, in the beginning of the fourteenth century than were exhibited in the resurrection of the dead from their graves, and in the agonies of tortured souls in the Inferno. Here, Lucifer was no longer the quaint hybrid of Niccola and Giovanni, but a monster in human form, writhing with bound hands, and supported by hissing dragons, whose scaly frames were twined round his. The most inexhaustible invention seemed hardly taxed by the variety of pains inflicted and endured by the sinners; nor would it be easy to find more truthful imitations of nature in the most varied motion than in the figures of those in the grasp, or hanging from the jaws, of the devils. Such life and motion might well have caused wonder in Signorelli when he laboured in this very Duomo, and in Michael Angelo, whose imaginative mind might be struck with the ingenuity of one in whom he could recognize a spirit akin to his own."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

"Among the bas-reliefs of Orvieto is perhaps the most important series of the Days of Creation existing. Here, in some measure doubtless owing to the conditions of sculpture, which does not admit of subjects requiring colour, the series commences with the Creation of Fishes and Birds on the fifth day.

"Here the Creator is seen attended by two angels, who accompany Him throughout, and seem, by their expression and actions, intended to suggest the emotions proper to the scene. Thus they hover behind Christ as he stands on the brink of a stream blessing the fish who are disporting in it, while the birds stand on the opposite cliff in a stiff row, as if awaiting the Divine mandate. In this scene the eagle and the goose are easily recognizable; while some songster of the grove alights with outspread wings on a bush close by, and in the distance a hawk stands by itself.

"On the sixth day the same figure, attended by two angels in gestures of admiration, is seen blessing the animals, who stand in two files before them. In front are the smaller quadrupeds—the goat, the pig, and two species of long-haired sheep, which remind us of similar fancy animals, doubtless then cultivated in Italy, which appear in pictures by old masters. Behind them are the ox, the horse, and, further from us, the

lion and the camel. A dog, that dumb friend of man, is seen beneath the ox, his well-known companion."—*Lady Eastlake, History of Our Lord.*

"The happiest innovation (anticipated indeed in the mosaics of Venice) is the introduction of two angels attendant on Our Lord throughout the work of Creation and his subsequent intercourse with man."—*Lord Lindsay's Christian Art.*

After seeing the exterior, the interior of the cathedral seems bare and colourless, yet it is full of beauty, though occasionally the effect of the 13th-century work is destroyed by later details. The pillars are striped with alternate black and white marble as at Siena, and a strange lurid light is cast by alabaster windows at the west end. The east end is full of colour from early Umbrian frescoes, and has beautiful *tarsia* work of hermits and sainted bishops. The statues which stand before the pillars in the nave are of gigantic size and take away from the effect of height: the best are those by *Ippolito Scalza* of S. John and S. Thomas, and the S. Roch near the entrance.

"The Annunciation is represented in front of the choir by two colossal statues by *Francesco Mochi:* to the right is the Angel Gabriel, poised on a marble cloud, in an attitude so fantastic that he looks as if he were going to dance; on the other side stands the Virgin, conceived in a spirit how difficult! yet not less mistaken; she has started from her throne; with one hand she grasps it, with the other she seems to guard her person against the intruder; majesty at once, and fear, a look of insulted dignity, are in the air and attitude,—"*par che minacci e tema nel tempo istesso,*"—but I thought of Mrs Siddons while I looked, not of the Virgin Mary."—*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

"The frescoes in the choir of Orvieto are by *Ugolino di Prete Ilario.* They represent the glory of the Trinity, the life of the Virgin, the prophets, apostles, and fathers of the Church, with forty popes and bishops in half-length figures."—*Kugler.*

"The paintings (in the choir) represent the life of the Virgin, in twenty-eight compartments,—twenty-two, in two rows, circulating round the chapel, carry the history from the Repulse of Joachim to the

Dispute in the Temple; it is resumed above the Eastern window with her dying interview with the Apostles, her Death, her Burial and Resurrection, and concludes with her Assumption and Coronation, this last occupying a large lunette on the vault of the chapel, the three corresponding spaces being filled with personations of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, each attended by angels; the twelve prophets are depicted at full length on the north and south walls, parallel to the Assumption, and below them again the Apostles, six on either side, each holding a scroll containing the article which he contributed to the creed, within the jambs or hollows of the rose-windows, attended to the right and left respectively by the Evangelists and Doctors of the Church. While, lastly, lowest of all, and immediately above the wooden stalls of the choir, a line of forty half-figures represent the Fathers and Doctors who have originated the honorary titles and epithets of the Madonna.

"These frescoes are very faded, and in many places barely distinguishable; there is little beauty or force in them, but a degree of naïveté and simple feeling that is very pleasing; the compositions however are much inferior to the execution, and frequently very novel and original; and the conjecture naturally arises that the best of them may have been borrowed from those of Pietro (di Puccio) at Arezzo, eulogized by Vasari. The chapel was painted in 1370."—*Lord Lindsay's Christian Art.*

"Beneath the frescoes of the Calvary, Burial, and Resurrection, the spectator may still read the words: 'Hanc capellam depinxit Ugolinus pictor de Urbereteris, anno domini MCCCLXIV. die Jovis VIII. mensis Junii. Yet Vasari with characteristic carelessness assigns these frescoes to Pietro Cavallini, finding, no doubt, some vague resemblance of style between them and those of the transept at Assisi. This Ugolino, not to be confounded with the goldsmith Ugolino di Veri, is called in contemporary records 'di Prete Ilario.' He was employed at the same time with Orcagna and Andrea Pisano, and was assisted by Maestro Giovanni Leonardelli, a glass painter and mosaist long employed in Orvieto."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

To the left of the high altar is the *Chapel of the Santissimo Corporale*, entirely covered with frescoes relating to the Miracle of Bolsena and the institution of the festival of Corpus Domini which resulted from it. The famous relic is preserved in a silver shrine of 1338, ornamented with

twelve paintings in enamel by Ugolino Vieri, a goldsmith of Siena.

A beautiful picture of the Virgin is by *Lippo Memmi.*

"Inscribed (in Latin) beneath the Virgin's feet is 'Lippo, native of the pleasant Siena, painted us.' The Virgin stands with her hands joined in prayer, between fourteen angels, one of whom at each shoulder loops back her mantle, beneath which kneels in three rows a noble crowd of kings, princes, monks, and nuns. The Virgin has an oval face and broad neck, the angels full faces and throats, and hair waving round broached fillets in attitudes affecting grace. The colour is lively, rosy, and flat, and the execution careful beyond measure."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

On the other side of the nave is the more famous chapel of the *Madonna di S. Brizio,* a glorious gallery of 13th-century art. Here one learns to appreciate the tremendous power of *Luca Signorelli* (1440—1521), so little known elsewhere, following as the successor of Fra Angelico da Fiesole, who painted the lovely groups of Christ, the Virgin, and saints upon the ceiling. The frescoes of Signorelli are a regular series,—first, we have the teaching of Antichrist; no repulsive figure, but a grand personage in flowing robes, and with a noble countenance, who, at a distance, might easily be mistaken for the Saviour, and who bears all His usual pictorial attributes. To him the crowd are eagerly gathering and listening, and it is only when you draw close, that you can discover in his harder and cynical expression, and from the evil spirit whispering in his ear, that it is not Christ. Then we have the Resurrection—the vast angels of the judgment blow their trumpets, and the dead arise, struggling, labouring, out of the earth, to obey a summons which they cannot resist. Then comes Hell, so filled with misery, that the pictured suffering seizes upon your imagination, and will

come back at intervals for ever—with the recollection of the fiends of Signorelli, not monsters, but men filled with hatred and vengeance, torturing the naked souls, or floating over them on bat-like wings. And lastly we reach the Resurrection of the Just, where the angelic choirs are welcoming a concourse of rejoicing souls, whose every attitude and expression betokens the most unspeakable bliss. Beneath are portraits of some of the Italian poets: that of Dante is quite magnificent.

"While the priest sings, and the people pray to the dance-music of the organ, let us take a quiet seat unseen, and picture to our minds how the chapel looked when Angelico and Signorelli stood before its plastered walls, and thought the thoughts with which they covered them. Four centuries have gone by since those walls were white and even to their brushes; and now you scarce can see the golden aureoles of saints, the vast wings of angels, and the flowing robes of prophets through the gloom. Angelico came first, in monk's dress, kneeling before he climbed the scaffold to paint the angry Judge, the Virgin crowned, the white-robed army of the Martyrs, and the glorious company of the Apostles. These he placed upon the roof, expectant of the Judgment. Then he passed away, and Luca Signorelli, the rich man who 'lived splendidly and loved to dress himself in noble clothes,' the liberal and courteous gentleman, took his place upon the scaffold. For all the worldliness of his attire and the delicacy of his living, his brain teemed with stern and terrible thoughts. He searched the secrets of sin and of the grave, of destruction and of resurrection, of heaven and hell. All these he has painted on the walls beneath the saints of Fra Angelico. First come the Troubles of the last Days, the Preaching of Antichrist, and the Confusion of the Wicked. In the next compartment, we see the Resurrection from the Tomb, and side by side with that is painted Hell. Paradise occupies another portion of the chapel.

"Look at the 'Fulminati'—so the group of wicked men are called whose death precedes the judgment. Huge naked angels, sailing upon van-like wings, breathe columns of red flame upon a crowd of wicked men and women. In vain they fly from the descending fire. It pursues and fells them to the earth. As they fly, their eyes are turned toward the dreadful faces in the air. Some hurry through a portico, huddled together, falling men, and women clasping to their arms dead

babies scorched with flame. One old man stares straight forward, doggedly awaiting death. One woman scouts defiance as she dies. A youth has twisted both hands in his hair, and presses them against his ears to drown the screams and groans, and roaring thunder. They trample upon prostrate forms already stiff. Every shape and attitude of sudden terror and despairing guilt is here. Next comes the Resurrection. Two angels of the judgment—gigantic figures, with the plumeless wings that Signorelli loves—are seen upon the clouds. They blow trumpets with all their might; so that each naked muscle seems strained to make the blast, which bellows through the air, and shakes the sepulchres beneath the earth. Thence rise the dead. All are naked, and a few are seen like skeletons. With painful effort they struggle from the soil that clasps them round, as if obeying an irresistible command. Some have their heads alone above-ground. Others wrench their limbs from the clinging earth; and as each man rises it closes under him. One would think that they were being born again from solid clay and growing into form with labour. The fully risen spirits stand and walk about, all occupied with the expectation of the judgment; but those that are in the act of rising have no thought but for the strange and toilsome process of this second birth. Signorelli here, as elsewhere, proves himself one of the greatest painters by the simple means by which he produces the most marvellous effects. His composition sways our souls with all the passion of the terrible scenes that he depicts. Yet what does it contain? Two stern angels on the clouds, a blank grey plain, and a multitude of naked men and women. In the next compartment Hell is painted. This is a complicated picture, consisting of a mass of human beings entangled with torturing fiends. Above hover demons, bearing damned spirits, and three angels see that justice takes its course. Signorelli here degenerates into no mediæval ugliness and mere barbarity of form. His fiends are not the bestial creatures of Pisano's bas-reliefs, but models of those monsters which Duppa has engraved from Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment,'—lean, naked men, in whose hollow eyes glow the fires of hate and despair, whose nails have grown to claws, and from whose ears have started horns. They sail upon bats' wings, and only by their livid hue, which changes from yellow to the ghastliest green, and by the cruelty of their remorseless eyes, can you know them from the souls they torture in Hell. Ugliness and power of mischief come with length of years; continual growth in crime distorts the form which once was human; and the interchange of everlasting hatred degrades the tormentor and his victim in the same demoniac ferocity. To this design the science of foreshortening, and the profound knowledge of the human form in every posture, give its

chief interest. Paradise is not less wonderful. Signorelli has contrived to throw variety and grace into the somewhat monotonous groups which this subject requires. Above are choirs of angels, not like Fra Angelico's, but tall male creatures clothed in voluminous drapery, with grave features and still solemn eyes. Some are dancing, some are singing to the lute, and one, the most gracious of them all, bends down to aid a suppliant soul. The men beneath, who listen in a state of bliss, are all undraped. Signorelli, in this difficult composition, remains temperate, serene, and simple; a Miltonic harmony pervades the movement of his angelic choirs. Their beauty is the product of their strength and virtue. No floral ornaments, or cherubs, or soft clouds are found in his Paradise. Yet it is fair and full of grace. Michael Angelo could not have painted such celestial bliss, and Luca seems to have anticipated Raphael."—*J. A. Symonds.**

"Fra Angelico entered into an agreement with the rulers of Orvieto on the 14th of June, 1447, to employ his summer recess of three months every year in painting the chapel of S. Brizio, in the cathedral, in fresco, for which he was to be paid two hundred gold florins per annum, his pupil Benozzo seven per month, and two assistants three each. He began immediately, and worked without intermission till the 28th September, by which time the three most southerly compartments in the groined roof of the chapel, overhanging the altar, were completed—two by himself, and the third by Benozzo. Something, however, of an unpleasant nature—the death, probably, of Antonio Giovanelli, one of his assistants, who fell from the scaffold and was killed—had occurred to discompose him, and he returned no more, though expressly invited to do so, and the chapel remained for fifty years unfinished, till completed by Luca Signorelli.

"Meanwhile, the two compartments coloured by Fra Angelico would of themselves repay a pilgrimage to Orvieto. In the lunette over the altar, opposite as you enter, Our Saviour is seated in judgment, supporting the globe of the universe, as in the mosaics, a most majestic figure, His face turned in reproof towards the reprobate, sorrowful wrath darkening the face of love; the vesica piscis surrounds Him, and He is attended by angels blowing the summons. But the 'Prophetarum laudabilis numerus,' the noble host of the Seers of Israel, on the left hand of Our Saviour, are still given, rising in a pyramidal group till they culminate in the swart-haired Baptist; the Moses especially is magnificent, a prophet indeed. For majesty these are certainly Fra Angelico's *chef-d'œuvre;* they show how capable he was of expressing

* From "Sketches in Italy and Greece," which contain some of the most beautiful and poetical—yet true—word-pictures in the English language.

the loftiest thoughts as well as the tenderest and softest—hell and sin were alone too difficult for him."—*Lord Lindsay's Christian Art.*

"The upper part of the hinder wall, and a compartment of the vaulting, are adorned by Fiesole, 1447. The wall contains Christ as the Judge of the world, surrounded by the loveliest angelic forms; the Saviour is similar in action to that by Orcagna, but without the same lofty expression of Divine wrath. On the vaulting are seen the prophets, one behind the other, in a pyramidal group, chiefly venerable forms, full of dignity and beauty, in splendily-arranged drapery on a gold ground. This subject is like a vision of heavenly glory."—*Kugler.*

"The council of the cathedral, after waiting nine years for Perugino, and after trying Pinturicchio, finally resolved that Luca Signorelli should decorate the chapel of S. Brizio.

"It would be curious to ascertain what the painter's reflections may have been as he contemplated the unfinished master-pieces of Angelico on one of the ceilings of the chapel. The last great artist who embodied the essentially religious element had left the traces of a mighty talent behind. How was the equally mighty representative of new principles and of modern modes of thought, to reconcile his creations with those of his precursor? One can understand a debate in the Orvieto council, if the members discussed the relative merits of Pinturicchio and Signorelli. Would not the tender, perhaps affected, Perugian be better suited to continue the work of the mystic Dominican than the fiery follower of Piero della Francesca? But Signorelli prevailed. Pinturicchio, whose art is that of Perugino minus his best qualities, was not fit to compete with the gigantic power of one whose *opus* following on that of his teacher was necessary to the development of Italian painting; —who left at Orvieto his mark for all time.

"Looking round him at Orvieto, Signorelli might see, not merely the comparatively small production of a ceiling by Angelico; his imagination might feed on the examples of great bygone sculptors. He could leisurely examine the bas-reliefs of the time of the Pisan revival, the Giottesque ones of Andrea Pisano. He might perhaps still see mosaics by Orcagna. He certainly followed the ideas of Dante in the conception of an Inferno. . . . . Here, then, on the classic ground trod before by so many Italian artists, Signorelli, at the age of threescore, was enabled to satisfy his instincts to the full by delineating scenes of a highly dramatic character. Had it been the fortune of Angelico to complete the chapel of S. Brizio, he would no doubt have painted the same subjects in the grand but kindly solemn spirit which pervades those in the ceilings,—a spirit the very reverse of that which marks the colossal, and often vulgar, forms of the Cortonese. Both men

were great in their path ; but they pursued different ways and aims ; the one wafting the spectators into an atmosphere of calm, the other with difficulty convincing him that he is not hovering over a field of battle. Unavoidable indeed is the reflection that Signorelli, whilst he challenges our admiration, does so by a medley of conflicting and not always pleasing impressions. The pleasure which he creates is not entirely unalloyed. Like Michael Angelo, he fascinates and crushes ; he extorts applause by his extraordinary vigour, and hardly leaves a moment for the analysis of the sensations which crowd together at sight of his master-pieces. Cold reason supervenes. We admit the daring conception, and its successful realization, but we feel less sympathy than surprise. The athlete has taken away our breath by the performance of his feats ; he has not touched one of the softer fibres of our heart."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

The famous picture of the Madonna in this chapel, long an object of pilgrimage, is very curious.

"In pictures, we rarely find the Virgin standing, before the end of the 14th century. An almost singular example is to be found in an old Greek Madonna, venerated as miraculous, in the cathedral of Orvieto, under the title of La Madonna di San Brizio, and to which is ascribed a fabulous antiquity. I may be mistaken, but my impression, on seeing it, was, that it could not be older than the end of the 13th century."—*Jameson's Legends of the Madonna.*

Though it rather injures the effect of the chapel, the famous Pietà of *Ippolito Scalza* (1579), sculptor of several other works in the cathedral, must not pass unnoticed. It is a group of four figures larger than life, and is very grand in its way.

The Signorelli Chapel should be seen in the colouring of early morning, when the sun streams directly through its windows upon the walls whence the living frescoes arise from the dead gold of their ground-work, and upon the polished floor of purple Apennine marble. Then the rest of the church, which is separated from the chapel by a gor-

geous wrought-iron screen, is lost in its deep shadows, and one seems to be alone with the spirits and the dead.

Bell-tower, Orvieto.

Many of the older churches of Orvieto are full of interest, and have been too little noticed. In the *Church of S. Bernardino* is a good picture by *Sinibaldo Ibi* of the Virgin enthroned between S.S. Peter and Paul, the kneeling Francis, and Bernardino. Leaving the more inhabited parts of the town, one must visit, where it stands forlorn and deserted on a grass-grown space, the old *Church of S. Domenico*, which was used as a fortress by the Guelfs in 1346, for it contains a grand monument by *Arnolfo* to Cardinal di Braye, who died in 1282.

"Supported on brackets high up in the right transept of the church, this monument is, like those of the Cosmati at Rome, a mixture of mosaic, sculpture, and architecture. The body of the cardinal lies on the slab of the sarcophagus, whose sides are adorned with mosaics. A trefoil tabernacle, supported on twisted columns, is pointed at the apex and sides with statuettes of a square Roman build."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

Not far from this, at the eastern end of the town, is the well called *Il Pozzo di San Patrizio*, made by Sangallo to supply the garrison in case of siege, when Clement VII. and his court fled hither after the sack of Rome in 1527, the

last of a long series of popes who have sought a refuge in Orvieto. It is a hollow tower with two staircases of 248 steps, circling one above the other, one for ascent, the other for descent. The well was commemorated on the reverse of a medal designed and struck by Benvenuto Cellini at the command of Clement VII., who wished it to bear a figure of Moses striking the rock, with the legend "Ut bibat populus."

Close by is the *Castle*, beneath which a hollow way through the rocks leads under a postern gate in the walls. Combined with the tall canes and the flocks of goats which may frequently be seen here, it is a splendid subject for an artist.

In the *Casa Gualtieri* (the house of Count Gualtieri the historian) is a fine fresco of S. Michael trampling on the dragon, by *Eusebio*, removed from the Gualtieri chapel in the cathedral.

And no artist must leave Orvieto without rambling round its walls, with their wide views over valley and mountains, whose delicate tints contrast with the dark brown of the crumbling houses and solid bastions of the town. The ramparts end in a triangle near *S. Juvenalis*, a curious old church, much spoilt by whitewash, but covered with beautiful decaying frescoes of the Umbrian school.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NARNI AND TERNI.

(There is now no decent inn at Narni, but tolerable lodgings may be obtained there at a very low price, and good food from a trattoria. At Terni there are several very good hotels, and plenty of carriages at the station; Narni, however, is far the most beautiful place.)

SOON after losing sight of Soracte, the railway to the north passes *Otricoli*. Two miles below this, in the plain, are the ruins of *Ocriculum*, the southernmost city of Umbria, 44 miles from Rome, on the Via Flaminia. It was here, in B.C. 217, that Fabius Maximus took the command of the army of Servilius, after the battle of Thrasymene. In 413, the army of Heraclianus, Count of Africa, was defeated here by Honorius. Ancient inscriptions speak of the place as "splendidissima civitas Ocricolana," a description which is borne out by the number of remains of important public buildings discovered in 1780. The famous mosaic floor of the Vatican and a colossal head of Jupiter were found at this time; but the existing ruins are unimportant. Ocriculum was an episcopal see after the fall of the Empire. It is not known when the city perished or why the inhabitants removed to the present town, which is picturesquely situated on a hill above the Tiber. Ariosto speaks of the windings of the river here, but the trees he describes have disappeared:

"Ecco vede un pratel d'ombre coperto
Che si d'un alto fiume si ghirlanda
Che lascia a pena un breve spazio aperto,
Dove l'acqua si torce ad altra banda,
Un simil luogo con girevol onda
Sott' Oticoli 'l Tevere circonda."

Cant. xiv. 38.

We now reach *Orte*, whence the railway to Orvieto diverges. The town is picturesquely situated on a rocky platform, and in its situation is something like a miniature Orvieto, the houses rising close upon the edge of the tufa rocks.

Here we leave the Tiber, which flows beneath Orvieto, and follow the course of the *Nera*, the *Nar* of classical times, which emerges from a wooded ravine, with white sulphurous waters,

"Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ."

Æn. vii. 518.

and falls into the Tiber below Orte.

"Narque albescentibus undis
In Tiberim properans."

Sil. Ital. viii. 453.

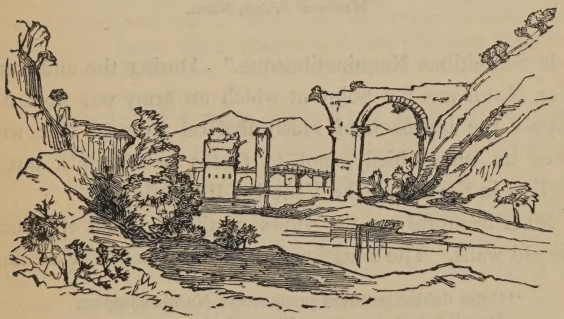
Few ravines are more full of beauty than the deep narrow gorge below Narni, broken here and there by masses of grey rock, elsewhere clothed with the richest green of ilex, cork, phillyrea, arbutus, mastick, and flowering heath. Above, on the right, rise the grey walls and the picturesque towers of the town. Just where the glen opens towards the plain on the other side, the Via Flaminia is carried over the ravine of the Nar by the famous *Bridge of Augustus*, which is considered to surpass all other bridges in boldness. Originally it had three arches, of which one on the right bank is entire, and sixty feet in height. Martial alludes to it as the pride

of the place in his days, when he accuses Narni, by its superior attractions, of taking away his neighbour Quintus Ovidius from his Nomentan farm.

"Narnia, sulfureo quam gurgite candidus amnis
Circuit, ancipiti vix adeunda jugo.
Quid tam sæpe meum nobis abducere Quinctum
Te juvat, et lentâ detinuisse morâ?
Quid Nomentani causam mihi perdis agelli,
Propter vicinum qui pretiosus erat?
Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere, Narnia, Quincto;
Perpetuo liceat sic tibi ponte frui."

Ep. vii. 93.

The bridge is now a grand ruin, ivy and shrubs garlanding its mighty parapets. Between the piers is a most picturesque view of the ruined convent of S. Casciano, crowning a rock amid the woods.

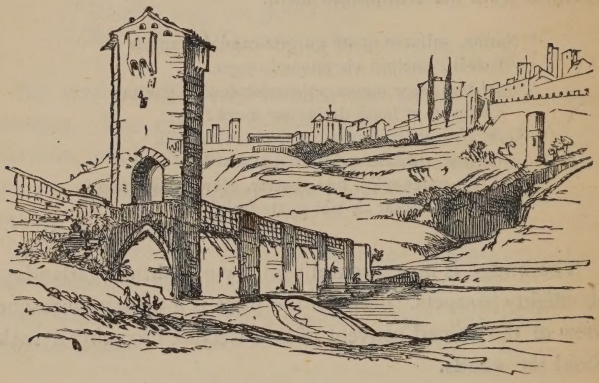


Roman Bridge, Narni.

Close to the Roman ruin, is an old mediæval bridge guarded by a high gate tower, almost equally picturesque.

A winding road leads up the hill to the town, which occupies the site of the ancient Narnia, called Nequinum

by the Umbrians. It was taken B. C. 299 by the consul M. Fulvius, who was consequently honoured with a triumph



Mediæval Bridge, Narni.

"de Samnitibus Nequinatibusque." During the 2nd Punic War, Narni was the point at which an army was posted to oppose the approach of Hasdrubal on Rome. The town owes its ruin, chiefly, not to Goths or Vandals, but to soldiers in the pay of the Venetian Republic.

Most beautiful are the views of the glen and river from the old walls. The situation is well described by Claudian:

> "Celsa dehinc patulum prospectans Narnia campum
> Regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris
> Non procul amnis adest urbi, qui nominis auctor,
> Ilice sub densa sylvis arctatus opacis
> Inter utrumque jugum, tortis anfractibus albet."
>
> *De Sext. Cons. Hon.* 515.

and its rock-enthroned position is alluded to by other poets:

". . duro monti per saxa recumbens
Narnia."

Sil. Ital. viii. 458.

The Emperor Nerva was born at Narni, and in later times Pope John XVIII., and the fifteenth-century chieftain Gattamelata, more properly called Erasmo da Narni.

The *Cathedral of S. Juvenalis* is dedicated to the memory of its first bishop, A. D. 369, and is a most picturesque building, which no artist will fail to transfer to his sketch-book. The church of S. Girolamo contains a fine altar-piece by a pupil of Ghirlandajo, copied by Lo Spagna.

"The Saviour crowns the Virgin, on clouds supported by cherubs' heads, under a conical canopy held up by seraphs, in the centre of a company of angels, prophets, and sibyls. On the meadow below, S. Francis kneels amid a crowd of saints, amongst whom are S.S. Jerome, Louis, Bernardino, and John the Baptist. The arching of the upper part is a border with cherubs' heads ; and three niches in each pilaster contain S.S. James, Mary Magdalen, Louis, Giovanni Capistrano, Catherine, and Bernardino."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

(It is a drive of 6 miles from Narni (carriage 10 francs) to the old city of *Amelia*, beautifully situated on the side of the Umbrian mountains. This town is seldom visited, but well deserves attention. It is now the seat of a bishopric, but its chief interest is derived from its Cyclopean walls, of which there are magnificent remains. As *Ameria*, it was one of the most important cities of Umbria. Cato, quoted by Pliny (iii. 14), says that the origin of Ameria was much older than that of Rome, and that it was founded B. C. 1045. The place is frequently mentioned by Cicero in his defence of Roscius, in a manner which proves that it must then have been a flourishing municipal town. It is mentioned by Virgil:

"Aut Amerina parant lentæ retinacula viti."

Georgics, i. 265.

and by Silius :

". . His populi fortes Amerinus."

viii. 462.

It is still, as in ancient times, celebrated for its delicious plums, which flourish abundantly in its rocky soil, and are dried and sold in great quantities.)

A very short railway journey, leaving the mountains and crossing a richly cultivated plain, takes us to *Terni* (*Inns;* Angleterre, Tre Colonne), a small, rather prosperous town, with some manufactories. It occupies the site of one of the many cities called *Interamna,* in this case, on account of its situation near the meeting of the Nar and Velinus, and it is said to have been founded B. C. 672. There is a tradition, without any foundation (though inscribed over the town-gate), that Tacitus the historian was born here, but it was certainly the patrimonial residence of his descendants, the Emperors Tacitus and Florianus. Here, in A. D. 253, the Emperors Trebonianus Gallus and Volusianus his son were put to death by their own soldiers while marching against Æmilianus. Some insignificant remains exist of an amphitheatre (in the bishop's garden) and of temples dedicated to Hercules and the Sun. A number of Roman inscriptions are collected on the walls of the Palazzo Publico. Terni is the seat of a very ancient bishopric, but the dull *Cathedral of S. Maria Assunta* was designed by Bernini. The *Church of S. Francesco* has a chapel with some interesting frescoes (c. 1475) attributed to *Fiorenzo di Lorenzo*, an admirable though little-known master, whose principal works are at Perugia.

(It is a drive of about 4 miles from the town to the celebrated Falls of

the Velino, *La Caduta delle Marmore.* A carriage costs from 5 to 10 francs, but a distinct agreement must be made. Plenty of small copper coins should be taken, as various gates have to be opened, and various points of view are exhibited, for which fees of from 2 to 5 soldi are amply sufficient. There are two ways of seeing the Falls: either (1) by ascending the hills to the summit, a long and fatiguing drive, especially on a hot day, and descending near the Fall on foot by a zig-zag path through the rocks; or (2) driving through the valley to the gate leading to the Villa Graziani, whence a donkey (½ to 1 franc) is usually taken to the foot of the Fall, by those who do not like to walk: it is no great distance.)

The first part of the road to the Falls leads through the richly cultivated valley, described by Pliny * as so fertile, that its meadows would produce four crops of hay in the year. The picturesque village crowning the hill in front is *Papignia.* Long before you reach the Falls the sound of the rushing waters tells of your approach.

The source of the Velinus is close to the ancient Falacrinum, the birth-place of Vespasian, where an old church still bears the name of S. Maria di Fonte Velino. Its waters are so strongly impregnated with carbonate of lime, that they constantly tend to form a deposit of travertine, and so to block up their own channel. The result was, that unless the course of the river was artificially regulated, the valley of the Velinus was frequently inundated, while, if the waters were allowed to descend with too great vehemence, the fertile lands of Interamna shared the same fate. Marcus Curius Dentatus, the conqueror of the Sabines, in B. C. 271, was the first who attempted to make a permanent channel, which should protect both the lower and upper valleys, and for that purpose carried the river through a cutting in the cliff, and formed the celebrated waterfall. The channel of Den-

* xviii. 28, s. 67.

tatus was gradually filled up by time, and other beds formed for the river, but the original course was re-opened by Pope Clement VIII., in 1598. The regulation of the Fall has, from its earliest existence, been a source of dispute between the inhabitants of Reate and those of Interamna or Terni. A statue was erected to Cicero by the people of Reate for his legal services on this question.

The total height of the waterfall is more than 800 feet. The best view of it is from below: no description is necessary but that of Byron:

"The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

"And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald:—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

"To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale:—Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,

"Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien."

Childe Harold.

The Villa Graziano, whose grounds contain the best view of the Falls, was once inhabited by Queen Caroline, as Princess of Wales.

Those who have time may visit the lake of *Pie di Luco* in the valley above the cascade.

"The beautiful expanse of water called Pie di Lugo, about a mile in breadth, fills the defile, and meanders between the mountains for some miles. The way to it from the Fall, is by a path winding along the foot of the mountain, and leading to a cottage, where you may take a boat, and cross to a bold promontory opposite. There, seated in the shade, you may enjoy the view of the waters, of the bordering mountains, of the towns perched on their sides, the village Pie di Lugo, and, rising behind it, the old castle of Labro, whose dismantled towers crown a regular hill, while its shattered walls run in long lines down the declivity. We were here entertained with an echo the most articulate, the most retentive, and the most musical I ever heard, repeating even a whole verse of a song, in a softer and more plaintive tone indeed, but with surprising precision and distinctness."—*Eustace's Tour.**

(From Terni an excursion may be made to *Todi*, an interesting episcopal city, occupying a very lofty position above the valley of the Tiber in the direction of Perugia. The Gothic *Cathedral* has some admirable frescoes by *Lo Spagna.* Several other churches are interesting: that of the *Madonna della Consolazione* is a fine work of Bramante.

* A project is entertained for entirely draining this beautiful lake.

Todi occupies the site of the ancient *Tuder*, whose lofty position is mentioned by Silius Italicus :

"Gradivicolam celso de colle Tudertem."

iv. 222.

". . . excelso summum qua vertice montis
Devexum lateri pendet Tuder."

vi. 645.

The walls of the city are in many parts very perfect, but are much less rude than those of Volterra and other Etruscan cities, and are evidently Roman. Remains of an ancient building have been supposed to be those of the temple of Mars, which Silius alludes to :

"Et haud parci Martem coluisse Tudertes."

viii. 464.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

SPOLETO AND THE CLITUMNUS.

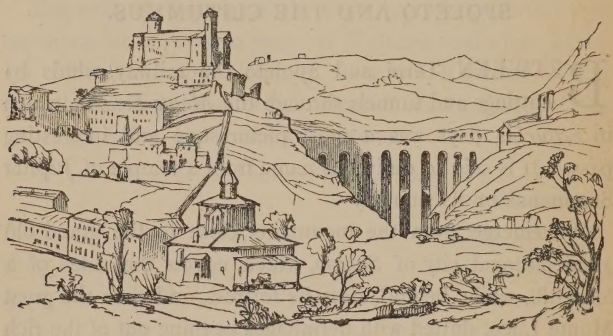
BETWEEN Terni and Spoleto the railway winds by cuttings and tunnels through the *Monte Somma*, which in *vetturino* days was a most picturesque and interesting pass. It is said to derive its name from a temple of Jupiter Summanus on its summit.

We emerge from the mountains close to the grand old archiepiscopal city of *Spoleto*, which covers the sides of a lofty hill, while, behind, rises its fortress, and then the great Monte Luco, dotted with hermitages peeping out of the rich foliage of evergreen woods. Carriages (50 centimes) are waiting at the station to take travellers into the town. "La Posta" is a very tolerable inn.

Spoleto was the ancient Spoletium, which is first mentioned in history when a Roman colony was established here B. C. 240, after close of 1st Punic War. In B. C. 217, just after the battle of Thrasymene, Hannibal advanced against Spoletium and was repulsed, a fact proudly recorded on the gates of the town. In the later part of the same war this was one of the colonies which proved themselves most faithful and devoted to Rome. Florus speaks of Spoletium as "municipium Italiæ splendidissimum," Cicero as "colonia Latinis in primis firma et illustris." * Here the Emperor Æmilianus was put

* Cicero pro Balb. 21.

to death by his soldiers after a three months' reign. The fortifications of the town were partially destroyed by Totila, but were restored by Narses. The Lombards (c. A. D. 570) made Spoleto the capital of a duchy, which in time became entirely independent, and did not cease to exist till the 12th century.



Spoleto.

Since the accession of the Sardinian Government, a quantity of new streets, and a broad road winding up the hill, have done much to annihilate the mediæval aspect of Spoleto, but have greatly added to its convenience. The new road leads, by easy zig-zags, almost to the castle—*La Rocca*—on the hill-top. This fortress was originally built by Theodoric, but, as it now stands, is chiefly the work of Pope Nicholas V. Just below it, is the entrance to the footway across the magnificent *Aqueduct of Della Torre*, which unites the town to Monte Luco. Though often repaired in later times, it was built by Theodelapius, first Duke of Spoleto, in 604.*

* Campello, Storia di Spoleto.

On the other side of the castle stands, on a lower level, the *Cathedral of S. Maria Assunta*, which was built in 1153, when Frederic Barbarossa was attacking the town. It is in the transition style. In the gabled west-front are eight rose windows. Between these, a mosaic, bearing the name of the artist, Salsernus, 1220, represents Christ throned between the Virgin and St. John, a work mentioned by Lord Lindsay "as the earliest ascertained mosaic of the Italico Byzantine revival." * The beautiful renaissance portico, with five arches, a rich frieze, and a stone pulpit at either end, is the work of Bramante. The door-frame is very richly sculptured.

The interior is modernized. A chapel on the right of the entrance contains a ruined *Pinturicchio* of the Virgin between St. Joseph and St. Lawrence. In the winter choir is a picture of the Virgin and Child between two aged saints. It is generally ascribed to Lo Spagna, but is more probably the work of *Bernardino Campilius* (c. 1502), from whose hand many pictures remain at Spoleto. It serves as a monument to the Blessed Gregory of Spoleto, "who died in converse with angels, in extreme old age, in a hermitage on Monte Luco, in 1473." On the stalls in this chapel are allegorical figures of prophets and sibyls, the work of *Jacopo Siculo*, another Spoletan artist, of the Lo Spagna school.

In the entrance of the chapel on the left of the high-altar, is the tomb of the Florentine painter Fra Filippo Lippi (1412-69), with his bust.

"Fra Filippo was requested by the commune of Spoleto, through the medium of Cosimo de' Medici, to paint the chapel of their principal church—that of Our Lady—and this work, with the assistance of his pupil Fra Diamante, he was bringing to a successful termination, when

* Christian Art, ii. 55.

death prevented his completing it. It was believed that the profligacy of his conduct was the cause of his death, and that he was poisoned by persons who were related to the object of his affections."—*Vasari*, ii.

Lorenzo de' Medici was sent as an ambassador by the Florentines to reclaim the body of their great fellow-citizen, but was refused by the Spoletans, because their city was "so poorly provided with ornaments, above all with distinguished men, and Florence, in her superfluity, might be content without this one." The epitaph is by Politian:

"Conditus hic ego sum picturæ fama Philippus
Nulli ignota meæ est gratia mira manus;
Artifices potui digitis animare colores
Sperataque animos fallere voce diu:
Ipsa meis stupuit natura expressa figuris,
Meque suis passa est artibus esse parem.
Marmoreo tumulo Medices Laurentius hic me
Condidit, ante humili pulvere tectus eram."

Lippi was always dabbling in imprudent love-affairs, and already, many years before, had carried off a beautiful nun, Lucrezia Buti, from a convent at Prato, and by her had become the father of Filippino.

Opposite the monument of Lippi are the tombs of Francesco Orsini and the Bishop Fulvio Orsini, 1581. In the choir are the frescoes on which Lippi was occupied at his death. At the sides of the Death of the Virgin, the Annunciation and the Nativity are depicted.

"The first is in the spirit of Angelico's conception of the same subject, and his pictures are conjured up before the beholder's eyes, when he looks upon the angel presenting himself in the mouth of a portico in the form of those common to the Dominican and to Masolino at Castiglione di Olona,—upon the Virgin's graceful surprise as she receives the message,—or upon the Eternal, whose rays fall upon her through a window that lights the gallery."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

"In spite of all injuries, the charming fulness of the composition, the

simple beauty of the figures, and the powerful colouring, produce an excellent effect."—*Kugler.*

In the roof of the apse the Coronation of the Virgin is represented, surrounded by angels, prophets, and sibyls.

Opening from the portico of the Cathedral is the *Baptistery*, which is covered with interesting frescoes by *Jacopo Siculo*. On the roof are Adam, Noah, Moses, and Melchizedek; on the altar-wall, the Apostles; on the left wall, Gabriel; on the right wall, St. Jerome.

In the *Palazzo Communale*, almost opposite the Cathedral, is a beautiful fresco by *Lo Spagna*, removed from the citadel, representing the Virgin between S.S. Jerome and Francis, Catherine, and Brizio.

"Lo Spagna most retains his similarity to Perugino in this fresco."—*Kugler.*

Hence we may descend, turning to the left, to the Porta Romana, outside which is a charming *passeggiata*—an avenue of acacias with box hedges. It leads towards a convent on a hill, whence there is the best view of Spoleto. On the left, approached by a long flight of steps, is the *Church of S. Pietro*, the original cathedral dedicated to S. Brizio, who is buried there. The west front is most curious: between the square-headed doors are reliefs of monsters, men in conflict with lions, and angels and devils disputing over the dead. Above are cows, and male figures, in high relief. Inside, is a modern statue of the metropolitan S. Brizio, kneeling before St. Peter.

"This church is mentioned as existing in the fifth century, and it continued to be the cathedral till 1067, when the present cathedral was constructed. No record remains of the date of the very curious façade, but

the style of its decorations, the rudeness of the workmanship, and the subjects which are introduced, give us reason to believe that this part of the building must have been added in the course of the twelfth century. By that time, bas-reliefs, in compartments, had been adopted; and at that time, knights in armour and allusions to the last judgment were commonly introduced as the ornaments of ecclesiastical buildings. In one of the bas-reliefs it will be observed that an imp has concealed himself beneath the balance, and is pulling down the unfavourable scale.

"In the struggles between the Emperors and the Popes, Spoleto, by adhering to the latter, drew upon itself the vengeance of Frederick Barbarossa. It is not improbable that the church of S. Pietro, which stood in an exposed situation, may have been one of the buildings which was injured on that occasion, and that the existing façade may have been added after the storm had subsided."—*H. Gally Knight.*

On the right of the *Passeggiata* are the *Convents of S. Paolo* and the *Madonna di Loreto.*

The great striped red and white *Church of S. Domenico*, has a chapel covered with 14th-century frescoes, a Pietà attributed to *Lo Spagna*, and a good copy of Raffaelle's Transfiguration by *Giulio Romano.* In returning to the hotel from hence we pass under the *Porta della Fuga*, a Roman arch, formerly decorated with two lions, of which one has lately (1874) been destroyed, and the other mutilated. The adjoining conventual Church has a tabernacle by *Lo Spagna* containing a Virgin and Child between S.S. John Baptist, Jerome, Scholastica, and Antonio Abate. In the *Church of S. Ansano* is another noticeable *Lo Spagna* of the Virgin and Child.

A walk should be taken in the early morning to La Rocca, when the mists are rolling along the gorge and through the narrow arches of the mighty aqueduct. Most lovely is then the first burst of sunshine over Monte Luco,—the whole mountain like a most luxuriant garden, covered with box, sage, arbutus, ilex, and juniper. Delightful paths wind up-

wards through the woods, and present new views, each more beautiful than the last. Scattered amongst the odoriferous thickets are a succession of chapels, and buildings which once were hermitages, for a perfect Thebaid was established here in 528 by S. Isaac of Syria, and the Catholic Church honours many saints who have spent a portion of their lives here. At the top of the mountain, in a wood of chestnuts, is the pilgrimage *Church of La Madonna delle Grazie.* The principal convent is that of S. Giuliano. No more beautiful or heaven-inspiring retreat could well be found than the cells in this flowery mountain-forest. Michael-Angelo, on Sept. 18, 1556, wrote to Vasari:

"I have just been visiting, with no small fatigue and expense, but with great pleasure, the hermitages of the mountain of Spoleto. I have scarcely brought the half of myself back to Rome, because one only finds true liberty, peace, and happiness amid such scenes."

Those who stay long in Spoleto (and it is a delightful summer residence) will find much to interest them in the many minor works of Lo Spagna (ob. 1526), scattered through the smaller churches and the desecrated convents both in the town and in solitary situations in the neighbouring forests. This painter, whose real name was Giovanni Spagnuolo di Pietro, was a friend and fellow-pupil of Raffaelle in the school of Perugino, and his works follow close in the footsteps of Raffaelle and Pinturicchio. He was made a citizen of Spoleto, where he married and spent the chief part of his life.

The most interesting works of Lo Spagna are in the poor village of *S. Giacomo*, four miles from Spoleto, on the way to the temple of the Clitumnus. Here there is a small church dedicated to St. James of Galitzin. The frescoes in

his honour for the most part relate to a picturesque legend in the life of the Apostle.

"There was a certain German, who with his wife and son went on a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella. Having come as far as Torlosa, they lodged at an inn there; and the host had a fair daughter, who, looking on the son of the pilgrim, a handsome and a graceful youth, became deeply enamoured, but he, being virtuous, and, moreover, on his way to a holy shrine, refused to listen to her allurements.

"Then she thought how she might be avenged for this slight put upon her charms, and hid in his wallet her father's silver drinking-cup. The next morning, no sooner were they departed, than the host, discovering his loss, pursued them, accused them before the judge, and the cup being found in the young man's wallet, he was condemned to be hung, and all they possessed was confiscated to the host.

"Then the afflicted parents pursued their way lamenting, and made their prayer and their complaint before the altar of the blessed Saint Iago; and thirty-six days afterwards, as they returned by the spot where their son hung on the gibbet, they stood beneath it, weeping and lamenting bitterly. Then the son spoke and said, 'O my mother, O my father! do not lament for me, for I have never been in better cheer: the blessed apostle James is at my side, sustaining me and filling me with celestial comfort and joy!' The parents, being astonished, hastened to the judge, who at that moment was seated at table, and the mother called out, 'Our son lives!' The judge mocked at them: 'What sayest thou, good woman? thou art beside thyself! If thy son lives, so do these fowls in my dish.' And lo! scarcely had he uttered the words, when the fowls (being a cock and a hen) rose up full-feathered in the dish, and the cock began to crow, to the great admiration of the judge and his attendants. Then the judge rose up from table hastily, and called together the priests and the lawyers, and they went in procession to the gibbet, took down the young man, and restored him to his parents; and the miraculous cock and hen were placed under the protection of the Church, where they and their posterity long flourished in testimony of this stupendous miracle.

"In the vault of the apsis is the Coronation of the Virgin; she kneels, attired in white drapery flowered with gold, and the whole group, though inferior in power, appeared to me in delicacy and taste far superior to the fresco of Fra Filippo Lippi at Spoleto, from which Passavant thinks it is borrowed. Immediately under the Coronation, in the centre, is a figure of St. James as patron saint, standing with his

pilgrim's staff in one hand and the Gospel in the other; his dress is a yellow tunic with a blue mantle thrown over it. In the compartment on the left, the youth is seen suspended on the gibbet, while St. James with his hand under his feet sustains him; the father and mother look up at him in astonishment. In the compartment to the right, we see the judge seated at dinner, attended by his servants, one of whom is bringing in a dish: the two pilgrims appear to have just told their story, and the cock and hen have risen up in the dish."—*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

Three miles beyond S. Giacomo, the road to Foligno reaches the hamlet of *Le Vene*, and passes immediately behind a small building which is none other than that which poets have described as the *Temple of the Clitumnus*.

The "Temple" stands on a steep bank overlooking the little river, here still called *Clitumno*, which has its source near this, the name Le Vene being derived from the numerous springs or vents of water by which it is formed. In classical times, as now, it was famous for its clear water, and the beauty of the cattle on its banks:

"Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus
Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
Romanos ad templa Deum duxere triumphos."
Virgil, Geo. ii. 196.

"Qui formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco
Integit, et niveos abluit unda boves."
Propert. ii. *El.* xix. 25.

"Et lavat ingentem perfundens flumine sacro
Clitumnus taurum."
Sil. Ital. viii. 452.

"Læta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
Iret, et a grandi cervix ferienda ministro."
Juv. Sat. xii. 13.

"Quin et Clitumni sacras victoribus undas,
Candida quæ Latiis præbent armenta triumphis,
Visere cura fuit."
Claud. vi. *Cons. Hon.* 506.

"nec si vacuet Mevania valles,
Aut præstent niveos Clitumna novalia tauros,
Sufficiam."

Stat. Sylv. i. 4.

We learn from Pliny that this spot was not only one of local veneration, but was visited by strangers. The Emperor Caligula travelled here for this purpose.* The building which still exists was probably a successor of one of the shrines or chapels (sacella) mentioned by Pliny, which were scattered over the hill-side above the temple of the river-god. The little existing building is of the Lower Empire. It will be interesting to read upon the spot the description of C. Pliny, written to his friend Romanus:

"Have you ever seen the sources of the Clitumnus? If not (and I think, if you had, you would have mentioned it to me), go and see them. I saw them not long since, and I regret that I did not see them sooner. There is a rising ground of moderate elevation, thickly shaded with ancient cypresses. At the foot of this, a fountain gushes out in several unequal veins, and having made its escape, forms a pool, whose broad bosom expands, so pure and crystal-like, that you may count small pieces of money that you throw in, and the shining pebbles. Thence it is impelled forward, not by the declivity of the ground, but, as it were, by its own abundance and weight. Though yet at its source, it is already a spacious river, capable of bearing vessels, which it transports in every direction, even such as come upwards, and strive against the stream; it is so powerful that oars give no assistance downwards, but upwards oars and poles can scarce get the better of the current. It is a delightful recreation to those who amuse themselves with floating upon its surface, to exchange alternately, as they alter their direction, labour for ease, and ease for labour. Some parts of the banks are clothed with the wild ash, some with poplars, and the transparent river gives back the image of every one of them distinctly, as if they were submerged beneath its waters. The coldness of the water is equal to that of snow, and its colour nearly so. Hard by, is an ancient and venerable temple. There stands the God Clitumnus himself, not naked, but adorned with

* Suet. Cal. 43.

the *prætexta*. The oracles which are delivered there indicate, not only the presence, but the prophetic power of the deity. Several chapels are scattered about the neighbourhood, each containing an image of the god; each has a sanctity, and each a divinity peculiar to itself; some also contain fountains. For besides the Clitumnus, who is, as it were, the father of all the rest, there are some smaller streams, distinct at the source, but which mingle with the river as soon as it passes the bridge. There ends everything sacred and profane. Above the bridge, navigation only is allowed; below it, swimming is permitted. The inhabitants of Hispella, to whom Augustus made a present of the place, supply a bath and an inn for the accommodation of the public. Along the banks are a number of villas, to which the beauty of the stream has given birth. In a word, there is nothing with which you will not be delighted. For you may even indulge your propensity for study, and may read many inscriptions written by different persons on every pillar and every wall, in honour of the fountain and the god. Many you will applaud, some you will laugh at, though, in fact, such is your good nature, you will laugh at none. Farewell."—*C. Plin. Lib.* viii. *Ep.* 8, *Eustace's Trans.*

The scene is still one of unspoilt loveliness, as when Byron visited it:

"But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect, and most clear;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

"And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales."

Childe Harold.

About 2½ miles beyond the Temple of the Clitumnus is *Trevi* (a station on the railway), the ancient Trebia, a mountain-town occasionally resorted to by Romans in summer, and one of the steepest places imaginable, each house apparently rising on the hill-side almost where the roof of the last comes to an end. It deserves visiting on account of the pictures in its churches.

La Madonna delle Lagrime contains a large fresco of the Adoration of the Magi by *Perugino*. In the same church are a set of frescoes by *Lo Spagna*, among which Kugler notices the Deposition as of peculiar excellence.

"In a lunette, S. Ubaldo in benediction sits between rows of kneeling monks, whilst an angel holds up an open book out of which he reads, and others attend with his crozier and mitre. In the Deposition from the Cross, beneath the lunette, as in the chief personage of the lunette itself, a distant reminiscence of Raphael may be discovered. The Deposition is taken from that in the Borghese Palace at Rome, or from one of the numerous drawings sketched previous to its completion. On the pilasters of the altar, two canvasses contain S. Catherine of Alexandria and S. Cecilia. Had not Spagna renewed his companionship with Raphael at Rome, he could scarcely have done anything so redolent of the great master."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

The *Church of S. Martino*, outside the town, has a fine altar-piece by *Lo Spagna*, executed about 1512. It represents the Coronation of the Virgin, with S.S. Mary Magdalen and Catherine in the foreground, and in the distance a view of the convent of S. Francesco at Assisi. In the dead-house of the adjoining convent is an Assumption by the same artist. A lunette of the Virgin and Child in the church is a beautiful work of *Tiberio d'Assisi.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN THE ABRUZZI (ABRUZZO ULTERIORE II.)

(This tour is easily made from Rome, and will soon be rendered extremely simple by the new lines of railway, branching off from Terni. The excursion however should be postponed at least till April, as the snow lies long in the Abruzzi, or it may be more pleasantly taken in October. The reports of brigands and alarming adventures are almost entirely unfounded. No difficulties attend the tour. The roads are excellent, the food generally very tolerable, and the inhabitants simple and hospitable to a degree, and uniformly kind and civil to strangers. The mediæval costumes are preserved, and are highly picturesque.

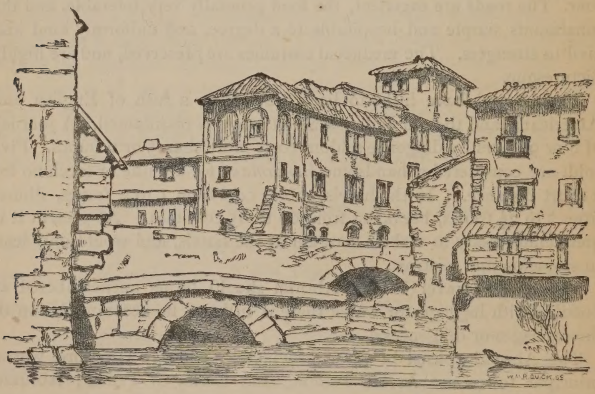
The Abruzzi have hitherto been unspoilt by a rush of English and Americans, and the old Italian scale of prices is maintained. A journey of 8 or 9 hours by diligence seldom costs more than 5 or 6 francs. Five soldi are considered a handsome *buonamano* for a guide or facchino for a short distance. In the hotels, rooms cost from 1 to 2 francs, dinner from 2 to 2½ francs, breakfast from 60 to 85 centimes. At present it is quite unnecessary to make a bargain at the hotels, and would only lead to suspicion and mistrust.

Those who travel in the Abruzzi should be as unencumbered as possible with luggage, for which there is little or no accommodation in the carriages or diligences.

The Abruzzi consist of three provinces. Abruzzo Ulteriore, whose principal towns are Ascoli, Teramo, and Civita di Penne; Abruzzo Ulteriore II., which includes part of the Sabina, and contains Civita Ducale, Aquila, Solmona, and Avezzano; and Abruzzo Citeriore, which includes the country around Chieti, Lanciano, and Vasto. It is only with the second of these, whose mountains are visible from Rome, that we are now concerned. It is most easily approached through the Sabine hills below Rieti. There are two ways of reaching

Rieti from Rome by a public conveyance. First, by the diligence which meets the quick train from Rome to Florence at the station of Corese, and arrives at Rieti at 3 p. m., having halted for 2 hours at a wayside inn; and, secondly, by the diligence which leaves the market-place at Terni at 12, on the arrival of the same train, and reaches Rieti at 5 p. m., without any halt. A place in the diligence from Terni to Rieti costs 3 francs; a two-horse carriage for the same, 16 francs.)

IT is a long ascent from Terni to Papigno, above the Falls. Thence, avoiding Pie di Luco with its lake and echo, the road follows the upland plain of the Velino, filled with vines trained upon the white mulberry-trees. The country is wonderfully rich. Cicero * speaks of it as the Rheatine Tempe. The banks of the river were the "Rosea rura Velini" of Virgil.† The hills are limestone, and consequently incapable of fine forms, and there is little beauty, till we reach *Rieti*



Roman Bridge, Rieti.

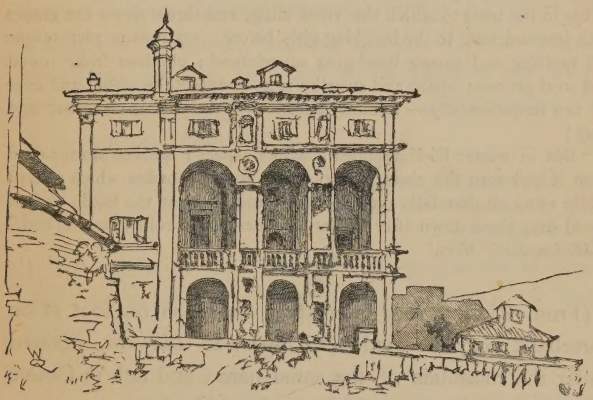
high in the upland, 1396 feet above the sea, but close under

* Ad Att. iv. 15. † Æn. vii. 712.

a mountain-side, surrounded by walls and approached by a handsome *passeggiata.* The town is very flourishing, and a large Beet-root Sugar-Manufactory has been established there. The *Croce Bianca* is a clean and very tolerable hotel, also *La Campana* in the piazza.

The Roman remains are the *Bridge* over the Velino, and a handless and footless statue called Cicero, in one of the streets. Ancient Rheate was celebrated for its mules and asses, extolled by Strabo, and by Varro in his dialogues *De Re Rustica.* Silius Italicus pretends that the town derived its name from Rheate, the Latin Cybele :

> . . . magnæque Rheate dicatum
> Cœlicolum matri."
>
> viii. 417.



Palazzo Vincentini, Rieti.

The principal *Church* of *S. Maria* has a wide portico. It contains a statue of S. Barbara by *Bernini.* There is a

pleasant view from the platform outside, close to which is the beautiful *Palazzo Vincentini* with open loggias, a most graceful work of *Vignola*. The churches of *S. Pietro* and *S. Agostino* have fine doorways, and *S. Pietro Mantine* a richly carved wooden roof. The charm of Rieti depends entirely upon its pure air and surrounding vineyards.

"The Queen of the Sabine land, as its inhabitants sometimes proudly call it, is built at the foot of the mountains, in a rich plain full of vineyards. The swift Velino rushes by the town, which is a nest of quaint red-roofed houses guarded by several towers and a citadel. No more joyous spot is there on earth than Rieti in the vintage season, when all the population swarms forth from their hive to gather in the rich purple and amber clusters and heap them into waggons drawn by great meek-eyed oxen, or pile them up in panniers on the backs of asses, which the children have crowned with leafy garlands snatched from the vines. Half-naked boys, graceful as fawns and brown as satyrs, perch themselves in the trees to which the vines cling, and throw down the grapes with jest and song to the laughing girls below: matrons in picturesque red boddice and snowy head-gear superintend; children frolic round and steal grapes; spare and swarthy men complete the scene, and over all is a turquoise sky — radiant sunshine — everywhere laughter and song!

"But in winter Rieti assumes a wilder aspect; sudden storms dash upon it and turn the clear Velino into a roaring torrent which sweeps wildly away all that falls on its surface, and tears at the banks as if it would drag them down after the large stones that it rolls along its bed."
—*Mademoiselle Mori.*

(From Rieti, a very interesting excursion on foot or on horseback may be made (16 miles) to *Lionessa*, situated under the mountain of the same name, and rich in Gothic churches and fragments of domestic architecture.

Six miles further, near the source of the Nar, is *Norcia*, the ancient Nursia. Here Vespasia Polla, mother of the Emperor Vespasian, was born. The family had property

near this, called Vespasiæ,* a memorial of which exists in the name Monte Vespio. Far more interesting natives of Norcia were S. S. Benedict and Scholastica. The place is said to be dangerous from the brigand-tendencies of its population, and it can scarcely be reached in winter from the snow. Virgil speaks of the coldness of its climate :

"Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt, quos frigida misit
Nursia."—Æn. vii. 715.

and Silius Italicus,—

"nec non habitata pruinis
Nursia."—viii. 418.

Twelve miles hence by a bridle-path, is *Amatrice*, with Gothic churches, and paintings by its especial artist Cola di Amatrice. Eight miles from this, and two from Civita Reale, is the village of *Collicelli*, close to which is the church of *S. Silvestro in Farlacrino*, marking the site of *Falacrinum*, and with ruins close by, supposed to be those of the Flavian palace, where Vespasian was born, and to visit which he was in the habit of returning.

"Locum incunabulorum assidue frequentavit, manente villa qualis fuerat olim, ne quid scilicet oculorum consuetudini deperiret."
Suetonius, viii. 2.

The hamlet of *San Vittorino* occupies the site of *Amiternum*, which sent a cohort to the assistance of Turnus against Æneas.

"Ecce, Sabinorum prisco de sanguine, magnum
Agmen agens Clausus, magnique ipse agminis instar ;
. . . . . .
Una ingens Amiterna cohors, priscique Quirites."
Virgil, Æn. vii. 706.

* Suet. Vesp. c. 1.

The modern name is derived from a martyr-bishop, buried in its church. Sallust was born at Amiternum.)

The road to Aquila is most dreary. It enters the mountains at *Civita Ducale*, where there is a picturesque piazza with a fountain, and two remarkable churches, one with a fine Lombard doorway, the other with a beautiful rose window. The place was founded in 1308, by Robert, Duke of Calabria.

(Fearless pedestrians may make a wild but interesting excursion from hence to the remains of the castle of *Petrella*, famous for the sufferings of Beatrice Cenci * in the 16th century.

> "That savage rock the Castle of Petrella,
> 'Tis safely wall'd, and moated round about:
> Its dungeons under-ground, and its thick towers,
> Never told tales: though they have heard and seen
> What might make dumb things speak."
>
> *Shelley.*

The village of *Torano*, in the same direction, has remains of Cyclopean walls, supposed to belong to the Tiora of Dionysius, and to the place called Thyra in the 'Martyrologium Romanum,' where S. Anatolia was martyred under Decius.)

There is nothing more of interest till we reach the *Bagni di Paterno*, some sulphuric springs with a strong smell, boiling up close on the right of the road. These were the Aquæ Cutiliæ, annually used by Vespasian, and here he died, A. D. 79, perhaps in the Roman palace of which the ruins remain upon the left.

"At Cutiliæ, though his disorder much increased, and he injured himself by too free use of the cold waters, Vespasian nevertheless attended to

* See Walks in Rome, vol. i.

the despatch of business, and even gave audience to ambassadors in his bed. At last, being very ill, he cried out, 'An Emperor ought to die standing upright.' In endeavouring to rise, he died in the arms of those who were assisting him, upon the eighth of the calends of July (June 24), being sixty-nine years, one month, and seven days old."

Suetonius.

Varro considered the Lacus Cutiliæ as the centre—"umbilicus"— of Italy. The pool which formerly existed here had a floating island, described by Dionysius as "four hundred feet in diameter," formed by the incrustation of carbonate of lime. The Lake was consecrated to Victory (Vacuna?), and was considered so sacred, that no one was allowed to approach it, except on certain festivals.

Jolting through the narrow street of *Borgo Velino*, where the houses almost meet overhead, we reach *Antrodoco*, a dull town, more than half destroyed a few years ago by an earthquake, in which a great portion of the inhabitants were killed. On the hill above are fragments of a castle of the Vitelli. This was the station Interocrea on the Via Salaria, and was first destroyed by the people of Aquila in 1364.

It is a dismal country of barren hill-sides till we come in sight of *Aquila*, which occupies a platform rising above the plain, with mountains all around. On the left is the Gran Sasso d' Italia with its twin peaks of perpetual snow; on the right is Rocca di Mezzo, and, beyond it, the grand outline of La Maiella.

Aquila "La Roma degli Abruzzi" (*Locanda del Sole*, good, reasonable, and clean) is a memorial of the great Emperor Frederick II. His idea was to make it the capital of Italy, one of the most important places in the world, and he built a grand palace here. But his death cut short all his projects, and left only the skeleton of his intentions.

The mountains around Aquila are vast, but the situation is bare and desolate, and almost devoid of vegetation. It has eight months of pitiless winter, and four months of scorching, life-blasting summer. Its rocks, its soil, its churches, are riven and rifted by constant earthquakes, for even now nature suddenly often sets all the bells ringing and the clocks striking, and makes fresh chasms in the old yellow walls. In the streets, low two-storied cottages often stand side by side with handsome palaces, and few of the churches remain entire. Yet in spite of the God-forsaken look of everything, there is a sort of ghastly poetry about Aquila, and there are many who will find a strange interest, and experience many new sensations, on its tawny hills, and amid its deserted buildings.

"È l' Aquila, citta degli A bruzzi fra altissimi monti posta, è dalle rovine de' luoghi convicini tanto cresciuta, che di uomini, di armi, di richezze era la prima riputata dopo Napoli."

Porzio.

Of the ninety churches which once existed here, a vast number, or portions of them, remain.

S. Bernardino (reached from the hotel by the Via Principe Umberto and crossing the Corso), rises aloft in the face of the snow, with a stately front by *Cola da Amatrice* (1525-42). On the right, is the tomb of the saint, covered with reliefs by *Silvestro Salviati* (1505).

S. Bernardino, a native of Massa near Siena, was born in 1380, of the noble family of the Albizeschi. He was of great beauty and stately presence. At seventeen he began to devote himself to work in the hospitals, and ruined his health by his self-sacrifice during the plague at Siena. At twenty-three he became a Franciscan monk, and henceforward his life was almost entirely that of an itinerant preacher. "Of the wonderful success of his sermons, many striking anecdotes are told. His

hearers were not only for the moment affected and melted into tears, but in many instances a perfect regeneration of heart and life seems to have taken place through his influence. Those who had defrauded, made restitution; those who owed money, hastened to pay their debts; those who had committed injustice, were eager to repair it. Enemies were seen to embrace each other in his presence; gamblers flung away their cards; the women cut off their hair, and threw down their jewels at his feet; wherever he came, he preached peace; and the cities of Tuscany, then distracted by factions, were by his exhortations reconciled and tranquillized, at least for a time. Above all, he set himself to heal, as far as he could, the mutual fury of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, who, at that period, were tearing Italy to pieces."

Throughout his whole life, S. Bernardino despised worldly honours and ideas, and three bishoprics were pressed upon him in vain. He founded the Order of the Osservanti, which not only engaged to follow, but *followed*, the strict rule of S. Francis. On May 20, 1444, he died at Aquila, while on one of his journeys as a pedestrian preacher, and in 1450 he was canonized by Nicholas V.

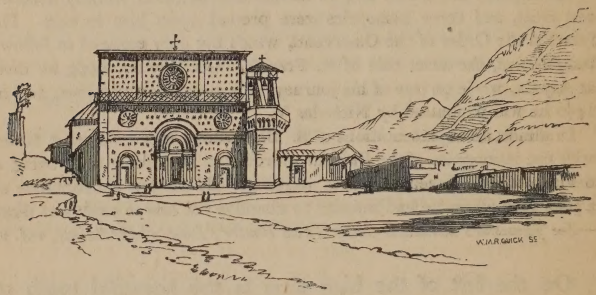
In almost all representations of S. Bernardino, is introduced a tablet with the monogram of the Saviour surrounded by golden rays, being a device which he invented that it might be sold for the maintenance of a poor man whom he had induced to abandon the sale of cards and dice. —*See Jameson's Monastic Orders, and Butler's Lives of the Saints*, vol. v.

On the left of the high altar is the beautiful tomb of Beatrice Camponi: She lies upon a richly decorated sarcophagus and her child below it. In the second chapel on the right is a fine Assumption by *Luca della Robbia*. The second chapel on the left has an admirable wrought-iron screen.

The steps of S. Bernardino are used as the cattle-market of Aquila. Goats perch upon the higher part, sheep and oxen lie in the sun on the broad platforms below. Descending the stairs between the ruined chapels of a Via Crucis, we reach—passing (left) a ruined Gothic house—the Porta di Collemaggio.

About half-a-mile outside this gate, on a dust-laden, wind-

stricken platform, is the beautiful church of *S. Maria di Collemaggio.* Only the front of the original building of c. 1260 remains—of white marble inlaid with red marble. It has three splendidly-wrought portals and three rose-windows above them. Over the doors runs a beautiful gallery of wrought-iron, with cressets. Hence, once in every year, the Bishop of Aquila reads the bull of Cœlestine V., with the advantages he conferred upon the town. On a line with the façade, rises the low very heavy machicolated bell-tower.



S. Maria di Collemaggio, Aquila.

The inside of the church was destroyed by earthquake in 1703 and has been modernized, but is bare and desolate to a degree. A curious series of animal-pieces lines the walls, introduced apropos of the saintly legends connected with them. They are by *Andrew Ruter*, a Flemish monk, who was a pupil of Rubens. In the pavement are a number of curious incised monuments of abbots and bishops. In this church the hermit Cœlestine V. was crowned Pope in 1294.

"Over his shaggy sackcloth the hermit had put on the gorgeous attire of the Pontiff; yet he would not go to Perugia to receive the homage of the conclave. Age and the heat of the season (he had been

accustomed to breathe the mountain air) would not permit him to take the long unwonted journey. He entered the city of Aquila riding on an ass, with a king on each side of him to hold his bridle. Some of the indignant clergy murmured at this humiliation of the Papal majesty (the successor of S. Peter was wont to ride a stately palfrey), but they suppressed their discontent.

"If there had been more splendid, there never was so popular an election. Two hundred thousand spectators crowded the streets. In the evening the Pope was compelled again and again to come to the window to bestow his benediction; and if hierarchical pride had been offended at the lowliness of his pomp, it but excited greater admiration in the commonalty: they thought of Him who entered Jerusalem 'riding on an ass's colt.' Miracles confirmed their wonder: a boy, lame from the womb, was placed on the ass on which the Pope had ridden; he was restored to the full use of his limbs.

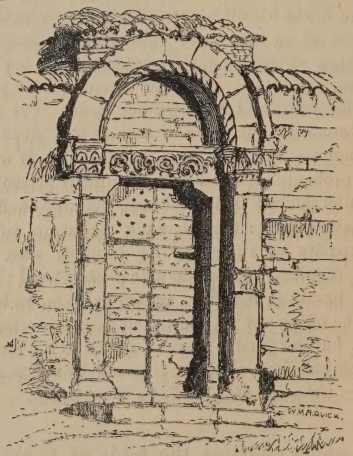
"The Cardinal Napoleon Orsini assisted at the inauguration, gave to the Pope the scarlet mantle, the mitre set with gold and jewels; he announced to the people that Peter had taken the name of Cœlestine V. The foot of the lowly hermit was kissed by kings, cardinals, bishops, nobles. He was set on high to be adored by the people. The numbers of the clergy caused singular astonishment; but the cardinals, though reluctant, would not allow the coronation to proceed without them; they came singly and in unwilling haste. Yet still, though all assisted at the ceremony, the place of honour was given to the French cardinal: he anointed the new Pope, but the Pontiff was crowned by Matteo Rosso, probably the elder of the cardinals present.

"A few months showed that meekness, humility, holiness, unworldliness, might make a saint; they were not the virtues suited to a Pope. The utter incapacity of Cœlestine for business soon appeared; he lavished offices, dignities, bishoprics, with profuse hand; he granted and revoked grants, bestowed benefices, vacant or about to be vacant. He was duped by the officers of his court, and gave the same benefice over and over again, but the greater share of all fell to his brethren from the Abruzzi. He shrank from publicity; he could only speak a few words of bad Latin."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

The tomb which contains the body of Cœlestine, stolen, after his canonization, from the cathedral of Ferentino, is at the end of the left aisle. His skull is preserved here, secured under eight keys, four of which are in the hands of the civil

authorities. Once a year it is publicly shown. Over the left temple is a square hole, said to have been made by the nail by which he was murdered.

Besides these two great churches, many others are worth visiting. The causeway from the Collemaggio leads to the gate towards Solmona, near which is *S. Marco*, with a fine Lombard door. A little behind, is *S. Marciano*, also with a remarkable door. Between this and the Porta Romana is *S. Domenico*, a vast simple Gothic church with two admirable doorways; and, close by, the plain but picturesque front of *S. Pietro di Sasso.* Several old houses and convents near this have Gothic fronts, especially in the Via Porta Romana. In Spain, their windows would be called *Ajimez.* The best of

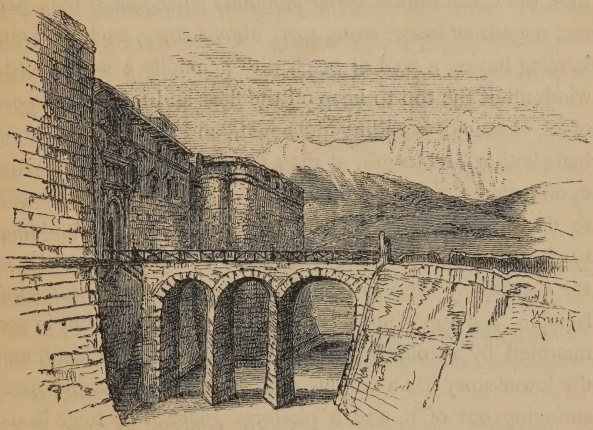


S. Nicolo d'Anza, Aquila.

these fronts is so ruinous, that it will soon be quite lost, if pains are not taken to preserve it.

Left of the Porta Romana, between it and the Corso, is *S. Nicolo d'Anza*, beautifully situated, with a most picturesque gateway to its little garden. Near it, in a square, is *S. Silvestro*, with a splendid rose-window. Inside its west door are two frescoes by some very good early Umbrian master, one pourtraying the Virgin and Child throned with saints, the other the Baptism of Constantine—the emperor being represented as Christ. In a street on the right, beyond this, is *S. Maria Paganica*, which has a stately west front, with a rich doorway, approached by a flight of steps: outside are tombs with reclining figures.

The tall tower which rises close to the inn, and which is adorned with a grand eagle—"Aquila"—is a remnant of the *Palace of Margaret of Austria*, natural daughter of Charles



Castle of Aquila.

V., and widow of Ottavio Farnese, who was governor of the province.

At the upper end of the Corso is an open space, beyond which is the *Citadel*, built in 1543 on the site of Frederick's palace. Its massive walls are guarded by a wide moat. From its ramparts there is a grand view of the mountains, especially of the Gran Sasso d'Italia.

The great fountain, called *La Riviera*, is very curious, and dates from 1272. It is a quadrangular court surrounded by ninety-nine little fountains, in memory of the different communities which were united to form the city.

A diligence, drawn by four horses with their manes tied up into plumes, took us to Popoli along the dreary hideous road, which runs for many hours through a dusty waste between two lines of parched mountains. Our only entertainment was the extraordinary harness of the animals we met, the central horse being generally surmounted by a perfect pagoda of brass, rising story above story, each separate landing having a peal of bells, with generally a sort of little windmill at the top to keep off the flies, and in front a figure of S. Antonio, standing detached, and in an attitude of benediction. At length, at the top of a weary pass, we came upon a grand view over the snowy Maiella, and then began to descend by rapid zig-zags to *Popoli*, a small, crumbling, earthquake-stricken town, overlooked by the ruined castle of the Cantelmi. The principal church has a very interesting façade. Its upper story is of the 17th century, but is surmounted by an old figure of S. George on horseback, and the lower story has a curious rose-window with smaller roses springing out of it, and a platform guarded by huge lions. A tower, built by the Counts Resta of the Marsica, has been half buried in an earthquake. The branch line of railway

from Pescara to Solmona runs through Popoli, and as the town is filthy, we were glad to take refuge at the station, where there is an excellent caffé, till the train came to carry us the pleasant half-hour's journey through the valley to *Solmona.* Here there are three inns; *Albergo della Stazione* (in the piazza), with a good view; *Albergo del Toscano*, perfectly filthy; and the "*Casa de Monsieur Raffaelle*," 43 Corso Ovidii. We chose the last, and found its owners most civil and obliging; and a kind of rough comfort, though the cocks and hens shared our sitting-room, and fresh eggs were laid for us, almost at our feet.

On approaching Solmona, you pass out of the desert into a cultivated valley, at the end of which, on an isolated platform reached by viaduct, is the stately town, crowned by many towers and backed by grand masses of snow. On the left, the monastery of Cœlestine is seen beneath the mountain, and his more famous hermitage, clinging, eyrie-like, to one of its ridges.

Solmona.

Solmona is a perfectly mediæval city, many of its iron

balconies and Gothic house-windows being worthy of the best Venetian palaces. Being the birth-place of Ovid, the principal street is called Corso Ovidii, and is adorned with a poor statue of the poet, who was tenderly attached to his native city.

> "Sulmo mihi patria est, gelidis uberrimus undis."
> *Trist.* iv. 9.

> "Sulmonis gelidi, patriæ, Germanice, nostræ ;
> Me miserum, Scythico quam procul illa solo est."
> *Fast.* iv. 81.

The Corso crosses a small square containing a cinque-cento palace, *Casa Communale*, of marvellous beauty, adorned with statues of sainted popes and cardinals ranged along its façade, between the richly-traceried windows. In one of these, the pilasters, which imitate palm-trees, rest upon lions, while the rose above is upheld by floating angels.

The great piazza, where snow mountains are seen on all sides above the houses, is one of the largest in Italy, and is rendered exceedingly picturesque by the aqueduct which crosses its upper extremity, and beneath the arches of which a broad flight of steps, ever crowded with figures, descends from the street. Behind the aqueduct, rises the front and the grand Gothic portal of *S. Francesco*. The inside of the church, and its cloisters, ruined by an earthquake, are now used as the market. Another church, *S. Maria della Tomba* has a fine entrance and rose-window. The daily costume of the male peasantry is most becoming and picturesque, and much like that of Murcia in Spain :— white shirts and full breeches of white linen fastened close at the knee, blue stockings, and an open sleeveless jacket of

blue cloth, with a scarlet sash. On Palm-Sunday, when we were at Solmona, the female costume was perfectly magnificent, the women wearing red cloth over their white *panni*, and a profusion of gold and coral ornaments. In preparation for Holy Week, immense coloured rosaries of sugar were selling, gaily decorated with feathers and ribbons, and thus religion was sweetened, as people were to suck off a sugar-plum for every prayer they said.

We had a steep and exhausting walk up to the wild mountain cell where Cœlestine V. lived as the hermit Pietro Murrone from 1239 to 1294, and we could not but pity the archbishop and bishops, who in a time of even worse or no foot-paths scrambled up thither to announce his strange election to the Papacy, and carry him off, more like a frightened wild beast than a human being, to his splendid coronation at Aquila. No transition has ever been more extraordinary.

"Suddenly a solitary monk was summoned from his cell, in the remote Abruzzi, to ascend the Pontifical throne. The Cardinal of Ostia, Latino Malebranca, had admired the severe and ascetic virtues of Peter Murrone, a man of humble birth, but already, from his extraordinary austerities, held by the people as a man of the highest sanctity. He had retired from desert to desert, and still multitudes had tracked him out in vast swarms, some to wonder at, some to join his devout seclusion. He seemed to rival, if not to outdo, the famous anchorites of old. His dress was hair-cloth, with an iron cuirass; his food bread and water, with a few herbs on Sunday.

"Peter Murrone has left an account of his own youth. The brothers of his Order, who took his name, the Cœlestinians, vouched for its authenticity. His mother was devoutly ambitious that one of her eleven children should be dedicated to God. Many of them died, but Peter fulfilled her most ardent desires. His infancy was marked with miracles. In his youth he had learned to read the Psalter; he then knew not the person of the Blessed Virgin, nor of St. John. One day they descended bodily from a picture of the Crucifixion, stood before him, and sweetly

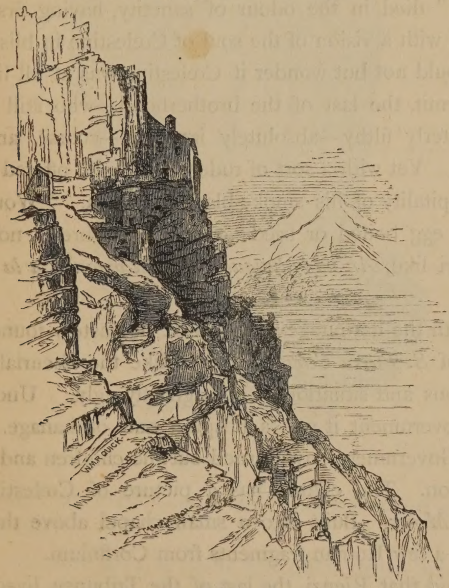
chaunted portions of the Psalter. At the age of twenty he went into the desert: visions of Angels were ever round him, sometimes showering roses over him. God showed him a great stone, under which he dug a hole, in which he could neither stand upright, nor stretch his limbs, and there he dwelt in all the luxury of self-torture among lizards, serpents, and toads. A bell in the heavens constantly sounded to summon him to prayers. He was offered a cock, he accepted the ill-omened gift; for his want of faith the bell was thenceforth silent. He was encircled by a crowd of followers, whom he had already formed into a kind of Order or Brotherhood; they were rude illiterate peasants from the neighbouring mountains.

"Either designedly or accidentally the Cardinal Malebranca spoke of the wonderful virtues of the hermit, Peter Murrone: the weary Conclave listened with interest. It was in that perplexed and exhausted state, when men seize desperately on any strange counsel to extricate themselves from their difficulty. . . . Peter Murrone was declared supreme Pontiff by unanimous acclamation.

"The place of Murrone's retreat was a cave in a wild mountain above the pleasant valley of Solmona. The ambassadors of the Conclave having achieved their journey from Perugia, with difficulty found guides to conduct them to the solitude. As they toiled up the rugged ascent, they were overtaken by the Cardinal Peter Colonna who had followed them without commission from the rest. The cave, in which the saint could neither sit upright nor stretch himself out, had a grated window with iron bars, through which he uttered his oracular responses to the wondering people. None even of the brethren of the Order might penetrate into the dark sanctuary of his austerities. The ambassadors of the Conclave found an old man with a long shaggy beard, sunken eyes overhung with heavy brows, and lids swollen with perpetual weeping, pale hollow cheeks, and limbs meagre with fasting: they fell on their knees before him, and he before them.

"So Peter Murrone the Hermit saw before him, in submissive attitudes, the three prelates, attended by the official notaries, who announced his election to the Papacy. He thought it was a dream, and for once assuredly there was a profound and religious reluctance to accept the highest dignity in the world. He protested with tears his utter inability to cope with affairs, to administer the sacred trust, to become the successor of the Apostle. The news spread abroad; the neighbouring people came hurrying by thousands, delighted that they were to have a saint, and their own saint, for a Pope. The hermit in vain tried to escape; he was brought back with respectful force, guarded with reverential vigilance. Nor was it the common people only

who were thus moved. The King of Naples, accompanied by his son, now in right of his wife entitled King of Hungary, hastened to do honour to his holy subject, to persuade the hermit, who perhaps would be dazzled by royal flatteries into a useful ally, to accept the proffered dignity. The hermit-pope was conducted from his lowly cave to the monastery of Santo Spirito, at the foot of the mountain. He still refused to be invested in the pontifical robes. At length arrived the Cardinal Malebranca: his age, dignity, character, and his language urging the awful responsibility which Peter Murrone would incur by resisting the manifest will of God, and by keeping the Popedom longer vacant (for all of which he would be called to give account on the day of judgment), prevailed over the awe-struck saint. Not the least earnest in pressing him to assume at once the throne were his rude but not so unambitious hermit brethren: they too looked for advancement, they followed him in crowds wherever he went."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*



Hermitage of Pietro Murrone.

The mountain is savage to a degree, and its pathlets are

guarded by huge sheep-dogs, against which stones are the only protection. Shepherds sit contentedly to see you devoured, and play prettily on their reed-pipes as in classical times. "Will you come up and show us your pipe," we said to a boy in rags who was sitting on a rock beneath us. "Certainly not," he answered, with true mountain independence, "if you want to see it, you can come down to me."

The original cell of Pietro Murrone is a cave, but, above it, a hermitage in two stories has been built long ago and is adorned with rude frescoes. A sort of brotherhood of hermit-monks was established here, and here "the blessed Roberto de Salie" died in the odour of sanctity, having first been favoured with a vision of the soul of Cœlestine in bliss.

We could not but wonder if Cœlestine was at all like the poor hermit, the last of the brotherhood—who still lingers here—utterly filthy—absolutely ignorant—coarse, and uncivilized. Yet with a sort of rude courtesy he offered us the poor hospitality of his smoke-blackened den. "Would we have an egg boiled or fried—a little black bread, not such as Signori like, *Ah no! dunque io gli raccomando a la carità di Dio.*"

Beneath the hermitage is the great monastery founded in honour of *S. Pietro Celestino*, rather like the Escurial in its proportions and situation. It is ghastly ugly. Under the Papal Government it was a hospital and orphanage. The present Government have turned out the children and made it a prison. The church has a picture of Cœlestine by *Raphael Mengs*. Built into a small chapel above the convent, are a few Roman fragments from Corfinium.

It is said that Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes, lived here in retreat as a monk, when he fled from Rome, but the her-

mitage of S. Spirito in the Maiella is also pointed out as the

Hermit of the Abruzzi.

place where he lived "come fraticello, con romiti e persone di penitenza."

(An excursion may be made (14 miles) from Solmona to the *Lago di Scanno*, but it must be performed partly on horseback and partly on foot, and in winter it is impossible from

the snow, or the swelling of the Sagittario in the narrow pass called *Gli Stretti di S. Luigi.*

"The Lago di Scanno is really one of the most perfectly beautiful spots in nature, and the more so for being in so desert a place. Its dark waters slumber below bare mountains of great height; and their general effect might recall Wast Water in Cumberland, but that every craggy hill is of wilder and grander form. At the upper end of the lake, which may be a mile and a half in length, an avenue of beautiful oaks, dipping their branches into the water, shades the rocky path, and leads to a solitary chapel, the only building in sight, save a hermitage on the mountain beyond. The beauty and stillness of this remote lake are most impressive.

"The costume of the women of Scanno is extremely peculiar, and suggests an oriental origin, particularly when (as is not unusually the case with the elder females) a white handkerchief is bound round the lower part of the face, concealing all but the eyes and nose. In former days, the material of the Scannese dress was scarlet cloth richly ornamented with green velvet, gold lace, &c., the shoes of blue worked satin, and the shoulder-straps of massive silver, a luxury of vestments now only possessed by a very few. At present both the skirt and bodice are of black or dark blue cloth, the former being extremely full, and the waist very short; the apron is of scarlet or crimson stuff.

"The head-dress is very striking: a white handkerchief is surmounted by a falling cap of dark cloth, among the poorer orders; but of worked purple satin with the rich, and this again is bound round, turbanwise, by a white or primrose-coloured fillet, striped with various colours, though, excepting on festa days, the poor do not wear this additional band.

"The hair is plaited very beautifully with riband; and the ear-rings, buttons, necklaces, and chains are of silver, and in rich families often exceedingly costly."—*Lear's Excursions in Italy.*

Another savage excursion, impossible in winter snows, may be made from Solmona, by Pettorano, Rocca Valloscura, and Roccarasa, to *Castel di Sangro* (so called from its river), a picturesque old town with a castle of the Counts of the Marsica. There is a path hence through wild mountain passes, by Barrea, Alfidena, and the Passo del Monaco over the mountain of La Meta, to the pilgrimage-chapel of

S. Maria del Canneto. A road also leads from Castel di Sangro to *Isernia*, a very interesting old town, with a curious aqueduct, a beautiful fountain, and a round church with a shrine of S.S. Cosmo and Damian, of great repute for the cure of disease in all the neighbouring country. Hence there is a road to Naples by *Venafro*, where are fine polygonal walls and an old castle of the Caraccioli.

There is a direct road, traversed by a diligence in summer, from Solmona to Celano on the Lago Fucino, which saves an immense detour. It passes by *Pentima*. Near this are the remains of the ancient *Corfinium*, many fragments of which are built into the curious Church of S. Pelino, where S. Alexander I. is buried. But in winter and spring this road is wholly impassable from snow, and we were reluctantly compelled to return through the moonlight to Aquila, by the diligence which leaves Popoli at 7 P.M. and arrives at 2 A.M.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE MARSICA—THE LAGO FUCINO.

THE morning after reaching Aquila (March 31) we took the Avezzano diligence (9 francs 50 c.) which left Aquila at 10 A. M. It was a long ascent for several hours after Aquila, and then we reached the upland plains of snow. The driver had many stories to tell of the perils of that way, and how once he and his four horses were nearly lost, and only rescued by a whole village turning out at the sound of his alarm bell. We did not wonder, for the scenery was that of Lapland; fields, hedges, mountain-sides entirely concealed under a snow-mantle, and for hours our road was a mere track cut in the snow, which rose in walls on either side, where it had drifted, to the height of the diligence.

If they ceased talking, the coachman and the postal-guard sang in parts, and for hours, one of the wild melancholy songs of the Abruzzi.

"Sa vi digo, Maria, dij vui,
Povir amur!
V' Anvid a le mie nossi.—
Resignurin;
V' Anvid a le mie nossi.—
—A le vostri nossi an j ven nent,
Povir Amur!

Ch'i sun titti le vostri,
Resignurin
Ch'i sun titti le vostri——"

and so on, through at least fifty stanzas.

We paused to change horses at a dismal village in the snow, *Roca di Mezzo*, halting under a gateway so completely out of the perpendicular from earthquakes that it requires a buttress almost as big as itself to keep it up.

At *Camindoli* the road begins to descend into the Marsica by a series of frightful and unguarded precipices, and, passing beneath a village with the singular name of *Sant' Appetite*, emerges from the mountains at Celano. As we approach this town by a long defile, patches of pale blue water under the abrupt cliffs on the opposite side of the valley, indicate how beautiful the scene must have been, before the Lago Fucino, which once completely filled the intervening plain, was dried up.

Celano itself has a glorious castle, rising in three tiers of battlements and towers against the mountain-side. It was built in the time of the unhappy Countess Covella dei Ruggieri, imprisoned by her own son Ruggierotto, who was anxious to seize her estates, and only let out of prison to plead the cause of her unnatural oppressor, and to see her property confiscated by Ferdinand of Arragon to his son-in-law Antonio Piccolomini, nephew of Pope Pius II. The town, which has a chapel of the Piccolomini painted by Giulio Romano, is the birthplace of the *Beato Tomaso di Celano*, who is reputed to have written the *Dies Iræ*, c. 1250.

"Its situation is said to be near that of Cliternum. Count Tomaso of Celano appears to have been a turbulent subject of the Emperor Frederick II., who, in 1223, took and destroyed the town, exiling its

inhabitants to Calabria, Sicily, and Malta ; whence they returned, and rebuilt their dwellings in the following reign. There is a poetical tradition of a palace in the old town, containing a marble staircase famous for curing anybody who was in love, by the simple remedy of walking to the top of it.

"The castle of Celano, a splendid fortress, and till recently in good preservation, was built about 1450, by one of the three husbands of the Countess Covella ; but whether Lionello Acclozamuro, or Giacomo Caldora, or Odoardo Colonna, it is not easy to state, as historians disagree as to the order in which the lady's husbands succeeded each other. But as, in 1430, a son of Lorenzo Colonna, Count of Alba and Celano, was made Duke of Amalfi by Queen Giovanna II., it is most probable the castle is of Colonna origin."—*Lear's Excursions in Italy.*

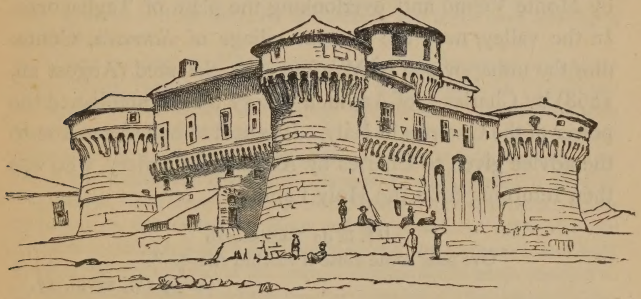
The district upon which we have now entered, still called the Marsica, was the country of the Marsi, who, after their subjugation by Rome in 45 A. U. C., became its firm allies. Their legendary founder was Marsus, son of Circe, whence, perhaps, they are frequently represented as magicians, who had the power of rendering harmless the venom of serpents. Virgil alludes to this in the passage in which he gives his beautiful one-line description of the Lago Fucino.

> "Quin et Marrubiâ venit de gente sacerdos,
> Fronde super galeam et felici comtus olivâ,
> Archippi regis missu, fortissimus Umbro :
> Vipereo generi et graviter spirantibus hydris
> Spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat,
> Mulcebatque iras, et morsus arte levabat.
> Sed non Dardaniæ medicari cuspidis ictum
> Evaluit ; neque eum juvere in vulnera cantus
> Somniferi, et Marsis quæsitæ montibus herbæ.
> Te nemus Anguitiæ, vitreâ te Fucinus undâ,
> Te liquidi flevere lacus."
>
> *Æn.* vii. 750.

And Silius Italicus speaks in the same terms of the Marsi :—

"At Marsica pubes
Et bellare manu, et chelydris cantare soporem,
Vipereumque herbis hebetare et carmine dentem.
Æctæ prolem Angitiam mala gramina primam
Monstravisse ferunt, tactuque domare venena
Et lunam excussisse polo, stridoribus amnes
Frenantem, et sylvis montes nudasse vocatis.
Sed populis nomen posuit metuentior hospes,
Cum fugeret Phrygios trans æquora Marsya Crenos."
Sil. Ital. viii. 497.

Below Celano, a road leads beneath the mountains along what was once the basin of the lake (6 miles) to *Avezzano*, a dull country town, with a fine old castle of the Barberini at one end of it, originally built by the Colonna. Here we found a tolerable little inn with a good mountain view, which is a pleasant centre for excursions.



Castle of Avezzano.

Only about three miles from Avezzano, crowning one of the lower hills, is *Alba Fucinensis*, once a very important place, the head-quarters of the *Legio Marsica*, which Cicero praises in his Philippics, and the stronghold where Syphax,

king of Numidia, Perseus of Macedonia, and other captive sovereigns were imprisoned by the Romans. It continued to be a strong fortress after the fall of the Empire, and its final ruin is due to Charles I. of Anjou, who destroyed the city, to punish its adherence to Conradin. Beneath the present town are very perfect polygonal walls, and there are some remains of an amphitheatre. It looks down upon the ancient territory of Alba, fruitful from early times.

> " . . . interiorque per udos
> Alba sedet campos, pomisque rependit aristas."
> *Sil. Ital.* viii. 508.

Standing quite on a separate height, is the interesting *Church of S. Pietro*, occupying the site of a temple, portions of which are incorporated in its walls. It has an ancient mosaic pavement. The position is most beautiful, backed by Monte Velino and overlooking the plain of Tagliacozzo. In the valley, near the present village of *Scurcola*, Conradin, the unhappy son of Manfred, was defeated (August 26, 1268) by Charles I. of Anjou, a victory which established the power of the Guelphs in Italy. It is said to have been due to the advice given to Charles by Alard de St Valery, who was then returning from the Holy Land.

> "E là da Tagliacozzo
> Ove senz' arme vinse il vecchio Alardo."
> *Dante, Inf.* xxviii. 17.

Hence Conradin fled with a few faithful attendants to Astura, where he was betrayed by the traitor Frangipani, and hurried by Charles to Naples, where he was executed. The ruined *Church of S. Maria della Vittoria* was built by the conqueror to commemorate his victory.

It is about 10 miles from Avezzano to *Tagliacozzo*, which

for savage picturesqueness—"gli orrori," the natives call it—is almost unrivalled.

"I have never seen anything more majestic than the approach to Tagliacozzo. It is a precipitous ravine, almost artificial in appearance; and by some, indeed, considered as having been partly formed by the Romans, for the transit of the Via Valeria. A monastery, with a *Calvario*, or range of shrines, stands at the entrance of this extraordinary gorge, the portals of which are, on one hand, huge crags, crested with a ruined castle; on the other, perpendicular precipices: between them is placed the town, receding step by step to the plain below, while the picture is completed by the three peaks of the towering Monte Velino, entirely filling up the opening of the ravine.

"The lines of Dante have rendered the name of this town familiar to the reader of Italian poetry; not that the battle between Conradino and Charles was fought within a considerable distance, and one wonders why the celebrated though decayed city of Alba, or the modern Avezzano, near which the engagement actually took place, did not rather connect their names with so great an historical event. Tagliacozzo was then, perhaps, the more important place. At present, the town contains upwards of three thousand inhabitants, and is the most thriving in all the Marsica.

"There is no record of Tagliacozzo having been the site of any ancient city; though Tagliaquitum, Taleacotium, have called forth a great deal of ingenuity from various antiquarian etymologists. It seems to have been a stronghold of importance, and its possession was often contested during the divisions of the middle ages, as commanding a passage between the Papal and Neapolitan dominions: the counts, or dukes of Tagliacozzo, were consequently powerful barons. In 1442 A. D., it was bestowed on the Orsini by King Alfonso: and, in 1497, Fabrizio Colonna received it from King Ferrante; and the Colonnesi still hold much of the territory round the town. Tagliacozzo is much resorted to by the devout, from its containing the remains of the Bishop Tommaso di Celano, whose bones rest in the church of S. Francesco. The Madonna, called dell' Oriente, is also an object of great veneration."—*Lear's Excursions in Italy.*

There is a bridle road from hence to Arsoli, which is only a short distance off the high road between Tivoli and Subiaco. Tivoli is only about 30 miles distant, so that this is the short-

est way of returning to Rome, but it is necessary to ride for some hours. The path, for the most part, follows the ancient *Via Valeria:* and it passes *Carsoli*, on the site of Carseoli, where the Equi sacrificed foxes to Ceres, and where Bitis, son of the king of Thrace, was imprisoned by the Romans. Ovid speaks of the coldness of its climate:

> "Frigida Carseoli, nec olivis apta ferendis,
> Terra, sed ad segetes ingeniosus ager.
> Hac ego Pelignos, natalia rura, petebam;
> Parva, sed assiduis uvida semper aquis.
>
> *Fast.* iv. 683.

Cavaliere, beyond this, was built by a Cavaliere of the Colonna family, who was nearly lost on these desolate hills in the snow.

A third excursion, and one which should on no account be omitted, may be made from Avezzano to *Luco.* The road passes along the shore of what once was the *Lago di Fucino*, sometimes called the *Lago di Celano.* It is 2181 feet above the level of the sea, had an area of 36,315 acres, and was 35 miles in circumference. Having no natural outlet, the villages on its banks were subject to frequent inundations, and, as early as the time of Julius Cæsar, the Marsi petitioned help and advice for carrying off the superabundant waters. The Emperor Claudius undertook the construction of an emissary at his own cost, on condition of receiving all the land reclaimed by the drainage. It was the intention to carry the waters into the Liris by a tunnel $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and hewn, for a great part of the way, out of the solid rock. For this work, 30,000 men were employed for eleven years.

The Emissary was opened by Claudius and Agrippina with a great gladiatorial display in A. D. 52.

"A passage having been cut through the mountain between the lake Fucinus and the river Liris, in order that a greater number of persons might be induced to come and see the magnificence of the work, a sea-fight was got up on the lake itself; in the same manner in which Augustus before exhibited one on an artificial pool on this side the Tiber, but with light ships, and fewer men. Claudius equipped galleys, of three and four banks of oars, and manned them with 19,000 mariners; surrounding the space with a line of rafts, to limit the means of escape, but giving room enough, in its circuit, to ply the oars, for the pilots to exert their skill, for the ships to be brought to bear upon each other, and for all the usual operations in a sea-fight. Upon the rafts, parties of the prætorian guards, foot and horse, were stationed, with bulwarks before them, from which catapults and balistas might be worked: the rest of the lake was occupied by marine forces, stationed on decked ships. The shores, the adjacent hills, and the tops of the mountains, were crowded with a countless multitude, many from the neighbouring towns, others from Rome itself; impelled either by desire to witness the spectacle, or in compliment to the prince; and exhibited the appearance of a vast theatre. The emperor presided, in a superb coat of mail, and, not far from him, Agrippina, in a mantle of cloth of gold. The battle, though between malefactors, was fought with the spirit of brave men; and, after great bloodshed, they were excused from pressing the carnage to extremities.

"When the spectacle was concluded, the channel through which the water passed off was exhibited to view, when the negligence of the workmen became manifest, as the work was not carried to the depth of the bottom or centre of the lake. The excavations were, therefore, after some time, extended to a greater depth; and, to draw the multitude once more together, a show of gladiators was exhibited upon bridges laid over it, in order to display a fight of infantry. Moreover, an erection for the purpose of a banquet, at the embouchure of the lake, caused great alarm to the assembly; for, the force of the water rushing out, carried away whatever was near it, shook and sundered what was further off, or terrified the guests with the crash and noise. At the same time, Agrippina, converting the emperor's alarm to her own purposes, accused Narcissus, the director of the work, with avarice and robbery; nor did Narcissus repress his anger, but charged Agrippina with the overbearing spirit of her sex, and with extravagant ambition."—*Tacitus*, xii. 56, 57.

Owing to various errors in its construction, the Emissary of Claudius continued to be practically a failure, and though Hadrian and Trajan attempted to improve it, it soon became choked up. Frederick II. vainly attempted to re-open it. In 1852 the lake was granted by the government to a Swiss company, on condition that they would undertake to drain it, and their rights were purchased by Prince Torlonia, who at his sole cost—about £1,400,000—has carried out the work. One engineer after another has perished from fever while employed in its construction, and the expense has been so enormous, that it has become a popular saying, "O Torlonia secca il Fucino, o il Fucino secca Torlonia."

After all, the work may still in one sense be esteemed a failure. Though the redeemed land is wonderfully rich, it is considered that the profits of a thousand years will not repay the Torlonias for the expenses they have undergone; the inhabitants of the towns along the lake, who formerly gained an abundant livelihood as fishermen, are reduced to the utmost poverty; and, while the air was formerly extremely salubrious, the natives are now a constant prey to fevers from the exhalations of the marshy land. It is hoped that this experience may preserve the beautiful lakes of Thrasymene and Bolsena.

About two miles from Avezzano, at the spot called *Incile*, we pass the works of *the Emissario*. The modern work has destroyed the whole of the interesting remains of the time of Claudius, and though the mountains cannot be spoilt, there is little else to remind us of the scene of a few years ago, which Lear has beautifully described:

"The plain of Avezzano; the clear blue lake; Alba, and Velino, with its fine peaks, alternately in bright light, or shaded by passing

clouds ; the far snow-covered mountains beyond Solmona ; the bare pass of Forca Carusa ; the precipitous crag of Celano,—all these at once, brilliant with the splendour of Italian morning, form a scene not to be slightly gazed at, or lightly forgotten—the utter quiet of all around ! the character of undisturbed beauty which threw a spell of enchantment over the whole !

"A herd of white goats blinking and sneezing lazily in the early sun ; their goatherd piping on a little reed ; two or three large falcons soaring above the lake ; the watchful cormorant sitting motionless on its shining surface ; and a host of merry flies sporting in the fragrant air,—these are the only signs of life in the very spot where the thrones of Claudius and his Empress were placed on the crowd-blackened hill : a few fishing-boats dotted the lake where, eighteen centuries ago, the cries of combat rent the air, and the glitter of contending galleys delighted the Roman multitude.

"The solitary character of the place is most striking ; no link between the gay populous past, and the lonely present ; no work of any intermediate century breaks its desolate and poetical feeling."—*Excursions in Italy.*

About 5½ miles from Avezzano we reach *Luco.* There is nothing to see in the town, except a miraculous Madonna in the principal church. But on the right, just before reaching the town, we pass the *Church of S. Maria di Luco* which occupies the site and looks down upon the walls of the ancient city of *Angutia*, identified by inscriptions. Here also, at an earlier time, was the sacred grove (the *Lucus Angutiæ* of Virgil) of Angutia, the sister of Circe and Medea.

The church, which rises on the ancient walls, is of great age, having been given to the Benedictines, by Doda, Contessa de' Marsi, in A. D. 930. It is a very interesting building with round-headed doorways. The interior has been used as a Campo Santo, and there is a chapel filled with skulls and human bones. The situation, surrounded by oak-trees, is lovely, and must have been surpassingly so, when it looked out upon the vast expanse of lake-waters.

Lear mentions how the rope of the church bell was carried through the window of the sacristan's house, so that he might ring it without leaving his room, and it is so still.

About three miles beyond Luco is *Trasacco* (formerly Transaqua) built on the site of the palace of Claudius, afterwards inhabited by Trajan. Here the *Church of S. Rufino* is said to have been built in A. D. 237, by the first Bishop of the Marsi, who suffered martyrdom, with S. Cesidio, under Maximin.

Beyond, on the former shore, are several other villages, *Ortucchio*, with an old castle, standing near the supposed site of Archippe, which Pliny describes as having been swallowed up by the lake; *Pescina*, the see of the bishop still called "Il vescovo de' Marsi;" and *San Benedetto*, occupying the site of *Marruvium*, the capital of the Marsi:

> "Marruvium, veteris celebratum nomine Marri,
> Urbibus est illis caput."
>
> *Silius Ital.* viii. 507.

Many remains of ancient buildings may be seen, and during the drought of 1752, several statues of Roman emperors, now in the museum at Naples, were discovered here in the lake.

CHAPTER XXX.

SORA, AND THE LAND OF CICERO.

(An uncomfortable and frequently crowded diligence leaves Avezzano at 8 P. M., arriving at Sora about 1 A. M.

Sora is easily reached from Rome, by the station of Rocca-Secca, from which it is a pleasant drive of about 3 hours, and a railway will shortly bring it within the range of an even easier excursion from the capital.

The *Albergo di Roma* at Sora is an admirable country inn, with exceedingly moderate prices. Carriages may be obtained at Sora for the day. To Arpino and Isola with S. Domenico, 12 francs: to Isola alone 2½ francs: to S. Germano, staying some hours at Atina, 20 francs: to Rocca-Secca, from 12 to 15 francs.)

ON leaving Avezzano the road immediately begins the ascent of the *Monte Salviano*, so called from the wild sage with which it is covered. The views are beautiful, of the valley, and the opposite heights of Monte Velino. Crossing the mountain, we reach, in a savage situation on the right, *Capistrello*, beneath which is the mouth of the Emissary of the Lago Fucino. About three miles beyond the village of Civita di Roveto, a road on the left leads (2 miles) to *Civita d'Antino*, cresting a hill, and occupying the site of the ancient *Antinum* of which some polygonal walls remain. Near this is the waterfall of *La Schioppo*, a beautiful cascade of the river Romito.

On the left, four miles before reaching Sora, we pass beneath the town of *Balzorano*, crowned by a grand old castle of the Piccolomini. It is a glorious subject for an artist.

Sora, a bright well-paved town on the river Liris, was originally a Volscian city colonized by the Romans. In modern times it was the birthplace of Cardinal Baronius. It has a ruined castle, which, after having passed through the hands of the Cantelmi and Tomacelli, now gives a ducal title to the Buoncompagni.

"During the earlier portion of the middle ages Sora is often mentioned as a frontier town, which the Lombard dukes of Benevento attacked and plundered. It may have been then Byzantine. From time to time governed by counts of Lombard race (for the whole region near the Liris was once filled with Lombards), it fell into the hands of the emperor Frederick II., who destroyed it. Afterwards it belonged to the powerful counts of Aquino, who possessed almost all the land between the Vulturnus and the Liris. Then Charles of Anjou made the Cantelmi, relations of the Stuarts, counts of Sora, and Alfonso of Arragon raised Sora to a duchy, of which Nicolo Cantelmi was the first duke. The Popes had long coveted the possession of the beautiful border-land, and they obtained it under Pius II., whose captain Napoleone Orsini conquered Sora. Ferdinand I. of Naples confirmed the possession; but Sixtus IV. separated it from the church in 1471, when he married his nephew Leonardo della Rovere to the king's niece, who received the duchy of Sora as a dowry. Afterwards Gregory XIII. bought Sora, in 1580, from the duke of Urbino for his son Don Giacomo Buoncompagni, and seldom has a Roman 'nipote' had a more charming possession. This property remained in the hands of the Buoncompagni-Ludovisi till the end of the 18th century, when it returned to Naples, and of the splendour of that Roman nepotism there only remains in Rome the Palazzo di Sora and the title of Duke of Sora, which is now borne by the eldest son of Prince Ludovisi-Piombino."—*Gregorovius.*

The present interest of Sora arises entirely from the fact that here Italian costume reaches its climax. The dress is purely Greek, and so are the ornaments, and so, indeed, is

the wonderful beauty of the women. The best peasant jewels, of designs such as are seen in Greek sculpture, are all bought and sold here. Owing to the factories of the Liris and the great care which their owner, M. Lefebvre, bestows upon his workmen, the people are all most thriving and prosperous, and the valley of the Liris may be regarded as "the Happy Valley" of Central Italy.

Contadina, Valley of the Liris.

"The modern factories, mostly paper-mills, on a large scale and on the newest system, owe their rise chiefly to Frenchmen of the time of

Murat, among them M. Lefebvre. [This man arrived poor, but the banks of the Liris became to him an Eldorado, for he drew pure gold from the power of water. He left to his son manufactures and millions. The king of Naples, I think Ferdinand II., ennobled his family; they richly deserved this honour, for a hitherto scarcely cultivated region owes to the inventive genius of this one man an abundant life which will not disappear but increase. The creative action of a man in a certain circle of industry belongs to those manifestations of human activity which we may contemplate with the purest interest; if such (action) is frequent in England, Germany, or France, and rare in Naples, we may easily imagine how highly merit of this kind is to be esteemed."—*Gregorovius.*

As in the days of Juvenal, Sora may be looked upon as a pleasant retreat for respectable old age:

> "Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,
> Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Frusinone paratur,
> Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum."
>
> *Sat.* iii. 223.

It is only two miles from Sora, descending the valley of the Liris, to the old conventual church of *S. Domenico Abáte.* It stands on an island in the Fibreno, close to its junction with the Liris. The nave is of very good and pure Gothic. In the adjoining convent S. Domenico Abáte died. These buildings occupy the site, and are built from the remains of the beloved villa of Cicero. In Cicero "de Legibus" * Atticus asks why Cicero is so much attached to this Villa, and Cicero answers:

"Why, to tell the truth, this is the real home of myself, and my brother here. Our family, a most ancient one, had its rise here, our household-gods are here, our clan, and many a relic of our ancestors. Well, and you see this Villa, it was enlarged to its present form by my father, who, as his health failed, spent his latter years here in study, and in this very spot, my grandfather being still alive, and the Villa still

* II. 1. 3.

small and old-fashioned, like the one at Cures on my Sabine estate, I was born. So that deep down in my heart I cherish a singular feeling and affection for the place: just as we read of that most cunning hero, who to see his Ithaca renounced immortality."

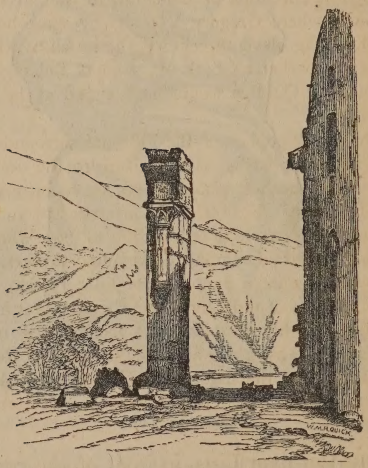
Contadina, Sora.

Afterwards the island became the property of Silius Italicus.

> "Silius hæc magni celebrat monumenta Maronis,
> Jugera facundi qui Ciceronis habet.
>
> *Martial, Ep.* xi. 49.

As we enter the plot of garden ground behind the convent, we cannot wonder at the affection which the great orator entertained for the place. On all sides it is sur-

rounded by clear glancing water. The Fibrenus is lovely, with wooded banks, and abounding in trout. Through the trees we have exquisite mountain views. In spring the banks are one sheet of violets, and primroses—which are very rare in Italy. Amid the rich vegetation lie fragments and capitals of columns; a tall pillar with some Roman masonry grouped around it, stands at the west end of the church, and the crypt is supported by low massive pillars of granite and marble, evidently taken from the ruins of the villa.



Remains of Cicero's Villa, S. Domenico.

"It was here that Cicero, Quintus, and Atticus held those conversations which we possess as the three books 'de Legibus.' They wander on foot from Arpinum to the river Fibrenus, they arrive at the 'insula quæ est in Fibreno,' here they will sit and philosophise further. Atticus wonders at the beauty of the place, and Cicero, who remarks that he is fond of meditating, reading, or writing here, says that the place has a peculiar additional charm for him from having been his own cradle:

'*quia hæc est mea et hujus fratris mei germana patria; hinc enim orti stirpe antiquissima, hic sacra, hic gens, hic majorum multa vestigia.*' He relates that his grandfather possessed this villa; that his sickly father, who enlarged it, there became old in his studies. At the sight of his birthplace Cicero confesses that the same feeling came over him which Ulysses experienced, when he preferred the sight of Ithaca to immortality. He avows that Arpinum is his home, as 'civitas,' but that he properly belonged to the country round Arpinum; and Atticus now paints the lovely position of the island in the arms of the Fibrenus, which refreshes the waters of the Liris, and is so cold that he scarcely dared to bathe his feet in it. They sit down to converse further about the laws, and we prefer the sight of these three men of Roman urbanity, and of the highest education of their day, to that of the company of monks in cowls, where Gregory VII. sits by some holy man with a tangled beard, in the eleventh century, the epoch at which Rome was lost in the deepest barbarism both of manners and civilization. How Cicero, Atticus, and Quintus would have stared at the Romans of the eleventh century.

"So the chattering poplars of the Fibrenus surrounded the cradle of Cicero—and one still listens with pleasure to the ceaseless whispers of these quivering branches, whose leaves are as busy and talkative as the tongues of women. Yes! Cicero certainly had an enviable birthplace, but what good is there in talking of it to those who can never give one glance at this land of nymphs, of unfading flowers, and an eternal spring? Around it, what a panorama of hills, brown, or hyacinthine-blue in the still majesty of aerial distance! Cicero was a child of the plain, not of the hills, and his great intellect accumulated to itself all the learning of his time, as a mighty stream receives the brooks: but Marius was a child of the mountain, born above in Arpinum within the walls of the Cyclops, and hither we will now turn our steps."—*Gregorovius.*

If we cross the river Liris, in front of the convent, by the ferry-boat—which is in itself a picture, when filled with women in their bright costumes, accompanied by their donkeys with panniers full of vegetables—we may visit, below the gardens, the ruin of a Roman bridge, called *Ponte di Cicerone.* Only a single arch remains.

The most famous of the monks of S. Domenico was Hildebrand, afterwards Pope Gregory VII.

"This wonderful man may often have sat under the poplars on this charming island of Cicero in dreamy meditation, but he would never have dreamt that an emperor should one day stand before his door in the dress of a penitent, and that it was reserved for him to play a greater part in Rome, indeed in the history of the world, than either Marius or Cicero."—*Gregorovius.*

Below S. Domenico we reach the *Cartiera,* the paper-manufactory, of M. Lefebvre, in whose gardens are some charming little cascades—*cascatelle*—of the Fibreno.

Here, turning to the left, we ascend the olive-clad hills, by a beautiful terraced road of about three miles, to *Arpino.* The country is rich and smiling, and the people prosperous and well cared for. Men and women alike wear sandals, pointed at the toe. Arpino stands finely on twin hills, one summit occupied by the Cyclopean, the other by the Roman city.

"There is a great charm in seeing for the first time, in the mysterious distance, a place to which belong two celebrated names, which mark epochs in the world's history, and have been known to us from childhood. Memories of youth return to strengthen the impression—school scenes when Cicero was explained, even the look of the well-worn school-book in grey paper, Cicero's Orations, above all the declaiming of the never-to-be-forgotten 'Quousque tandem Catilina.' And there before us is Cicero's birthplace."—*Gregorovius.*

The Roman city of Arpino is entered by a gateway with Roman masonry. Near it is a tomb, which the local antiquary Clavelli describes as that of King Saturnus, the legendary founder of the city.

Arpinum was an ancient city of the Volscians, from whom it was taken by the Samnites, and from them, B. C. 305, by the Romans, under whom, in B. C. 188, it obtained the Roman franchise, and was enrolled in the Cornelian tribe. C. Marius was born here, being of ignoble birth.

"Arpinas alius Volscorum in monte solebat
Poscere mercedes alieno lassus aratro;
Nodosam post hæc frangebat vertice vitem,
Si lentus pigra muniret castra dolabra.
Hic tamen et Cimbros, et summa pericula rerum
Excipit; et solus trepidantem protegit urbem."

Juvenal, Sat. viii. 245.

And M. Tullius Cicero, whose father was of equestrian rank.

"Hic novus Arpinas, ignobilis, et modo Romæ
Municipalis eques galeatum ponit ubique
Præsidium attonitis, et in omni monte laborat.
Tantum igitur muros intra toga contulit illi
Nominis et tituli, quantum non Leucade, quantum
Thessaliæ campis Octavius abstulit udo
Cædibus assiduis gladio. Sed Roma parentem,
Roma patrem patriæ Ciceronem libera dixit."

Juvenal, Sat. viii. 237.

Cicero constantly speaks, in his works, of his native Arpinum. He describes its inhabitants as rustic and simple, as was appropriate to the rugged district in which they lived, but with all the virtues of mountaineers, and he applies to Arpinum the lines in the Odyssey about Ithaca :—

Τρηχεῖ, ἀλλ' ἀγαθὴ κουροτρόφος· οὔτι ἔγωγε
ἧς γαίης δύναμαι γλυκερώτερον ἄλλο ἰδέσθαι.

Odyss. ix. 27.

When Arpino rebelled against Pius II. and was taken by his general, the Pope desired that it might he spared "for the sake of Marius and Marcus Tullius." Arpino itself has always been very proud of its distinguished citizens, whose busts adorn its little Casa Communale. The sites of houses are pointed out which are reputed to have belonged to them, though there is no reason to suppose that Cicero lived nearer

than the Fibrenus. The church of St. Michaele is shown as occupying the position of a Temple of the Muses; and that of S. Maria di Civita, on the apex of the hill, of a Temple of Mercury Lanarius.

The painter Giuseppe Cesari, commonly known as the "Cavaliere d'Arpino" (1560—1640), was born here, in a house which is still pointed out.

"The Cavaliere d'Arpino formed a great school, by means of which he directed the Roman practice, and formed a decided opposition to other masters, particularly the school of the Caracci."—*Kugler.*

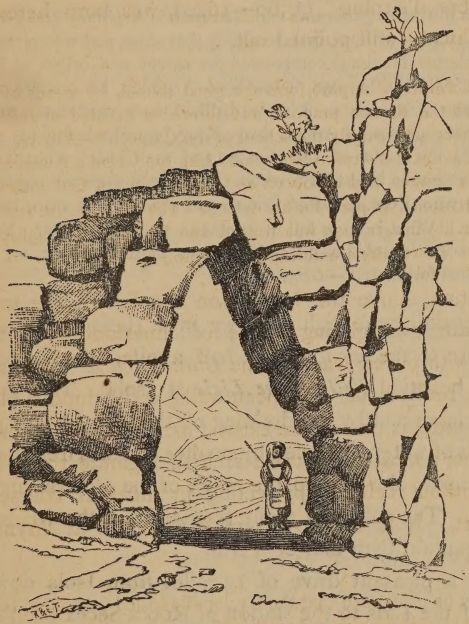
"The Cavaliere d'Arpino left behind him *progeniem vitiosiorem.* He was born a painter, and in so vast and difficult an art, had endowments sufficient to atone, in part, for his defects. His colouring in fresco was admirable, his imagination was fruitful and felicitous, his figures were animated. His works are almost innumerable."—*Lanzi.*

Mounting above the houses on the left of the town, a stony path over glaring steeps of limestone rock thinly planted with olives, leads to the *Citta Vecchia.* It has considerable remains of Cyclopean walls, and behind a church on the citadel is one of the earliest *architectural* monuments in Europe, a most remarkable arch of gigantic rough-hewn stones without cement, projecting in different courses till they meet. It is said to resemble the gates at Tiryns and Mycenæ.

"It may be mentioned that the Cyclopes assisted in making the gate at Mycenæ (*vide* Pausanias in Argol), and there they cut and even squared their blocks; and that Diomede, who of course had often seen that gate, founded the city of Arpi, in Apulia. Query: Did any of that or any other Greek colony reach Arpinum, the name of which seems a derivative?—for the gate of Arpinum, now called Acuminata, remains in such a state, that the size, the form, and even the number of stones seem almost a copy of the gate of Mycenæ. The blocks also on each side of the portal advance, in the same manner, as if to embrace a triangular stone above the opening. The triangular stone, with the two jambs, and

the architrave, unfortunately do not remain, but the upper part of the opening could have been closed in no other manner."—*Gell.*

"I stood high on the Cyclopean walls and gazed with rapture upon the Latian landscape, for the citadel being in such a lofty situation, the view around is grand and extensive. The hill of Sora looked like a little pyramid, like one of those in Egypt ; and, in its black shadow, lay



Gate of Arpinum.

the town ; and fully exposed to view was the valley of the Liris, majestically surrounded by high hills. There is La Posta from whence the Fibrenus flows ; there Sette Frati (Seven Brothers) dedicated to the sons of Felicitas, where that strange Alberic had the vision, which preceded that of Dante and may perhaps have been the foundation of it. Many other places and castles glimmer in the blue atmosphere of these most

glorious mountain ranges. On the Roman side we see Veroli, Monte San Giovanni, Frosinone, Ferentino, and at the side rises an obelisk-like hill surmounted by the castle of Arce, and another on which stands the solitary and very black tower of Monte Negro. All these castles are of Saturnian origin, and strange is the scene upon which one gazes, when sitting upon these ivy-covered Cyclopean walls, over which the elements have swept for thousands of years.

"It is a historical panorama which surrounds Arpinum, and I shall not leave its citadel without first recalling that short and true picture into which Valerius Maximus compressed the career and origin of Marius. From that Marius, he says, a low-born Arpinian, an obscure man in Rome, who was even as it were disliked as a candidate, rose *that* Marius, who subjugated Africa, drove King Jugurtha before his chariot, annihilated the armies of the Teutons and the Cimbri, whose two-fold trophies were seen in the city, whose seven consulships are registered in the Fasti, who, from an exiled Consul and a proscribed man, became a proscriber. What is more full of contrasts than his career? Yes, this is a man who, regarded as miserable, seems most miserable, or, as fortunate, most fortunate."—*Gregorovius.*

On regaining the high road, we must (before returning to Sora) turn to the left for about half a mile, to visit the wonderfully beautiful *Falls of the Liris* at Isola. The cascade (greatly increased by the draining of the Lago Fucino) falls in a mass of water, encircled by smaller streams, from beneath an old castle, almost into the midst of the picturesque town of Isola. The colour is really glorious, and the Iris is even more beautiful than that of Terni.

(It is a pleasant drive of 13 miles from Isola down the valley of the Liris to the station of Rocca-Secca on the line from Naples to Rome. *Arce* (seven miles from Arpino) is seen upon the left: it is supposed to be identical with *Arcanum*, where Quintus Cicero had a villa.* *Rocca-Secca*, high on the mountain-side, is falsely mentioned by many authors as the birthplace of S. Thomas Aquinas, who was

* Cicero ad Q. Fr. iii. 1, 9. Ad Att. v. 1.

born in the family house at Aquino. The Counts of Aquino had a fortress at Rocca-Secca, but it was never used as a residence.)

It is a delightful drive of about five hours from Sora to S. Germano. Four miles from Sora, on the left, was once the little *Lake of La Posta*, but it has been entirely drained, to the great detriment of the scenery. As we approach Atina many ruined tombs appear near the road-side.

Atina occupies a striking position on a hill, and is approached by a beautiful ascent through rocks and trees. It has an old castle, with a Roman statue and other fragments built into its walls. The position strikingly resembles that of Arpino. The Volscian city occupied the other apex of the double hill, and is approached by a very steep rocky path, almost a staircase, beginning behind a convent, opposite the gate of the later town. It has a double platform, guarded by two ranges of ancient walls, and at the summit is the citadel. Antiquaries suggest fragments of masonry as representing temples, &c., but they are very obscure. The situation is most imposing, girt in by rocks and with views into the depths of wild mountain gorges.

Pietro Diacono declares Atina to have been the oldest of cities, having been "built by King Saturnus, after he was expelled by his son Jupiter." Martial speaks of its age in his epigram on Marius Atinates.

> "Mari, quietæ cultor et comes vitæ,
> Quo cive prisca gloriatur Atina."
>
> x. 92.

In some of its old inscriptions the town is called "Atina Saturni filia." The place must have been of great strength,

and is mentioned as "Atina potens" by Virgil (Æn. vii.). After leaving this ancient city, there is nothing more to be seen, till, on descending to the plain, and turning the shoulder of the hills, the great convent of Monte Cassino and the castle of Rocca Janula below it are discovered upon the right.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MONTE CASSINO.

THE great monastery of Monte Cassino is now brought within a few hours of Rome by the station of S. Germano on the Naples railway. Though it is bereaved of its former splendours, strangers are still hospitably received within its walls. All travellers should visit it, for those who are careless of its sacred memories and historical associations, will find sufficient to delight them in its architectural features, and in its position, which is one of the finest in Europe.

The railway to S. Germano has been already described in preceding chapters as far as Frosinone. The next station, *Ceccano*, is at the foot of a town which is, externally, perhaps the most picturesque on the whole line. On the left bank of the river was the site of *Fabrateria Vetus*.

Ceprano (distant $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the station) has an old castle which was the scene of several events in Papal history. Paschal II. lived here while he was quarrelling with Henry IV.: here Lucius II. had his interview with Roger of Sicily; and hither the cardinals came to welcome Gregory X. as Pope. Here, in 1266, the Count of Caserta, left by Manfred

to defend the passage of the Garigliano, fled at the approach of Charles of Anjou.

> "E l'altra, il cui ossame si accoglie
> A Ceperan, là, dove fu bugiardo
> Ciascun Pugliese.
>
> *Dante, Inf.* xxviii. 15.

Crossing the Liris, we pass near the site of the Volscian *Fregellæ*, which was colonized by Rome B. C. 328. It was destroyed in consequence of a rebellion in B. C. 125, and *Fabrateria Nova* founded in its stead.

We now pass Rocca-Secca (described Ch. XVII.), and leave, to the right, the ruins of Aquino (see Ch. XXIX.).

From a great distance, the convent of Monte Cassino is visible, rising on the hill-top above the plain of the Garigliano. As we come nearer, we see the splendid old castle of Rocca Janula, half-way up the ascent, surrounded with towers, embattled and crenellated, and connected by a long line of turretted wall with the town of San Germano at its feet.

San Germano * is wonderfully picturesque. It occupies the site of the Roman Casinum, which Strabo describes as the last town of Latium on the Latin way. Livy (XXII.) tells how Hannibal intended occupying it to prevent the consul Fabius from advancing on Campania; but was led by a mistake of his guide to Casilinum. Silius Italicus speaks of its springs:

> "Nymphisque habitata Casinis
> Rura evastantur."
>
> xii. 527.

and of its foggy climate:

* The inn is the Albergo Pompei, a very clean, comfortable, pretty little hotel in a garden, indeed one of the best country inns in Italy. Double-bedded rooms 3 francs, single rooms 2 francs, dinner 3 francs. These prices should be maintained.

"et nebulosi rura Casini."
iv. 227.

Casinum continued to flourish under the empire, but was destroyed by the Lombards in the 6th century. Its modern name of S. Germano is derived from a holy bishop of Capua, a contemporary and friend of S. Benedict.

About half a mile from the town, just above the high road from S. Germano to Rome, is the principal relic of Casinum, an *Amphitheatre*, small, but very perfect externally, built, as an inscription * narrates, at the private expense of Numidia Quadratilla, whose life and death are celebrated by Pliny the younger.† The interior is an utter ruin.

Above the Amphitheatre is the little *Church of the Crocifisso*, occupying an ancient tomb which is shown as that of Numidia Quadratilla. It is cruciform with a dome in the centre, and much resembles the tomb of Galla Placidia at Ravenna. The blocks of stone in the entrance-walls are colossal. At the head of the steps in front of the church is a sacrificial altar. The hermit who takes care of the tomb has a school above it. Immediately beneath are the vast remains of the *Seminary* of Monte Cassino, occupying the site of the historical convent Plumbariola. They enclose a courtyard, with a well and an old fig-tree. The surrounding corridors remind one, on a small scale, of the Coliseum before the spoliations of Rosa. A little beyond, on the side of the mountain, is a garden of Indian figs, with quite a settlement of small houses amongst the great cactus plants. The view in returning to S. Germano is most beautiful.

Near the town, on the banks of the river *Fiume Rapido*,

* Now at Monte Cassino, let into the wall of a gallery.
† Ep. vii. 24.

are some ruins of a Roman villa, supposed to be that of Varro (called by Cicero "a most conscientious and upright man"), of which he has left us a detailed description in his Res Rust. III. 5. It was here that Marc Antony indulged in the orgies, against which Cicero poured forth his eloquence.

"How many days did he spend in that villa in the most scandalous revels. From morning onwards it was one scene of drinking, gambling, and vomiting. Unhappy house! unhappy indeed in its change of masters. For Marcus Varro it was a place of studious seclusion, not a theatre for his lusts. What noble discussions, what high thoughts, what works originated there! The laws of the Roman people, our ancestral traditions, every kind of scientific and learned theory! but with you as its denizen (no *master* you) the place resounded with drunken voices; the floors were flooded, and the walls dripped with wine . . ."

Cic. Phil. ii. 41.

The churches of San Germano, though modernized, are full of interest. The *Collegiata* was built by the Abbot Gisulf in the 9th century, and, though greatly altered in the 17th century, retains its twelve ancient marble columns.

Donkeys may be obtained, if desired, for the ascent to the Monastery, price 2 francs each. The steep and stony path winds above the roofs of the houses, leaving to the right the ruins of the castle of *Rocca Janula*, which was twice besieged and taken by Frederick II. At each turn of the path the view is fresh; at each it is more beautiful. We look down upon the purple valley through which winds the silver thread of the Garigliano, and in which Aquino, Pontecorvo, and many other towns are lying. Beyond, girdling in the plain on every side, are chains of mountains, broken into every conceivable form, every hue of colour melting into the faintest blue, tossing far away in billow upon billow of rocky surge,

crested or coated with snow. Sometimes, as you turn a corner, a promontory of rock juts out like a vast buttress, covered with wood; sometimes, the path itself is lost in the deep thickets where only the blue sky can be seen through the twisted boughs of the dark ilexes, which open again to admit a new snow-peak, or a fresh vista of purple mountains. Small oratories by the wayside offer shelter from

Castle of Rocca Janula.

the wind and sun, and commemorate the Benedictine story. First we have that of S. Placidus, the favourite disciple of the patriarch; then that of S. Scholastica, the beloved sister; then a triple-chapel where one of the Benedictine miracles occurred. Beyond these, a cross upon a platform marks the final meeting-place of Benedict and Scholastica. It is not known that the beloved twin-sister of S. Benedict ever took any vows, though she privately dedi-

cated herself to God from childhood. When her brother came to his mountain monastery, she followed him, and founded a religious house in the valley below (it is supposed at the spot called Plumbariola), where she devoted herself to a life of prayer with a small community of pious women her companions.

"There is something striking in the attachment of the brother and sister, the human affection struggling with the hard spirit of monasticism. S. Scholastica was a female Benedict. Equally devout, equally powerful in attracting and ruling the minds of recluses of her own sex, the remote foundress of convents, almost as numerous as those of her brother's rule. With the most perfect harmony of disposition, one in holiness, one in devotion, they were of different sexes and met but once a year."—*Milman.*

It was here that they met for the last time and passed the day together in pious exercises. At this last interview Scholastica implored Benedict to remain with her till the morning, that they might praise God through the night; but the saint refused, saying that it was impossible for him to be absent from his convent. Then Scholastica bent over her clasped hands and prayed, and, though the weather was beautiful and there was not a cloud in the sky, the rain began immediately to fall in such torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning of such a terrific kind, that neither Benedict nor the brethren who were with him could leave the place where they were. "The Lord be merciful to you, my sister," said the Abbot, "what have you done." "You have rejected my prayers," answered Scholastica, "but God has been more merciful," and thus the brother and sister remained together till the morning. St. Gregory the Great, who tells the story, says that one must not be surprised that the wish of the sister was heard by God rather than that of the brother, because, of

the two, the sister was the one who loved him the most, and with God the one who loves the most is always the most powerful.

As we draw nearer the convent, we find a cross in the middle of the way. In front of it, a grating covers the mark of a knee which is said to have been left in the rock by St. Benedict when he knelt there to ask a blessing before laying the foundation-stone of his convent.

Benedict came hither from Subiaco, when he had already been 36 years a monk, led through the windings of the Apennines, says the tradition, alternately by two angels and two birds, till he reached this spur of the mountain above Casinum, which had then already been ruined by Genseric. Strange to say, the inhabitants of this wild district were, in the sixth century of Christianity, still Pagan, and worshipped Apollo in a temple on the top of the mountain, where also was a grove sacred to Venus. Gregory the Great wrote that which he was told by four of Benedict's disciples, three of whom succeeded him in the government of the monastery, and one of whom, Honoratus, was abbot at the time:

"The holy man (Benedict) in changing his home changed not his foe. Nay, rather his conflict grew the more severe, inasmuch as he found the author of evil himself openly warring against him. The strong place called Cassino is situated on the side of a lofty mountain which enfolds the fort in a broad hollow; the mountain itself rears its peak three miles into the air. Here stood a very ancient temple, in which Apollo was worshipped in heathen fashion by the foolish country folk. Groves too, devoted to devil-worship, had grown up on every side, in which even still the folly of a crowd of misbelievers kept up blasphemous sacrifices. Hither came the man of God, brake in pieces the idol, overthrew the altar, burnt down the grove, and in Apollo's own temple set up a chapel to St. Martin, and, where the altar of the god had stood, a chapel to St. John. Here he tarried, and by preaching the gospel far and near brought over a host of converts to

the Faith. This was more than his old enemy could quietly bear. So now, not secretly, nor in dreams, but quite openly he presented himself before the saint, and with great shouts complained that violence was being done him. To whom the holy man answered never a word, tho' the fiend taunted him saying, "No Benedict, but Maledict thou! What hast thou to do with me, why persecutest thou me?"

S. Gregory the Great, ii. 8.

Dante writes in allusion to this:

"Quel monte, a cui Cassino è nella costa,
Fu frequentato già in su la cima
Dalla gente ingannata e mal disposta.
Ed io son quel che su vi portai prima
Lo nome di Colui che'n terra addusse
La verità, che tanto ci sublima;
E tanta grazia sovra me rilusse,
Ch'io ritrassi le ville circostanti
Dall 'empio culto che'l mondo sedusse."

Par. xxii.

Seated on the greensward in front of the convent, with the glorious view before us, it will be interesting, before we enter the monastery, to go back to its story.

According to a bull of Pope Zacharias of 748, the abbey was built on land of Tertullus, father of the young Placidus, one of the favourite disciples of S. Benedict. The Patriarch was probably attracted to that especial spot by the desire of attacking Paganism in one of its last strongholds, by cutting down the grove of Venus, and destroying the temple of Apollo. He worked with his own hands at the building, and he is said to have fought in person with the Evil One, who tried to interfere with his work, and to have subdued him when he had successfully disinterred unhurt one of his monks whom the arch-enemy had buried under a fallen wall.

On the site of the temple, Benedict built two oratories, one to St. John Baptist the first hermit, the other to St. Mar-

tin the famous monk-bishop of Gaul. Around them, he erected dwellings for his disciples, with mills, store-houses, and all necessary buildings, so that everything required for daily life might be found within the walls of the monastery. "Here the monastic life," according to the expression of Pope Urban II., "flowed from the heart of Benedict as from the fountain of Paradise," * for here he composed the famous Rule of his Order.

The Rule of S. Benedict was founded on the original observance of poverty, chastity, and obedience, said to have been delivered to Pachomius for the use of the eastern hermits by an angel, but to this he added many details to fit it for a community residing together.

The Rule is divided into 73 chapters; 9 are on the respective duties of the abbot and monks; 13 on divine worship; 29 on discipline—offences and their punishments; 10 upon the internal administration of the monastery; 12 on different subjects, such as the reception of strangers, the conduct to be observed by the brethren when travelling, &c.

The Rule had two great principles—constant action and implicit obedience. S. Benedict did not wish that his monks should confine themselves to meditation or the internal action of the soul, but insisted upon constant outward action either of manual or literary labour. Idleness, he averred, was the great enemy of the soul. Every hour of the day was to be employed as the seasons permitted, and as the praises of God were to be sung seven times a day, so seven hours of the day were to be devoted to active labour. If any

* "Ipse omnium monachorum pater, et Casinense monasterium caput omnium perpetuo habeatur et merito, nam ex eodem loco de Benedicti pectore monastici ordinis religio quasi de Paradisi fonte emanavit."—*Bulla Urbani, ad cale. Chron. Casinen.*

monk boasted of his own proficiency in any occupation, that occupation was to be changed, that it might not be a snare to him. Those who sold the produce of the lands of the convent, were always to sell a little cheaper than their neighbours, for the love of God. The patrician youths who joined the community were in all things to live on equal terms with the peasant monks: there was to be no distinction of persons. Obedience in the eyes of Benedict was a work—"obedientiæ laborem." A monk only entered the convent by a voluntary sacrifice of self, he renounced self utterly, to fix his soul entirely on God. To the monk his superior was to be God's earthly representative: to him his obedience was to be prompt, perfect, absolute. Obedience was the first step of humility. "Our life in this world," said Benedict, "is like the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream: in order that it may reach heaven, it must be planted by the Saviour in a humbled heart: we can only mount by the different steps of humility and discipline." Difficult as it may seem to others, the founder asserted that he believed his Rule contained nothing too hard or too difficult to follow, and ended by saying that it was but "a little beginning, a modest introduction to Christian perfection."—"Initium conversationis . . . hanc minimam inchoationis regulam."

Thirteen hundred years have passed away since the Rule of Benedict was laid down, yet no change has been made in it by his followers. The only reforms have led back to a more exact observance of the code which the founder drew up.

St. Gregory the Great, who has left us a biography of S. Benedict, describes his life at Monte Cassino, how he

devoted himself to the sick; how he paid the debts of honest people oppressed by their creditors; how in a year of famine (A. D. 539) he distributed the wealth of the convent to the poor, and how, when the monks murmured at being deprived themselves, he said—"You have not enough to-day, but to-morrow you will have too much"—and on the morrow so much corn was brought to the convent doors by unknown hands, that they had not room to stow it away.

The real feeling of humility which actuated the life of Benedict, often impelled a line of conduct very different to that which in later and more corrupt times has found favour with his followers. Thus, when he heard that Martino, an old hermit, in a cave on the mountain-slope, not content with shutting himself up in a narrow cell, had chained himself to the rock, he went to him and said—"If you are indeed a servant of God, you will not be satisfied with a chain of iron, but will seek rather for the chain of Christ."

It is said that the wonderful ascendancy which S. Benedict obtained over his followers was greatly assisted by his gift of second-sight.

"Habitué à se vaincre en tout et à lutter avec les esprits infernaux, dont les tentations et les apparitions ne lui manquèrent pas plus qu'aux anciens Pères du désert, il avait acquis le don de lire dans les âmes et de discerner leurs plus secrètes pensées. Il n'en usait pas seulement pour diriger les jeunes religieux, dout l'affluence était toujours grande auprès de lui, dans leurs études et dans les travaux d'agriculture et de maçonnerie qu'il partageait avec eux : dans les courses lointaines qu'ils avaient parfois à accomplir il les suivait par un regard intérieur, découvrait leurs moindres manquements, les réprimandait au retour, les astreignait en tout à la stricte observance de la règle qu'ils avaient acceptée. Il exigeait de tous l'obeissance, la sincérité, l'austère regularité dont il donnait le premier exemple."—*Montalembert, Les Moines d' Occident.*

Thus, when a patrician youth, whose business it was to

hold a candelabrum before the abbot while he was at supper, complained inwardly, saying to himself, "Who is this man before whom I must hold a candle; was I made to be his slave,"—Benedict, reading his heart, rebuked his pride, and, bidding him deliver the candle to another, sent him humbled to his cell. The fame of this apparently supernatural power of Benedict reached the ears of Totila, the Ostrogoth (in 542), and he determined to test it. He dressed up one of his chieftains, Riggo, in his royal robes, and sent him to the monastery with a large suite. Benedict, seated here before the convent door, saw the party approaching, and looking up from his book said, "My son, take off those robes which you are wearing, for they are not thine." Riggo, overwhelmed with amazement, knelt before the monk, and then returning to Totila, brought him to the abbey, where he also fell prostrate before Benedict and implored his blessing. The Abbot having thrice in vain bade him arise, lifted him up, and then, having reproached him with his outrages, addressed him in prophetic tones, saying, "Thou shalt enter Rome, thou shalt pass over the sea, thou shalt reign for nine years, but in the tenth year thou shalt die and be summoned before the judgment-seat of God." All this came to pass, and the greater humanity of Totila during the last years of his life is attributed to this interview.

In the same way Benedict prophesied to Sabinus, Bishop of Canossa, the awful storm which should nearly destroy Rome in 559; and when the patrician Theoprobus, finding him overwhelmed with grief, asked the cause, he foretold, with many tears, the destruction of his own monastery by the Lombards 40 years after his death.

Of the many stories of S. Benedict, one is especially connected with the gate of Monte Cassino.

"One day the Patriarch was seated at the gate of his monastery reading, when a Gothic captain rode up with a poor peasant, whose arms were tightly bound, and whom the soldier fiercely drove before him. 'There (said the peasant) is father Benedict,' and the Goth insolently commanded him to give up the property of the poor man, which the captive, hoping to procure respite from torture, declared to have been committed to his keeping. The saint made no answer, but calmly looked up from his book, fixing his eyes on both; before that gaze the peasant's bonds fell off; before that gaze the soldier trembled, repented, and at last knelt on the ground, beseeching pardon from the aged saint, who raised him up, admonished him to turn from evil and use mercy, then gave him food and drink in the monastery, and dismissed him with a blessing. There are few scenes in hagiography more fraught with moral, or that suggest so fine a subject for the artist—the monastic buildings on the mountain, the Abbot seated outside with his scroll, the barbaric captain and the frightened peasant, and the serene glory of Italian sunset above."—*Hemans' Ancient Christianity.*

We enter the abbey by a gate guarded by two lions, and ascend a low vaulted staircase, the only portions of the building which can be assigned to the time of Benedict.

On the right a lamp burns before an old marble statue of Benedict: at the top Benedict and Scholastica kneel before the Virgin and Child. Here the poor peasants of the neighbourhood in their wonderful costumes,—some quite Egyptian-looking, assemble to receive the dole of the convent.

The low vault of the entrance was intended to show the yoke of humility to which the entering monk must bend. It is inscribed: *Fornicem saxis asperum ac depressum tantæ moli aditum angustum ne mireris, hospes, angustum fecit patriarchæ sanctitas: venerare potius et sospes ingredere.* Above the gate is a square tower (modernized externally) of which

the lower portion at least is of the same age. It contains two chambers inscribed: *Pars inferior turris, in qua S. P. N. Benedictus dum viverat habitabat:* and, *Vetustissimum habitaculum in quo SSmi patriarchæ discipuli quiescebant.*

This then at least occupies the position of the cell where S. Benedict dwelt for 23 years (520-43), and which, as the source of monastic law, Pope Victor III. has not hesitated to compare to Sinai.

> Hæc domus est similis Sinaï sacra jura ferenti,
> Ut lex demonstrat hic quæ fuit edita quondam.
> Lex hinc exivit, mentes quæ ducit ab imis,
> Et vulgata dedit lumen par climata sæcli.*

The room in the upper part of the tower is shown as that in which Benedict saw in a vision the death of the bishop St. Germano. Here also, only two days after his last and miraculously-prolonged interview with her, he saw the soul of his sister Scholastica ascending as a dove to heaven, and becoming thus aware of her death and translation "was filled with joy, and his gratitude flowed forth in hymns and praises to God." He then begged the monks to fetch her body that it might be laid in the tomb in which he should rest himself.

The brother only survived the sister for forty days, days spent in the most austere observance of his own monastic rule. Feeling his end approaching, he bade the monks to carry him to the oratory of S. John Baptist, where he caused the tomb of his sister to be opened. Resting by its side, at the foot of the altar, he received the viaticum, and then, extending his hands to heaven, he died in the arms of his companions, March 21, 543, at the very hour, which, according to the legend, he had foretold. Benedict was laid by Scho-

* Leo Ostiensis. *Chron. Casinen.* iii. 27.

lastica, "so that death might not divide those whose souls had been united in God."

The death of Benedict is said to have been miraculously revealed, at the very moment, to his disciple Maurus, then at Auxerre, who fell into a trance and beheld a path of stars making a luminous way from Monte Cassino to heaven, while a mysterious voice announced that by that shining way the soul of the Patriarch had passed into bliss.

"Le récit legendaire ajoute que plusieurs religieux de saint Benoit, en ce moment éloignés du Mont-Cassin, furent avertis de la perte qu'ils venaient de faire par une révélation, et qu'ils virent une multitude d'étoiles former un long chemin, qui montait vers l'Orient. Vive et fidèle image du sillon lumineux que devait tracer le genie bénédictin, en éclairant tour à tour les ténèbres du moyen âge et la civilisation des temps modernes."—*Alphonse Dantier.*

Forty years after the death of S. Benedict, Monte Cassino was laid in ruins by the Lombards, and lay waste for more than 150 years, during which time the monks took refuge in Rome, where a house was allotted them near S. John Lateran. In 731 the Abbot Petronax rebuilt the monastery, and the Duke of Beneventum restored its lands which had been confiscated. The new church was consecrated by Pope Zacharias in 748, when he freed the patrimony of Monte Cassino from all episcopal jurisdiction, and gave its abbot the first rank after the bishops, in all councils and public assemblies. A diploma, still preserved at Monte Cassino, tells how at this time the Pope looked with veneration upon the uncorrupt bodies of S. Benedict and Santa Scholastica, but did not venture to touch them with his hand.

In this same year of 748, Carloman, brother of Pepin king of France, having first made a retreat on Soracte,

became a monk of Monte Cassino. To test his humility, the Abbot made him the shepherd of a flock of goats on the mountain-side. He left this humble occupation to act as mediator between his brother Pepin and Astolphus king of the Lombards, and died in a monastery at Vienne, though his remains were transported, by his own desire, to Monte Cassino.

Another monarch was at this time a monk of Monte Cassino, Ratchis, king of the Lombards, who had resigned his crown in 742. His wife Tasia and his daughter Rattrudis followed him, and refounded in the valley the monastery of Plumbariola, which had been first set on foot by Scholastica. The monk-king occupied his leisure moments in the cultivation of a garden on the western side of the mountain, which was long known as "the vineyard of Ratchis."

At the end of the same century, Charlemagne visited Monte Cassino, and accorded it a variety of privileges mentioned in a document in the archives. He gave to the monks the title of "Chaplains of the Empire." The Abbot was to be called "Arch-chancellor" and "Custos of the Imperial Palace"; he was entitled to drink out of gold, to have his bed covered with purple, and to have the imperial Labarum, or a gold cross studded with gems, carried before him. On his return to France, Charlemagne addressed to the Abbot a poetical letter in 25 hexameters, which is preserved in the monastic library. It is said in proof of the prevalence of the Benedictine Rule at this time, that when Charlemagne asked if in any parts of his vast dominions monks of other Orders existed, none were to be found.

Under the Abbot Gisulf, the community became so numerous that it was necessary to provide for them by large

buildings at S. Germano, and the church built at this time still remains. But this prosperity was of short duration, for the convent was attacked and taken by Saracens in 884, shortly after the Emperor Louis II. and his wife Engelburga (coming against the Saracens in Calabria) had been magnificently received there. All the monks who were defending the walls were put to the sword. The Abbot Berthaire was absent at the time, but when the enemy had retired for a time, he returned to bury his slaughtered brethren. Shortly afterwards the Saracens returned to attack the convent in the valley, where many monks flying from other monasteries had taken refuge. S. Berthaire refused to desert them, and he and all his monks were massacred in the church, as he was elevating the Host, and the convent was pillaged and destroyed.

The small remnant of monks took refuge at Teano, where their misfortunes seemed to come to a climax, when the manuscript Rule of S. Benedict was destroyed by fire.

But in 949 Monte Cassino was rebuilt by the Abbot Aligerus, and became richer than ever, the Emperor Otho the Great, Henry II. (cured of an illness by intercession of S. Benedict), Conrad II., and Henry III. (pilgrims to Monte Cassino), having increased its privileges and added to its donations. Puffed up by his vast wealth, the Abbot Manson lived like a prince, hunted with a vast retinue of knights, and dressed all his servants in silk. To visit him came S. Nilus the hermit, but, while waiting for the abbot in the conventual church, he heard the gay sounds of a harp and singing from the hall where the monks were at dinner, and said to his companions, "Come, let us leave this house upon which the wrath of God must shortly fall." Within the

year, Alberic, Bishop of Marsia, having determined in those licentious times to give up his episcopal see to one of his illegitimate sons, wished to compensate himself with the abbey of Monte Cassino. So, with 100 pieces of silver, he bribed the inhabitants of Capua, who had a spite of their own against Manson, to put out his eyes, and to seize the monastery for him. They beguiled the abbot into the church of S. Benedetto at Capua, and, gouging his eyes, sent them wrapped in a linen cloth to Alberic, who died suddenly, while he was waiting to receive them.

Pope Leo IX. visited Monte Cassino accompanied by the Duke Godfrey of Lorraine and his brother Frederic, who, taking the monastic habit, was elected abbot in the reign of Victor II., whom, in 1057, he succeeded upon the Papal throne as Stephen X., but continued for some time to reside at Monte Cassino. In 1071 Alexander II., assisted by the Cardinals Hildebrand and Peter Damian, consecrated the new church of Desiderius. This abbot was the great friend of Hildebrand, and to him the great Pope wrote his first letter announcing his election to the Papacy. In the Norman wars of this reign Monte Cassino played a conspicuous part. The Bishop of Rosella had taken a great treasure to the tomb of St. Benedict for protection, and it was seized by the Prince of Capua. Hildebrand was so furious at the feeble defence the abbey had made, that he placed it under interdict, but the Prince of Capua restored the treasure under the terrors of excommunication. It was Desiderius who called in Robert Guiscard to the aid of Hildebrand. When the Pope was compelled to leave Rome, Desiderius received him at Monte Cassino, with all his fugitive cardinals and bishops. That night the Pope and abbot watched in prayer beside the

tomb of the founder, and as the morning dawned, Hildebrand cried in the voice of prophecy,—"Abbot of Monte Cassino, thou wilt be my successor." In the following year (1086) Desiderius was elected to the Papal throne as Victor III. For a whole year he refused the dignity, then the Papal insignia were forced upon him in the church of Sta. Lucia. Four days after, he fled, and laid them aside at Monte Cassino. The great Matilda of Tuscany herself had to come to insist upon his allowing himself to be re-installed. After a short but momentous reign, he returned to die at Monte Cassino. In his time the abbey may be considered to have reached the climax of its glory.

Under Urban II. (1088-99), Monte Cassino was visited by Robert of Normandy, Eustace de Bouillon, and other crusading chiefs on their way to Brindisi, who came to impart virtue to their swords by touching with them the shrine of the saint. In the library of the convent are two curious letters written about this time by the Emperor Alexander Comnenus to the Abbot Oderiscus, in answer to letters of his beseeching the favour of the Emperor towards the Frankish army.

In the time of Paschal II. (1099—1100), the abbey was the scene of internal war, because Bruno, Bishop of Segni, elected abbot, when warned by the Pope that he could not hold both dignities together, tried to insist upon choosing his own successor. On the death of Paschal, John of Gaeta, a monk of Monte Cassino, was chosen Pope as Gelasius II. In the succeeding reigns the want of internal harmony in the convent, and the fact of the abbot siding with the antipope Anacletus, led to the spoliation of Monte Cassino by Roger of Sicily. In 1199 San Germano was pillaged by the Ger-

mans under the Seneschal Markwald d'Anneweiler; but the abbey was successfully defended by the warlike Abbot Roffedo. In 1208 a general assembly was convoked at S. Germano by Innocent III., who loaded Monte Cassino with benefits.

Up to this time the sciences and high theological studies had not ceased to be cultivated at Monte Cassino. The best professors of the newly-established university of Naples were chosen amongst its monks. But a few years later the university of Naples would have vainly asked for theological professors from hence. The abbey and its neighbouring fortress of Rocca Janula were entirely occupied by imperial troops, and the monks nearly dispersed. Their school was dissolved and the monastic buildings turned into a manufactory of arms.* In the words of the abbot Bernardo, "the house of God became truly a den of thieves." In 1251 Pope Alexander IV. hoped to resuscitate the fame of the abbey, by persuading S. Thomas Aquinas, who had been educated within its walls, to become its head, but the "Seraphic Doctor" never would accept any ecclesiastical promotion. The captivity of Monte Cassino was brought to an end by the victory of the French over Manfred at S. Germano (Feb. 1, 1266) for which Charles of Anjou returned public thanks at the tomb of S. Benedict.

It is in allusion to this time of suspended learning at Monte Cassino, and to the years of luxurious living which followed, that Dante represents S. Benedict in Paradise as lamenting that his Rule remains on earth only to fill so much waste paper, for no one observes it.

* See Dantier, i. 323.

"La regola mia
Rimasa è giù per danno delle carte.
Le mura, che soleano esser badia,
Fatte sono spelonche, e le cocolle
Sacca son piene di farina ria.
Ma grave usura tanto non si tolle
Contra 'l piacer di Dio, quanto quel frutto
Che fa il cuor de' monaci sì folle."

Parad. xxii.

Benevento da Imola commenting on this passage says :—

"To the clearer understanding of this passage, I will repeat what my venerable preceptor, Boccaccio of Certaldo, pleasantly narrated to me. He said, that when he was in Apulia, being attracted by the fame of the place, he went to the great monastery of Monte Cassino of which we are speaking. And, being eager to see the library, which he had heard was very noble; he, humbly, gentle creature that he was! besought a monk to do him the favour to open it. Pointing to a lofty staircase, he answered, stiffly, 'Go up; it is open.' Joyfully ascending, he found the place of so great a treasure without door or fastening, and, having entered, he saw the grass growing upon the windows, and all the books and shelves covered with dust. And, wondering, he began to open and turn over, now this book and now that, and found there many and various volumes of ancient and rare works. From some of them whole sheets had been torn out, in others the margins of the leaves were clipped, and thus they were greatly defaced. At length, full of pity that the labours and studies of so many illustrious minds should have fallen into the hands of such profligate men, grieving and weeping he withdrew. And coming into the cloister, he asked a monk whom he met, why those most precious books were so vilely mutilated. He replied, that some of the monks, wishing to gain a few ducats, cut out a handful of leaves, and made psalters which they sold to boys, and likewise of the margins they made breviaries which they sold to women. Now, therefore, O scholar, rack thy brains in the making of books!"

In 1326, John XXII., declaring, from Avignon, that he wished to do honour to S. Benedict, raised the abbacy into a bishopric, and the monks into a chapter of canons. Nine bishops succeeded thus, but the honour was never welcomed

at Monte Cassino, as it was found to afford an excuse for interference with monastic election, and it came to an end in 1370.

In the 15th century the power of Monte Cassino began steadily to decline: its fall being greatly due to its being made an Abbey *in commendam*. The Abbot Caraffa played into the hands of his own family: the Abbot Scarampa (the first Abbot Commendator) spent the wealth of the abbey in a crusade. Paul II. made himself abbot of Monte Cassino in order to abstract its revenues: Giovanni de' Medici, afterwards Leo X., was made abbot when he was only eleven years old, and was besieged at Monte Cassino (which successfully resisted) by Gonsalvo da Cordova.

In 1649 the abbey began to be entirely rebuilt in the style of the Renaissance under the Abbot Squarcialupi, and was reconsecrated by Benedict XIII. in 1729.

The last flicker of prosperity for Monte Cassino was in 1798, when the abbatial palace of S. Germano was occupied for a time by King Ferdinand and Queen Caroline of Naples. Soon after, the French army, becoming victorious, occupied S. Germano, and laid tremendous requisitions upon Monte Cassino, upon pain of its immediate destruction. The ransom was paid, but the fate of the convent was only warded off for a time, and it was soon after completely pillaged, a young monk named Erasmus being cruelly murdered in attempting to defend the archives. In 1806 all the Houses of the Benedictine Order were suppressed in the kingdom of Naples; Monte Cassino, La Cava, and Monte Vergine, being preserved simply as Libraries, with a few monks to guard them. After the return of the Bourbons, Monte Cassino had a temporary recovery, and since the Sardinian occupation its

services to literature have exempted it from the entire confiscation which has fallen on all other religious houses. But the poor monks have a bare subsistence, and times are indeed changed since the Abbot of Monte Cassino was the first baron of the kingdom of Naples, administrator of a diocese (created 1321) composed of 37 parishes; while amongst the dependencies of the abbey were 4 bishoprics, 2 principalities, 20 countships, 250 castles, 440 towns and villages, 336 manors, 23 sea-ports, 33 islands, 200 mills, 300 tracts of land, and 1662 churches. Its revenues at the end of the 16th century, were valued at 500,000 ducats.

But we have lingered too long over the history of the abbey, and as yet have only visited the cell of S. Benedict, which, indeed, unbelievers say only dates from the time of the restoration under Desiderius.

A beautiful and spacious court-yard, by *Bramante*, adorned with statues of the chief benefactors, and with a noble fountain in the midst, occupies the centre of the building. Open arcades, on either side, display other courts, now used as gardens, where, amid the flowers, are preserved many portions of the granite pillars from the church which Desiderius built in the eleventh century. Colossal statues of Benedict and Scholastica guard the ascent to the upper quadrangle, which is surrounded by the statues of the great benefactors of the convent, those on the right being royal, those on the left papal. Near the entrance of the church are the parents of Benedict, of Placidus, and of Maurus. The living raven which hops about here, and which is quite a feature of the monastery, commemorates the ravens which miraculously guided the patriarch hither from Subiaco.

Accurate descriptions still exist of the church of Desi-

derius, which was approached by a wide atrium, and divided by 20 granite columns. Both the atrium and the interior of the church were covered with mosaic representations of New Testament subjects, by artists imported from Constantinople. Over the present entrance is an inscription relating the story of the church. The present gates have the plates of the original bronze doors, inlaid in silver letters with a list of all the possessions of the abbey in 1066, when they were made at Constantinople for Desiderius.

The present *Church* was built in 1640 in the form of a Latin Cross. It is of the most extreme magnificence, exceeds S. Peter's, and rivals the Certosa of Pavia in the richness and variety of its marbles. The roof of the nave is painted by *Luca Giordano*, and by the same painter is a great fresco over the doors, of the consecration of the first basilica by Alexander II.

The stalls of the choir, though renaissance, are splendid specimens of carved wood-work; in the centre of each is a Benedictine saint. Here hang four great pictures by *Francesco Solinus*. In the left transept is the tomb of Pietro de' Medici, who was drowned in the Garigliano, Dec. 27, 1503, by the overcrowding and sinking of a boat, in which he was taking flight after the defeat of the French by Gonsalvo da Cordova. The bas-reliefs are by San Gallo. In the opposite transept is the tomb of Guidone Fieramosca, last Prince of Mignano. In the side chapels are several works of *Marco Mazzaroppi*, the best being S. Gregory the Great, and the martyrdom of S. Andrew. Beneath the high altar and surrounded by a chain of lamps, repose Benedict and Scholastica, with these words only over their grave :

"Benedictum et Scholasticam,
Uno in terris partu editos,
Una in Deum pietate cœlo redditos,
Unus hic excipit tumulus
Mortalis depositi pro æternitate custos."

In the crypt below, where Tasso, on his last journey to Rome, knelt by the founder's tomb, are some ruined frescoes by the rare master *Marco da Siena.* In the sacristy a number of magnificent old copes are preserved. Here are a curious old brazier and a stone lavatory.

The *Refectory* contains an immense picture by *Francesco* and *Leandro Bassano.* In the upper part, Christ is represented performing the miracle of the loaves and fishes; in the lower, S. Benedict is distributing the symbolical bread of the Benedictine Rule. The painter Leandro has introduced his own figure to the left of the saint. In the corner is John Calvin, livid with disgust.

The *Library,* built in the 16th century, by the Abbot Squarcialupi, still contains about 20,000 volumes. Its origin mounts up to the foundation of the abbey, for S. Benedict mentions it in one of the rules of his Order. 800 original diplomas remain, containing the charters and privileges accorded to the abbey by popes, emperors, and kings. The collection of Lombard charters deserves especial notice on account of the miniatures placed at the head of each, a contemporary portrait-gallery rudely executed, but at least interesting, as displaying the costume of the time. The earliest charter, bearing date 884, is of a Prince of Beneventum, and begins—"Ajo Dei providentia Longobardorum gentis princeps." The earliest bull is that of Pope Zacharias of the beginning of the 8th century. Amongst the MSS. is

a co-eval MS. of Dante. Most of the pictures at Monte Cassino were removed to form the gallery at Naples. A few sketches by old masters, which remain, are collected in the cell of S. Benedict.

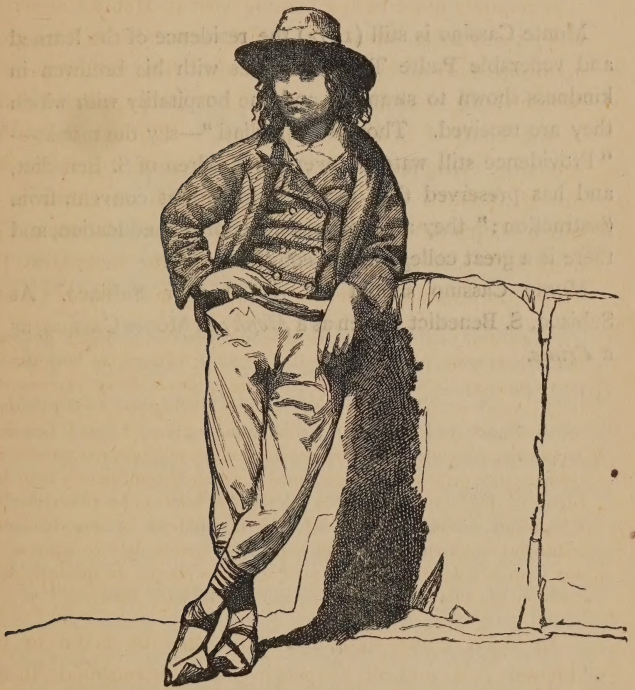
It requires more than a passing visit to Monte Cassino in order really to appreciate it. The views are such as grow upon one daily and are full of interest. The highest peak is Monte Cairo, near the foot of which is the patriarchal castle of the family of S. Thomas Aquinas. Through the valley winds the Garigliano. In the plain between it and the sea the great battle was gained by Gonsalvo da Cordova, in which Pietro de' Medici perished, to whom his uncle Clement VII. gave a tomb here. Between the mountains the Mediterranean may be descried, glittering in the bay of Gaieta.

"Au sommet de sa montagne le moine bénédictin, dégagé des vains bruits de la terre, peut, du fond de sa cellule, contempler Dieu dans la plus admirable de ses œuvres, et par suite éprouver de ces ravissements intimes qui font oublier aux âmes rêveuses les douleurs de la passion et les amertumes du sacrifice. On l'a remarqué souvent, et c'est le lieu de le rappeler ici, la plupart des fondateurs d'ordres religieux ont montré une connaissance profonde du cœur humain, en choisissant pour y bâtir leur première demeure les sites à la fois les plus beaux et les plus recueillis. C'était un dédommagement offert à la faiblesse et aux tendances naturelles de l'homme, qui sent toujours le besoin de retremper sa foi aux sources vives de la nature, pour remonter ensuite du spectacle de la création à la sublime idée du Créateur."—*Alphonse Dantier.*

In the evening, delightful walks may be taken to the different ruins and old chapels in the neighbourhood. In the old Collegiata of S. Germano it will be interesting to recall the picturesque legend of "Le Suore Morte."

'Two ladies of an illustrious family had joined the sisterhood of S. Scholastica. Though in other respects exemplary and faithful to their religious profession, they were much given to scandal and vain talk;

which being told to S. Benedict, it displeased him greatly; and he sent to them a message, that if they did not refrain their tongues and set a better example to the community he would excommunicate them. The nuns were at first alarmed and penitent, and promised amendment; but the habit was too strong for their good resolves; they continued their



Boy of S. Germano.

vain and idle talking, and, in the midst of their folly, they died. And being of great and noble lineage, they were buried in the church near the altar; and afterwards, on a certain day, as S. Benedict solemnized mass at that altar, and at the moment when the officiating deacon uttered the usual words, 'Let those who are excommunicated, and for-

bidden to partake, depart and leave us'; behold, the two nuns rose up from their graves, and in the sight of all the people, with faces drooping and averted, they glided out of the church. And thus it happened every time that the mass was celebrated there, until S. Benedict, taking pity upon them, absolved them from their sins, and they rested in peace." —*Jameson's Monastic Orders.*

Monte Cassino is still (1874) the residence of the learned and venerable Padre Tosti, who vies with his brethren in kindness shown to strangers and the hospitality with which they are received. Though "spogliati"—say the monks—"Providence still watches over the children of S. Benedict, and has preserved this, his most important convent, from destruction:" they are constantly occupied in education, and there is a great college in the convent.

Monte Cassino should be visited after Subiaco. At Subiaco, S. Benedict is seen as a *Monk;* at Monte Cassino, as a *Prince.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

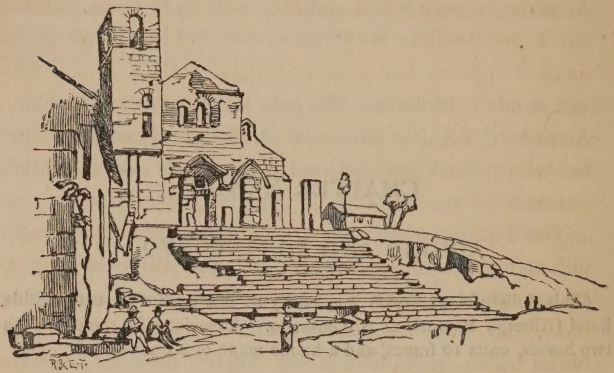
AQUINO AND PONTECORVO.

(This delightful excursion may easily be made from the comfortable hotel (Albergo Pompei) at S. Germano. A carriage for the day, with two horses, costs 10 francs, and a buono-mano of 2 francs.)

WE left S. Germano on a lovely April morning, when the effect of the mountains was greatly enhanced by the mist which underlaid them, and wrapped the "Nebulosi rura Casini" in a soft veil of haze. The road passes beneath the amphitheatre, and continues under the mountains, with their towns of Piedemonte and Palazzuolo. Oaks are allowed to grow here for the sake of the acorns, and form avenues—most beautiful in a country where timber is so scarce. By the way-side, shepherdesses in white *panni* sit spinning with distaffs, while they watch their goats, and form beautiful pictures, as the light falls through the branches upon their gold ornaments and scarlet embroidered aprons. In this land of strong light and shadow, how wonderful an effect is given by the massy folds of the projecting headdress and the simple lines of the costume.

At the mediæval tower of S. Gregorio, the road to Aquino turns off to the left through the brilliant plain of young corn,

and the carriage stops near the desolate *Church of Santa Maria Libera.*



S. Maria Libera, Aquino.

It is a most lovely spot. A gigantic flight of massive marble steps, worthy of the Acropolis of Athens, was once the approach to a temple, and now leads to a church which is built out of its ruins, and encrusted with fragments of its carving. The great door is surrounded by glorious friezes of acanthus in the highest relief, which it was intended to remove to the Museum at Naples, but which have fortunately been permitted to remain here. In front was a portico like that of Civita Castellana: its pillars remain, and its restoration is intended. Over the principal door is a mosaic of the 12th century—"of the best style," says Salazzaro, "and like that of Capua." It represents the Virgin, in a blue tunic, with the Child holding a scroll, and below, on either side, a sarcophagus, with a female head projecting from it, one inscribed "Ottolina," the other "Maria." The introduction of these sarcophagi in the mosaic, is believed to

render it certain that the persons alluded to were the founders, and are buried in the church, where two stone coffins have been found and are ascribed to them. Ottolina has been identified with the wife of Adinolfo, son of Landolfo of Aquino, first Count of Alsito, and sister of Gregorio and Aimone of Isola. She was sister-in-law to S. Thomas Aquinas. Nothing certain is known of Maria, but she is believed to have been either the mother or the daughter of Ottolina.

The interior of the church was very curious, having six pillars on one side of the nave and only three on the other. It has till lately been roofless and used as a Campo Santo. Now, Mgr. Paolo de Niguesa, the venerable and much honoured bishop of Aquino, is restoring it for use, but, alas, from a love of uniformity, is destroying its interest, by making one side exactly like the other.

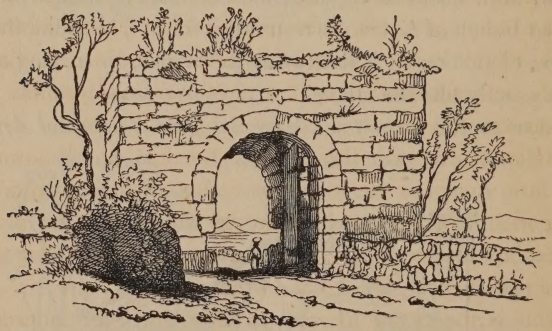
Close to the church is a beautiful little *Triumphal Arch*,

Triumphal Arch, Aquino.

with Corinthian columns. A mill-stream has been directed

through it, and it stands reflected in the clear water, which falls below it in a series of miniature cascades. It it a subject unspoilt by Rosa and his followers, and which would entrance an artist.

Descending the great marble staircase, we find a lane following the *Via Latina*, which retains some of its ancient lava pavement, but in other places this is torn up to make the walls at the sides. Passing a succession of Roman fragments, we reach the ruined *Church of S. Tomaso*, in which are several beautiful pieces of frieze from the temples. A little beyond, the Via Latina is crossed by the massive *Porta S. Lorenzo*, a Roman gateway in perfect preservation,



by which we enter the circuit of the ancient city, passing through the still existing line of the old walls.

Aquino was once a most important place. Strabo speaks of it in his time as "a great city, chief amongst the Volscian cities," and Cicero mentions it as "frequens municipium." Tacitus says that Dolabella was exiled and put to death here. The Emperor Pescennius Niger was born here. Now, the

circuit of the town is filled with vineyards and gardens, amid which gigantic fragments of ruin appear at intervals. The Volscian city was destroyed by the Lombards, when the inhabitants took refuge at Castro Cielo, on the top of the mountain, where only a church and castle now remain. Thence, after a time, they descended to Palazzuolo, where their descendants probably exist still. The ancient coins of Aquino bore a head of Minerva on one side and a cock on the other.

Following further the Via Latina, we see a succession of buildings in ruins—a theatre, some colossal blocks shown as having belonged to a temple of Diana and now called S. Maria Maddalena, and a huge mass of wall believed to have been a temple of Ceres, afterwards converted into the basilica of S. Pietro Vetere. All the ruins are embedded in vineyards, and surrounded by the most radiant loveliness of vegetation.

Returning through the Arco S. Lorenzo, and following the little stream in the valley, we find a strange old church supported upon open arches, through which there are most picturesque views of the present town scrambling along the edge of tufa rocks, crested and overhung by fig-trees.

This is the city which rose in the middle-ages under the powerful Counts of Aquino, but it now only contains 2700 inhabitants. It is however the oldest bishopric in the Roman Church, its bishops sign all ecclesiastical documents immediately after the archbishops, and the whole cathedral chapter of Aquino have still the right to wear mitres and full episcopal robes.

The long single street, for the width of the cliff allows no more, presents a charming diorama of the most thoroughly

Italian life. Every now and then the walls open and leave a little landing, with glimpses of purple mountains, of snowy distance, or of green depths of orchard and vineyard, kept ever fresh by the abundant streams of crystal water which are described by Italicus. There are dark archways, grimly overhung by massive vaulting, yet which seem quite illuminated by the stocks and valerians which fill their projecting cornices, and still more by the glorious costume of the people, whose blaze of colour catches and concentrates every flash of light as it falls. Now, we come upon the gateway of an old palazzo, built from the remains of temples, and with two huge Morgiana-pots filled with flowering oleanders, the last remaining of twelve Roman pots which were discovered, the rest having been broken up by the contadini, who believed them to be filled with treasure. Now, a pale olive hangs over a broad balustrade. Here, there is a ruined castle used as a bacon-shop, and beside it a palace with Venetian Gothic windows (the veritable "Casa Reale" in which S. Thomas was born, and where a kitchen is shown in which he fought with demons), now let out in poor tenements. There, a grand old marble lion, with a ring through his nose, stands in the piazza, amid a collection of Roman millstones and bases and capitals of columns. The winding street, with its pitilessly rugged pavement, is the place where all the business of life is carried on. The barber is shaving his patients in the street, the *Friggitore* is tossing up a *frittura*. One group of women is spinning, another is making lace. There are babies being rocked in baskets, and there are others—the "creatures"—being carried in baskets on their mothers' heads, taking the place of the grand painted vases with the twisted handles, so huge and heavy when filled with

water, and which yet the women here poise so lightly. A boy is climbing up a wall to pick the golden oranges which are hanging over it; beneath, a flock of chickens are pecking at a sieve filled with almost more golden Indian maize; and through all this collection of life when we were there, the priest, in purple cassock and white pellerine, was moving from house to house, pronouncing his Easter benediction upon the furniture and cooking utensils, and followed by a man with a large basket to receive the dole of eggs, saffron-cakes, and *fenocchi*, which he expected in return.

S. Thomas Aquinas was born in the old palace of Aquino, March 7, 1224, being the son of Count Landolfo and his wife Teresa Caracciolo. His grandfather married the sister of the Emperor Frederick I., and he was therefore great-nephew of that prince. It has been the custom to say he was born at Rocca-Secca, which however was never more than a mere "fortezza" of the Counts of Aquino, and never used by them as a residence, and all uncertainty has been cleared by the late discovery of a letter of the saint in the archives at Monte Cassino, saying that he was coming to seek the blessing of the Abbot Bernard before setting out upon a journey, and that he intended to visit his birthplace at Aquino on the way. Here the youngest sister of S. Thomas was killed by a flash of lightning while sleeping in the room with him and her nurse. At five years old S. Thomas was sent to school at Monte Cassino, but at twelve his masters declared themselves unable to teach him any more. On account of his stolid silence, he obtained the nickname of "the dumb ox," but his tutor Albertus Magnus, after some answers on difficult subjects, said—"We call him the dumb ox, but he will give such a bellow in learning as

will astonish the whole world." At seventeen he received the habit of S. Domenico at Naples. His mother, the Countess Teodora, tried to prevent his taking the final vows, and he fled from her towards Paris. At Acquapendente he was intercepted by his brothers Landolfo and Rinaldo, who tore off his habit, and carried him to his father's castle of Rocca-Secca. Here his mother met him, and finding her entreaties vain, shut him up, and allowed him to see no one but his two sisters, whose exhortations she hoped would bend him to her will. On the contrary, he converted his sisters, and, after two years' imprisonment, one of them let him down from a window, and he was received by some Dominicans, and pronounced the final vows.

Gradually S. Thomas Aquinas became the greatest theological teacher and writer of his time. When he refused a bishopric, the Pope made him always attend his person, and thus his lectures were chiefly given in the different towns of Papal residence — Rome, Viterbo, Orvieto, Fondi, and Perugia. Clement IV. tried hard to make him an archbishop, but he refused all preferment, and died at Fossanuova in 1274.

S. Thomas composed the office for the festival of Corpus Domini. His crowning work was the *Summa Theologiæ*, which may be called, "The Christian religion thrown into scientific form, and the orderly exposition of what man should be."

"The whole movement of the *Summa Theologiæ* is towards the Beatific Vision of God, which will be the occupation of man's eternity; and to tend towards it is the permanent duty and the one supreme interest of man on earth."—*Roger Bede Vaughan.*

But to ordinary readers S. Thomas is perhaps less known

by his philosophy than by his hymns, of which the most celebrated are "O Sacrum Convivium," "Pange Lingua," "Tantum Ergo," "O Salutaris," and "Lauda Sion." His character is well summed up in an inscription beneath an old portrait of the saint in a church at Naples:

"O sapientiæ cœlestis optatissimum auspicium!
O integerrimæ vitæ jucundissimum exemplum!
Salve Thoma sanctissime custos,
Salve sapientissime magister,
Salve benevolentissime pater,
Macte gloria; macte laudibus; macte virtutibus."

'C'est surtout depuis sa mort, que Dieu a glorifié Saint Thomas, et qu'il l'a rendu un docteur universel. . . . . Vous dirai-je que l'oracle du monde chrétien, Rome même a vu souvent ses pontifes descendre du tribunal sacré, et y faire monter les écrits de notre saint pour prononcer sur les différends qui troubloient l'Eglise; que les conciles eux-mêmes, ces juges vénérables da la doctrine, ont formé leurs décrets eur ses décisions; que les partisans de l'erreur n'ont jamais eu de plus redoutable ennemi, et que comme les Philistins, ils ont désesperé de pouvoir exterminer l'armée de Dieu vivant, tandis que cette arche résiderait au milieu d'elle: *Tolle Thomam, et dissipabo Ecclesiam Dei.*"—*Massillon, Sermons.*

Not far from Aquino is the mountain castle of *Loreto*, which belonged to the parents of S. Thomas. It was while they were staying here, that he, a boy, stole all the contents of the family larder to distribute to the poor. His father intercepted him and sternly commanded him to give up what his cloak contained—when a shower of roses is said to have fallen from it upon the ground.

Three miles beyond Aquino, the road which passes under the Arco S. Lorenzo leads to *Pontecorvo*, which was once an independent state like Monaco, a sort of little kingdom of its own. In the middle ages it belonged alternately to the

great family of Tomacelli, and to the Abbey of Monte Cassino. Napoleon gave it as a Duchy to Bernadotte.

Pontecorvo has a beautiful position on a plateau backed by soft swelling hills. It is approached by a triumphal arch surmounted by a figure of Pius IX. in the act of benediction. Some of the ancient walls remain. The streets are uninteresting. At the end of the town, overhanging the bridge over the Garigliano, is the *Cathedral*, standing on the substructions of an ancient temple and approached by a wide flight of steps. The magnificence of the costumes here, especially the scarlet draperies which are let down behind, make a blaze of colour during the church services.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PONTINE MARSHES.

(This curious district may easily be visited from Velletri. A diligence leaves Velletri for Terracina on the arrival of the quick train from Rome at 11 A. M. Carriages may be engaged at Velletri for the whole excursion, going the first day to Terracina, with a divergence of some hours to Ninfa ; the second day remaining at Terracina and visiting S. Felice and the Monte Circello ; the third day diverging to Piperno and Fossanuova and returning to Velletri or Rome ; or, it may be better to sleep the third day at Piperno, when Sonnino may be visited.)

IT is a dull descent from Velletri towards the levels. The road runs through low woods of oaks, once much frequented by brigands,—even indeed from classical times :

> "Interdum et ferro subitus grassator agit rem,
> Armato quoties tutæ custode tenentur
> Et Pomptina palus et Gallinaria pinus."
>
> *Juvenal, Sat.* iii. 305.

During the later years of the Papal dominion, no danger was ever to be apprehended, but as the present Government have opened the prisons and set loose the savage gang of Gasparoni, long secured at Civita Castellana, "*casualties*" are now possible, though they occur at *very* rare intervals : and those who are content to go without any ostentation and very simply dressed, may travel without any risk.

About nine miles from Velletri we reach *Cisterna*, the *Cisterna Neronis* of the Middle Ages, and the *Three Taverns* (Tres Tabernæ) of the New Testament.

"And so we went towards Rome. And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns; whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage."—*Acts* xxviii. 15.

The Three Taverns, probably three Osterias for travellers on the Via Appia, are frequently mentioned by Cicero and other classical authors. But St. Gregory the Great in one of his letters (to John, Bishop of Velletri), says that no remains existed in his time of Appii Forum, or that if any such did exist, the Pontine Marshes made them inaccessible; he adds that the Three Taverns were identical with the place then known as Cisterna. The antiquarian Ricchi * proves that this must be the place where the Christian martyrs Abondio and Abondantio were buried by the matron Teodora in her own vineyard.

The town of Cisterna clusters around the vast, gloomy, decaying *Palace of the Gaetani*, built at intervals, and without any regularity of design, around their old machicolated tower. The whole of this district still belongs to the Gaetani, whose Countships, Duchies, and Principalities, with the cities, lands, and castles belonging to them, would at one time have made a very considerable kingdom. Their name is supposed to have been assumed when the absolute sovereignty of Gaieta was conferred upon them by the Greek Emperor Basil.

Besides Gaieta their southern Signories included Itri, Teano, Sessa,

* Regia de' Volsci.

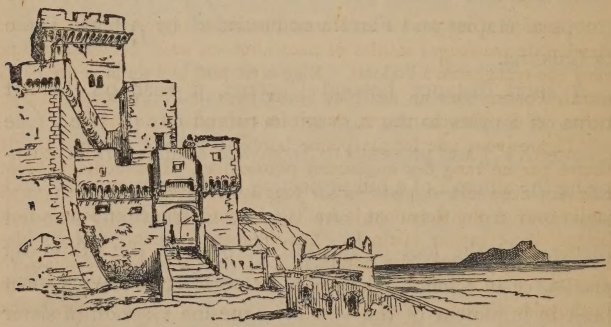
S. Germano, Sperlonga, Telesco, Rocca-Guglielma, S. Donato, Garigliano, Avella, Aquino, Calvi, Castiglione, Castroforte, Cerreto, Dragone, Fondi, Gioja, Cajazzo, Arezze, Matalone, Pontecorvo, the Principality of Caserta, the Countship of Mucrone, the Duchy of Trajetto, the Principality of Altamura, of the cities of Monte-Peluso, Minervino, and Mottola, and of the lands of Piedemonte, Grottula, Masafro, Monterodune, and Maccia.

Their more northern possessions were Monte-Argentino, Ansedonia, Porto-Ercole, Orbetello, Marsigliano, Alticosta, Cap'Albia, Monte-Acuto, Monte-Genti, the islands of Giglio and Giannuti, Montalto, Ronciglione, Nepi, Trevi, Mareno, Zaucanto, Anagni, Rocca-Gorga, Norma, Ninfa, Sonnino, Posi, Vallecorsa, Ceccano, S. Lorenzo, Sculcula, La Torte, Vallepietra, Filettrio, Carpineto, Montelanico, Majena, Gigliano, Campagnano, Collemezzo, Vaccone, Podio, Sommavilla, S. Angelo, Amendeclara, Castro, Rocca-Astura, Castello di Selva Molle, Castel di Giove, Bassiano, Acqua Pudrida, S. Felicita, Monte-Circello, Cisterna, and Sermoneta.

In the plain to the right of Cisterna, in the direction of Porto d'Anzio, is *Campo Morte*, where the Papal generals Malatesta and Riario gained a victory in 1482 over the troops of Naples and Ferrara commanded by Alfonso Duke of Calabria.

A short distance beyond Cisterna, a road on the left turns off 2 miles to the mysterious ruined city of Ninfa (see chapter XV.), and proceeds to *Sermoneta*, 6 miles further, occupying the summit of a hill projecting from the mountains, and separated from them on one side by a beautifully wooded ravine. At the foot of the hill we pass on the left an old *Basilica* with a fine rose-window, interesting as having been built in fulfilment of the vow of Agnesina Gaetani (a sister of Marc-Antonio Colonna and wife of Onorato Gaetani), that if her husband returned in safety from the battle of Lepanto, she would build and endow a church in honour of S. Francis, on the spot where she met him.

The earliest mention of Sermoneta is in 1222, in a bull of Honorius III. In 1297 it was bought from the Annibaldeschi by Pietro Gaetani, Count of Caserta, nephew of Boniface VIII. In 1500 Alexander VI. besieged and took the town, putting to death Monsignor Giacomo Gaetani, and Bernardino Gaetani, who was only aged seven. Till this time there were no titles in Italy, the great personages were only "Seigneurs" of their own lands, but with the Spanish Borgias this was changed, and Alexander VI. made his own son Duke of Sermoneta. In his time the prisons here were erected, and were well filled. When Julius II. came to the throne, he restored Sermoneta with all their other confiscated possessions to the Gaetani, and also bestowed upon them the title which his predecessor had attached to the property. The Gaetani retained their complete feudal rights, even the power of life and death, until the present century.



Sermoneta.

The castle is exceedingly imposing externally, and encloses a vast courtyard. Ricchi, writing in the beginning of the last century, dilates upon the splendours of its furniture,

but the Duke of Sermoneta who lived in the time of the great French Revolution was so dreadfully afraid of an attack, that he voluntarily opened his gates for pillage, and invited all the townspeople to come in and help themselves; which they did, leaving nothing whatever behind them. Only a small part of the building is now habitable. There are one or two fine old chimney-pieces, but the parts of the castle in best preservation are the prisons, which were built by the Borgias, and which occupy an entire wing, one below another, beginning with well-lighted rooms, and ending in dismal dungeons. There is a fine view from the top of the tower. The little town was the birthplace of the painter Girolamo Siciolante. There are several large convents on the neighbouring hills: that of the Bernardins belonged to the Knights Templars.

We now enter the Pontine Marshes.

"Ceux qui n'ont pas vu les Marais Pontins se représentent une vaste étendue de marécages stériles et nauséabondes, aussi désagréable aux yeux que répugnante à l'odorat. Rien n'est plus loin de la vérité. Les marais Pontins sont un des plus beaux pays de l'Europe, un des plus riches, un des plus charmants, durant les trois quarts de l'année.

"Figurez-vous une longue plaine bordée d'un coté par la mer, de l'autre par un rang des montagnes pittoresques. Les montagnes sont cultivées avec soin et plantées sur tous leurs versants: c'est un grand jardin couvert d'oliviers dont le feuillage bleuâtre semble en toute saison baigné d'une vapeur matinale. Les premiers versants protégent des bois de vieux orangers bien portants. La plaine se partage en forêts, en prairies, et en cultures. Les forêts, hautes et vigoureuses, attestent l'incroyable fécondité d'un sol vierge. Elles nourissent les plus beaux arbres de l'Europe et les lianes les plus puissantes. La vigne sauvage et l'eglantier grimpant colorent et parfument le feuillage toujours vert de liéges.

"Les prairies sont peuplées de troupeaux innombrables: on n'en trouverait d'aussi beaux que dans l'Amérique ou dans l'Ukraine. Des bandes de chevaux demi-sauvages galopent en liberté dans des enclos

immenses; les vaches et les buffles ruminent en paix l'herbe haute et touffue. Les gardiens de ce bétail, cloués sur la selle de leurs chevaux, le manteau en croupe, le fusil en bandoulière, la lance au poing, vêtus de velours solide et guêtrés jusqu'au genou d'un cuir épais et brillant, galopent autour de leurs élèves. Les jeunes poulains, haut perchés sur leurs pattes grêles, découpent à l'horizon leurs silhouettes fantastiques.

"Les cultures sont rares, mais gigantesques. Au printemps on voit jusqu'à cent paires de bœufs occupés à labourer le même champ. A la fin de juin, il n'est pas rare de rencontrer une pièce de blé qui dore une lieue de terrain. Les blés sont beaux, les maïs sont si grands qu'un homme à cheval y est aussi invisible qu'une perdrix dans nos sillons. Les foins, partout où l'eau ne fait pas foissonner le jonc et le carex, sont bien longs, bien sains et bien parfumés. La culture maraîchère trouve même une place dans cette fécondité de toutes choses. C'est dans les Marais Pontins qu'on cultive, par pièces de plusieurs hectares, ces artichauts demi-sauvages dont le peuple de Rome se nourrit en été.

"Cependent tout n'est pas fait pour les Marais Pontins, puisqu'ils ne sont point habitables. La population qui les cultive descend des montagnes, laboure, fauche ou moissonne et s'enfuit aussitôt, sous peine de mort.

"C'est d'abord que les eaux ne s'écoulent pas assez vite. Il faudrait quelques canaux de plus.

"C'est aussi que les détritus de matières végétales qui composent ce sol fécond subissent, dans les grandes chaleurs, une fermentation terrible. Il s'en dégage des poisons subtils, insaisissables à l'odorat, mais funestes à la santé. La décomposition des produits animaux est fétide, mais inoffensive et presque salubre; tandis que ces prairies embaumées engendrent la peste. Quand le soleil de juillet a mis en liberté les gaz délétères qui couraient sous l'herbe de ces campagnes, le vent les emporte où bon lui semble, et l'on voit à dix lieues de distance, dans la montagne, en pays naturellement sain, les hommes mourir empoisonnés."
—*About, Rome Contemporaire*, p. 307.

There is an Osteria at *Appii Forum*, of sacred memories. It is also the place where Horace took the canal-boat:—

"Inde Forum Appi,
Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis."
Sat. I. v. 3.

The next Osteria, *Mesa*, is supposed to mark the station

Ad Medias on the Via Appia. Near it are a tomb and some ancient mile-stones. Beyond the next post-house, of Ponte Maggiore, we cross a river formed by the union of the *Ufente* and *Amasena.*

"Many people imagine that the Pontine Marshes are only marshy ground, a dreary extent of stagnant, slimy water, a melancholy road to travel over: on the contrary, the marshes have more resemblance to the rich plains of Lombardy; yes, they are like them, rich to abundance; grass and herbage grow here with a succulence and luxuriance which the north of Italy cannot exhibit.

"Neither can any road be more excellent than that which leads through the marshes, upon which, as on a bowling-green, the carriages roll along between unending alleys of trees, whose thick branches afford a shade from the scorching beams of the sun. On each side the immense plain stretches itself out with its tall grass, and its fresh, green marsh-plants. Canals cross one another, and drain off the water which stands in ponds and lakes covered with reeds and broad-leaved water-lilies.

"On the left hand, in coming from Rome, the lofty hills of Abruzzi extend themselves, with here and there small towns, which, like mountain castles, shine with their white walls from the grey rocks. On the right the green plain stretches down to the sea where Cape Circello lifts itself, now a promontory, but formerly Circe's Island, where tradition lands Ulysses.

"As I went along, the mists, which began to dissipate, floated over the green extent, where the canals shone like linen on a bleaching-ground. The sun glowed with the warmth of summer, although it was but the middle of March. Herds of buffaloes went through the tall grass. A troop of horses gallopped wildly about, and struck out with their hind feet, so that the water was dashed around to a great height; their bold attitudes, their unconstrained leaping and gambolling, might have been a study for an animal painter. To the left I saw a dark monstrous column of smoke, which ascended from the great fire which the shepherds had kindled to purify the air around their huts. I met a peasant, whose pale, yellow, sickly exterior contradicted the vigorous fertility which the marshes presented. Like a dead man arisen from the grave, he rode upon his black horse, and held a sort of lance in his hand with which he drove together the buffaloes which went into the swampy mire, where some of them laid themselves down, and stretched forth only their dark ugly heads with their malicious eyes.

"The solitary post-houses, of three or four stories high, which were erected close by the road-side, showed also, at the first glance, the poisonous effluvia which steamed up from the marshes. The lime-washed walls were entirely covered with an unctuous grey-green mould. Buildings, like human beings, bore here the stamp of corruption, which showed itself in strange contrast with the rich luxuriance around, with the fresh verdure, and the warm sunshine."—*Hans Christian Andersen, The Improvisatore.*

Three miles before reaching Terracina, we pass the site of that fountain of Feronia, which Horace describes as the place where travellers quitted the canal through the marshes, and began the ascent to Anxur.

> "Ora manusque tua lavimus, Feronia, lympha,
> Millia tum pransi tria repimus, atque subimus
> Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur."
>
> *Sat.* i. 5. 23.

The sacred grove of Feronia (a Sabine goddess) is mentioned by Virgil :—

> "Viridi gaudens Feronia luco."
>
> *Æn.* vii. 800.

The situation of Terracina is most picturesque and beautiful.

"Close before me stood Terracina in the fertile, Hesperian landscape. Three lofty palm-trees, with their fruit, grew not far from the road. The vast orchards, which stretched up the mountain-sides, seemed like a great green carpet with millions of golden points. Lemons and oranges bowed the branches down to the ground. Before a peasant's hut lay a quantity of lemons, piled together into a heap, as if they had been chestnuts which had been shaken down. Rosemary and wild dark-red gillyflowers grew abundantly in the crevices of the rock, high up among the peaks of the cliffs, where stood the magnificent remains of the castle of the Ostrogothic king Theodoric, and which overlook the city and the whole surrounding country.

"My eyes were dazzled with the beautiful picture, and, quietly dreaming, I entered Terracina. Before me lay the sea,—the wonderfully

beautiful Mediterranean. It was heaven itself in the purest ultramarine, which, like an immense plain, was spread out before me. Far out at sea I saw islands, like floating clouds of the most beautiful lilac colour, and perceived Vesuvius where the dark column of smoke became blue in the far horizon. The surface of the sea seemed perfectly still, yet the lofty billows, as blue and clear as the ether itself, broke against the shore on which I stood, and sounded like thunder among the mountains."—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

The Volscian name of Terracina was *Anxur*, but it was always known as Terracina to the Latins and Romans. The ancient name is used by the Latin poets, because "Terracina" could not be introduced in verse, but Livy and Cicero speak of Terracina.

The town is first mentioned in history B. C. 509. It was first taken from the Volscians, B. C. 406, but was temporarily reconquered by them. In B. C. 329, it was secured by a Roman colony. Horace says that the ancient Anxur stood upon the rock at the foot of which the present town is situated. Ovid calls it Trachas:—

"Trachasque obsessa palude."

Metam. xv. 717.

but the Greek derivation of Strabo from Τραχινή (from its rugged situation), is a mere etymological fancy.

It was colonized by Rome, to which it became of importance as a naval port. The Latin poets constantly extol its beauty and position.

"Jamque et præcipites superaverat Anxuris arces."

Lucan. iii. 84.

". . scopulosi verticis Anxur."

Sil. Ital. viii. 392.

". . arcesque superbæ
Anxuris."

Stat. Silv. i. 3.

"Seu placet Æneæ nutrix, seu filia Solis,
Sive salutiferis candidus Anxur aquis."
Mart. v. *Ep.* 1.

"O nemus, o fontes, solidumque madentis arenæ
Littus, et æquoreis splendidus Anxur aquis."
Id. x. *Ep.* 51.

"Scarcely had we congratulated ourselves at the sight of the rock-built Terracina, than we came in view of the sea beyond it. Then, on the opposite side of the mountain city, a new vegetation was presented to us. The Indian figs were pushing their large fleshy leaves amidst the grey-green of dwarf myrtles, the yellow-green of the pomegranates, and the silvery-green of the olives. Many new flowers and shrubs grew by the way-side. In the meadows the narcissus and the adonis were in flower. For a long time the sea was on our right, while close to us on the left ran an unbroken range of limestone rocks."—*Goethe.*

The whole circuit of the ancient port can still be traced, and also that of the town walls of "opus incertum" (i. e. recent polygonal).

The *Cathedral of S. Pietro* stands on the site of an ancient temple, supposed to be that of Jupiter Anxur, and many ancient fluted columns, and other fragments, are enclosed within its buildings. In the vestibule are ten of these ancient columns, resting upon lions. A Roman sarcophagus is shown as the bath of boiling oil in which some Christian martyrs suffered. The pulpit is inlaid with mosaics and supported by pillars resting on lions. The first bishop is said to have been S. Epaphroditus, a disciple of S. Peter, A. D. 46. Two other churches are interesting. We know from a letter of Gregory the Great to Agnellus, Bishop of Terracina, that paganism lingered very long in this country.

"Now as to those who worship idols and trees: we have heard that certain persons there (it is a shame even to speak of it) pay worship to trees, and perform many other rites blasphemous to the Christian faith, and we wonder why you, my brother, have delayed to visit them with condign

punishment. Wherefore by this letter I exhort you to make diligent search concerning them, and when you know the truth to visit them with such a vengeance that their punishment may appease the divine wrath, and be an example to others. We have written also to Maurus, our lieutenant, to bid him give your Reverence every assistance in the matter, if so be that you can find no sufficient excuse for clemency."—*Greg. Mag. Epp.* viii. 20.

The rocks overhang Terracina most picturesquely. On the summit of the cliff is an immense pile of ruins of the *Palace of Theodoric.* The path is difficult to find, and the ascent scarcely repays the fatigue, though there is a fine view.

The Emperor Galba was born in a villa near Terracina.* The narrow pass beyond the town, between the cliffs and the sea, is *Lautulæ*, occupied by the Roman troops who mutinied after the 1st Samnite war and intended marching to Rome, when their insurrection was quelled by Valerius Corvus.† The defile was secured by Fabius Maximus in the second Punic war to prevent Hannibal from advancing by the Appian Way.‡

A little beyond Terracina, the high-road to Naples passes through the arched gateway called *Portella*, which was once the frontier of the kingdom.

An excursion should certainly be made from Terracina to the *Circean Mount* (Monte Circello), which, in distant view, is so like Capri, and which is always so beautiful a feature, looming above the long flat lines of the marshes.

> "Vedi quel monte, ove si digiuna
> Circe piu volte fece i suoi incantesmi
> Al lume del sole, e della luna."
>
> *Uberto.*

A road of ten miles leads to *S. Felice*, a town on the

* Suetonius, Galb. iv. † Livy, vii. 39. ‡ Livy, xxii. 15.

southern slope of the mountain, and the rest of the ascent must be accomplished on foot.

Up to 1118 the Roman city of Rocca Circea existed, and was then considered to be the strongest fortress in the possession of the Church. It belonged to the Frangipani from 1185 to 1203, but soon after that time must have perished, when S. Felice arose in its place. This was sold to Pietro Gaetani, nephew of Boniface VIII., by the Annibaldeschi in 1301, was confiscated by Alexander VI. in 1500 with the other Gaetani property, and was restored to that family in 1506 by Julius II. In 1713 it was finally sold to Prince Ruspoli by Duke Michael Angelo Gaetani.

Behind the town one must ascend the hill to visit the huge remains, which are supposed to belong to the city of Circe the Enchantress. Few places in Italy are more romantic, few situations more striking; none have been more frequently celebrated by the Latin poets. Towards the sea the promontory is a precipice, and on the other sides it is cut off from all else by the Pontine Marshes. Several ancient writers suppose that it was originally an island, and Homer thus represents it, if this place was in his mind when he told the adventures of Ulysses. Many authors mention that the tomb of Elpenor, a companion of Ulysses, was shown on the Circean Mount, and Strabo tells of the cup of Ulysses (from which, when his companions drank, they were changed into beasts), being preserved here as a relic, and this Dionysius says continued to be shown even in the age of Augustus.

At the summit of the mountain are fragments supposed to belong to the Temple of the Sun. Here was the abode of Circe, described by Virgil:—

"Proxima Circeæ raduntur litora terræ:
Dives inaccessos ubi Solis filia lucos
Assiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas.
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum
Vincla recusantum, et sera sub nocte rudentum:
Sætigerique sues, atque in presepibus ursi
Sævire, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum.
Æn. vii. 10.

The priestesses of Circe are said to have kept a number of dried herbs gathered on the mountain in the portico of the temple, for the cure of the bites of venomous serpents.*

"Funestarumque potestas
Herbarum, quidquid letali germine pollens
Caucasus, aut Scythiæ vernant in carmina rupes,
Quas legit Medea ferox, et callida Circe."
Claudian, In Rufin. i. 150.

Aristotle (De Mirab.) seems to have heard of the Circean Mount as producing some deadly poison, but Strabo says that the descriptions of the poisonous herbs here are probably only invented to confirm the claim of the promontory to be the abode of the witch Circe.

The situation of the town of *Circeii* is uncertain, but it probably stood on the site now occupied by S. Felice. It is first mentioned in the time of Tarquinius Superbus, who colonized it at the same time as Signia.† It was taken by Coriolanus and restored to the Volsci. In B. C. 340 it was one of the cities of the Latin league. After, it fell again into the hands of the Romans; it was never very faithful to them. At the time of the second Punic War it had declined, and was one of the twelve cities which declared themselves

* See Ricchi, Regia de' Volsci. † Livy, i. 56.

unable to contribute to the supplies of the army. It is called a small town (πολίχνιον) by Strabo. Many wealthy Romans however resorted to it under the empire, and both Tiberius and Domitian had villas here. Its oysters were celebrated.*

> "Ostrea Circæis, Miseno oriuntur echini."
> *Horace, Sat.* II. iv. 33.
>
> "Circæis nata forent, an
> Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo
> Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu."
> *Juvenal, Sat.* iv. 140.

The triumvir Lepidus was banished hither by Augustus, after his deposition.†

The port of Circeii was probably on the west of the promontory, at the spot called *Porto di Paolo.*

Immediately under the promontory of this side is the *Lago di Paolo.* The tower called *Torre di Paolo* was built by the Gaetani under Pius IV.

On the other side, Monte Circello is the point of a bay which is closed at the other end by Gaieta. It is the "Sinus Amyclanus" of Pliny, and was the southern boundary of Latium.

The number of strange sea-birds on the Monte Circello will form an attraction to the ornithologist. There is a curious stalactite cavern, called *Grotta della Maga.*

In returning to Velletri, a divergence should be made from *Foro Appio* (a public conveyance is said still to run in connection with the diligence) to *Sezza,* the *Setia* of the Volscians, which is beautifully situated on a hill above the marshes. Some ruins here are shown as those of a temple

* Pliny, xxii. 6. † Suetonius, Aug. 16.

of Saturn. The women of Sezza have a very pretty and peculiar costume.

From the base of the hill of Sezza, a road to the right leads (6 miles) to *Piperno*, the ancient *Privernum*, a most picturesque place, with many fragments of Gothic domestic architecture, and a charming piazza adorned with old orange-trees. It has been celebrated in all ages for its brigands. In the early history of Rome, it made common cause with Fondi, was conquered, and its chief, Vitruvius Vacca, was beaten to death at Rome. His house on the Palatine was razed, and the neighbourhood of its site received the name of Campo-Vaccino.

Three miles north is the famous monastery of *Fossanuova*, which was founded by Benedictines, and existed in the beginning of the ninth century. In 1135 it passed to the Cistercians, who were succeeded by Carthusians, after the suppression under the French. In the twelfth century the monastery was restored by Frederick Barbarossa, and in the thirteenth century it was rebuilt under Frederick II. The façade of Italian-Gothic is extremely handsome, the interior is exceedingly simple and pure, like that of Casamari.

Hither S. Thomas Aquinas came on his way from Naples to the General Council at Lyons in 1224, and here he died. He lay sick for some weeks, and during this last illness dictated a commentary on the Song of Solomon. When the last Sacrament was brought to him he desired to be taken from his bed and laid upon ashes strewn upon the floor. His body was taken hence, first to Fondi, then to Toulouse, except the head, which is preserved in the cathedral of Piperno. On that which was intended for his tomb is inscribed :

"Occidit hic Thomas, lux et fax amplior Orbi,
Et candelabrum sic Nova Fossa foret,
Editus ardenti locus est, non fossa lucerna,
Hanc igitur Fossam, quis neget esse Novam?"

"Entering the monastery of Fossanuova, he went first to pray before the Blessed Sacrament, according to his custom. Passing thence into the cloister, which he never lived to go out of, he repeated these words: *This is my rest for ages without end.* He was lodged in the abbot's apartment, where he lay ill for nearly a month.

"While lying ill, he had continually in his mouth these words of S. Austin, 'Then shall I truly live, when I shall be quite filled with you alone, and your love; now I am a burden to myself, because I am not entirely full of you.' In such pious transports of heavenly love he never ceased sighing after the glorious day of eternity. In his last moments one of the monks asked him by what means we might live always faithful in God's grace. He answered, 'Be assured that he who shall always walk faithfully in his presence, always ready to give him an account of all his actions, shall never be separated from him by consenting to sin.' These were his last words to man, after which he only spoke to God in prayer."—*Alban Butler.*

"In his last illness, the monks, notwithstanding his feeble condition, could not refrain from asking him to expound to them the *Canticle of Canticles*, which has wholly to do with the mystic marriage of the soul with Christ. The Angelical looked at them with unutterable gentleness and said, 'Get me Bernard's spirit, and I will do your bidding.' Finally, he gave way to them, and surrounding the bed on which he lay, they heard from the lips of the dying Theologian how there is no strength, or peace, or light for man, in earth or heaven, without the charity of Christ and the merits of his Cross.

"Growing weaker, Thomas became conscious that his hour was drawing very nigh. He sent for Reginald, his *socius*, and with deep contrition, made a review of his entire life, which, in reality, was simply a manifestation of the abiding and angelic purity of his heart and spirit. Having done this, he begged the brethren to bring him the body of our Lord, and the Abbot, accompanied by his community, proceeded to the chamber of the dying man, bearing the Blessed Sacrament. Immediately the great Angelical perceived his Master's presence, with the help of the brethren he rose from his pallet, and, kneeling upon the floor, adored his King and Saviour. When the Abbot was on the point of administering to him he exclaimed: 'I receive Thee, the price of my soul's redemption, for the love of whom I have studied, I have watched, and I

have laboured! Thee have I preached, Thee have I taught, against Thee have I never breathed a word, neither am I wedded to my own opinion. If I have held aught which is untrue respecting this Blessed Sacrament, I subject it to the judgment of the Holy Roman Church, in whose obedience I now pass out of life.' Then as the Abbot lifted up the spotless Element he uttered his favourite ejaculation: 'Thou, O Christ, art the King of glory; Thou art the Everlasting Son of the Father!'

"He was taken from exile on the early morning of March 7, 1274, in the prime of manly life, being scarcely eight and forty years of age.

"It is but natural, it is but beautiful, that he, who in early boyhood had been stamped with the signet of S. Benedict, should return to S. Benedict to die. He had gone forth to his work and to his labour in the morning, and he returned home to his brethren in the evening-tide." —*Vaughan's Life of S. Thomas Aquinas.*

"L'œuvre était achevée. Prince, moine, disciple, Saint Thomas d'Aquin pouvait monter sur le trône de la science divine; il y monta en effet, et depuis six siècles qu'il y est assis, la Providence ne lui a point envoyé de successeur ni de rival. Il est demeuré prince comme il était né, solitaire comme il s'était fait, et la qualité seule de disciple a disparu en lui, parcequ'il est devenu le maître de tous."—*Lacordaire, Conférences de Toulouse.*

"If we now hear the name of scholasticism we think not unjustly of a labyrinth which a prosaic, petty, and musty understanding, dissecting things and classifying them again, has built up in centuries of barren leisure. Who would now dive into the 'summa theologiæ' of Thomas Aquinas? who would venture into this dark forest of spirits, in the midst of which lies the Aristotelian-Christian Minotaur of thought? This colossal edifice of philosophy we look upon now as an astonishing antiquity, and its hair-splitting distinctions, its moral and speculative investigations, its problems which lie far away from every object of life, no longer occupy a race which has grown more practical or material, or freer and more simple in thought. But let us not forget that even those systems were foundations for the science of thought, besides which we must confess that man in the nineteenth century is just as helpless, with regard to the highest problems which the mind can propose, as a scholastic of the middle ages, or as the first man in paradise."—*Gregorovius.*

The valley of Fossanuova is watered by the *Amasena*, the Amasenus of Virgil:—

"Ecce, fugæ medio, summis Amasenus abundans
Spumabat ripis; tantus se nubibus imber
Ruperat; ille innare parans infantis amore
Tardatur, caroque onere timet."

Æn. xi. 547.

It is only four or five miles from hence to *Sonnino*, in a most picturesque situation.

"Sonnino se voit de loin sur la pointe d'un rocher. Les bâtiments sont uniformément gris, couleur de ruines. On distingue la base de quelques tours à moitié démolies; c'est tout ce qui reste de l'enceinte fortifiée. Deux ou trois constructions neuves, d'un blanc cru, font tache dans le paysage et troublent l'harmonie triste du lieu. La route elle-même me parut sinistre, quoiqu'elle fût toute en fleurs. Les oliviers, les vignes, les clématites, les ronces, les genêts, fleurissaient à qui mieux mieux; les boutons du myrte allaient s'ouvrir, et pourtant ce luxe vigoureux d'un printemps d'Italie ne vous parlait ni d'amour ni de plaisir. Nous sondions la profondeur des ravins qui bordaient l'escarpement des rochers arides, nous plongions dans l'épaisseur impénétrable des halliers. Quelques champs larges comme la main, appuyés sur les contreforts de pierres sèches, nous expliquaient la vie nouvelle des indigènes, leur travail opiniâtre et le maigre fruit de leurs sueurs. Çà et là sortait de terre une poignée de froment, d'avoine ou de maïs: mais la principale culture est celle des oliviers, et l'œil se promenait tristement sur leur feuillage bleuâtre."—*About, Rome Contemporaine*, p. 312.

"Le Cardinal Antonelli est né dans un repaire. Sonnino, son village, était plus célèbre dans l'histoire du crime que toute l'Arcadie dans les annales de la vertu. Ce nid de vautours se cachait dans les montagnes du Midi, vers la frontière du royaume de Naples. Des chemins impraticables à la gendarmerie serpentaient à travers les mâquis et les halliers. Quelques forêts entrelacées de lianes, quelques ravins profonds, quelques grottes ténébreuses, formaient un paysage à souhait pour la commodité du crime. Les maisons de Sonnino, vieilles, mal bâties, jetées les unes sur les autres et presque inhabitables à l'homme, n'étaient que les dépôts du pillage et les magazins de la rapine. La population, alerte et vigoureuse, cultivait, depuis plusieurs siècles, le vol à main armée et gagnait sa vie à coups de fusil. Les enfants nouveau-nés respiraient le mépris des lois avec l'air de la montagne, et suçaient, avec le lait de leurs mères, la convoitise du bien d'autrui. Ils chaussaient de bonne heure les mocassins de cuir crout, ces clôches (cioccie) avec lesquelles ou court légèrement sur les rochers les plus escarpées.

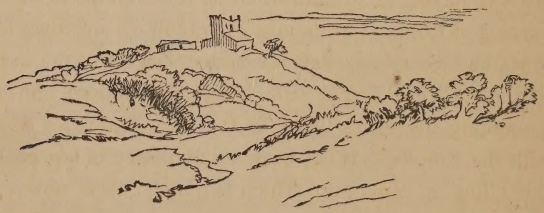
Lorsqu'on leur avait enseigné l'art de poursuivre et d'échapper, de prendre et de n'être point pris, la valeur des monnaies, l'arithmétique des partages et les principes du droit des gens tel qu'il se pratique chez les Apaches ou les Comaches, leur éducation était faite. Ils apprenaient tout seuls à jouir du bien conquis et à satisfaire leurs passions dans la victoire. En l'an de grâce 1806, cette race appétente et rusée, gratifia l'Italie d'un petit montagnard appelé Jacques Antonelli."—*About, La Question Romaine*, p. 139.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LATIN SHORE.

(A public carriage leaves the Albano station every morning for Porto d'Anzio, 18 miles distant, on the arrival of the first train from Rome. The extortionate vetturini at Albano itself charge from 50 to 60 francs for a carriage to go and return. It is about three hours' drive. There is no regular inn at Porto d'Anzio, but comfortable rooms may be obtained, and there is a good restaurant with a private room for breakfast and dinner. At both a most strict bargain should be made, as the natives are most exorbitant in their charges to strangers, and assert that the want of more custom obliges them to make the most of that they have.)

AFTER leaving the Albano station, the road runs at first through a richly cultivated plain, leaving the hill of Mont Giove (Corioli) on the left: but soon it reaches a



Corioli.

wilderness of the deadly asphodel, which eats up the whole country for many miles. The latter part of the drive is through

forest—a continuation of the beautiful wood we have seen at Castel Fusano—which here skirts the coast for so great a distance. The road is excellent the whole way, and the descent upon the white houses of Porto d'Anzio, ranged along the blue sea, and backed by swelling hills, reminds one of many an English watering-place. On entering the town, we pass, on the left, the desolated Villa of the Pope.

Xenagoras, a Greek writer quoted by Dionysius, ascribes the foundation of Antium to Anthias, son of Circe and Ulysses: Solinus refers it to Ascanius. It was one of the Latin cities which united against Rome before the Battle of Regillus, but was afterwards taken by the Volscians, under whom it rose to great power and wealth. Hither Coriolanus retired when banished from Rome, and here he is said to have died. Dionysius speaks of Antium as "a most splendid city of the Volscians." During the latter days of the Republic, and under the Empire, Antium was most prosperous, and it became the favourite resort of the emperors. Here Augustus received the title of "Pater Patriæ," and here Caligula was born. Nero, who was also born at Antium, was greatly devoted to it, and constructed a magnificent port here. He was staying at Antium when he received the news of the burning of Rome. Antoninus Pius built an aqueduct for the town, and Septimius Severus added largely to the imperial palace. Cicero had a villa here, and amused himself by "counting the waves" (Ad Att. 11. 6). The place declined with the Empire. It has been much injured of late years by the filling up of its port, which is quite useless now except for very small vessels.

The existing Roman remains of Porto d'Anzio are very obscure, and offer the merest suggestion of its former

grandeur. There is no trace of the temple of Equestrian Fortune, commemorated by Horace, who invokes the favour of the goddess for the expedition of Augustus to Britain; it is also alluded to by Martial:—

> "Seu tua veridicæ dicunt responsa sorores,
> Plana suburbani qua cubat unda freti."
>
> v. *Ep.* I.

A temple of Esculapius was famous as the place where the Epidaurian Serpent rested on its way to Rome.

Ovid speaks of a temple of Apollo:—

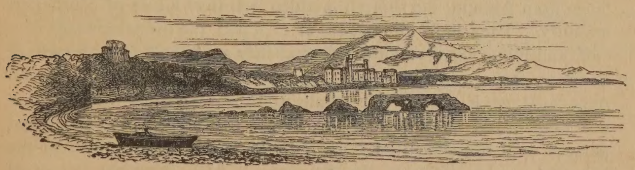
> "Et tellus Circæa, et spissi litoris Antium.
> Huc ubi veliferam nautæ advertere carinam,
> (Asper enim jam pontus erat,) Deus explicat orbes,
> Perque sinus crebros et magna volumina labens,
> Templa parentis init, flavum tangentia litus."
>
> *Metam.* xv. 718.

The *Villa of Nero* (opposite the modern barracks), described by Murray as a fine ruin retaining its mosaic pavements and painted walls, has never, within the memory of man, presented more than some stumpy brick walls, scarcely projecting above the turf, yet here, in the reign of Julius II., the Apollo Belvidere was found, and, a century afterwards, the Borghese Gladiator of the Louvre. The size of the old Antium is attested by the marble columns and pieces of pedestal scattered over the fields for miles around, and by the opus-reticulatum work which often lines the cliffs on the sea-shore. Projecting far into the sea, worn and caverned by the waves, are the picturesque remains of the two moles of Nero, which enclosed the ancient harbour.

The town is very small, merely a knot of modern houses grouped around a square (in which stands the new church of S. Antonio), with a few more ancient fishermen's cottages. These line one side of a pier, constructed by the architect

Zinaghi, for Innocent XII., at a cost of 200,000 scudi, upon one of the old moles of Nero, of which he filled up the arches, and thus caused the accumulation of sand which has destroyed the harbour. The lighthouse at the end of the pier is picturesque. Behind the town are open downs, strewn here and there with fragments of ruin. The sands in either direction are delightful for walking, and the views towards Nettuno are most attractive.

"When you sit in the window of your chamber, before which the Neapolitan fishermen are seated on the white sands mending their nets, the whole of the glorious gulf stretches before you, and you see the lovely shore as far as the Circean promontory. On the coast near Anzio rises the noble villa of Prince Borghese in a wild park of ilexes and olive-trees, further off are the castle and town of Nettuno, brown and picturesque, built into the sea, and celebrated through all the world for the beauty of its women, and their splendid costume. The lines of the coast become now ever softer, more delicate, and more drawn out, till, at the end, a little white-glimmering castle rises in the dreamy distance. This castle lends a melancholy tone to shore and sea, such as the Circean cape sheds over the Homeric poetry. To the eyes of every German it has a magical attraction, and his heart is moved to sorrow and tears, for it suggests one of the greatest landmarks in the history of his fatherland. It is yet the same tower of Astura, whither Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufens, fled after the lost battle of Tagliacozzo, and where the traitor Frangipani took him prisoner, and delivered him into the hands of the blood-thirsty Charles of Anjou. At that tower the sun of the Hohenstaufens sank into the sea."—*Gregorovius, The Latin Shore.*



From Porto d'Anzio.

The fishing boats and the fishing operations are a great amusement to those who stay long at Porto d'Anzio.

"It is the custom of the fishermen to go out towards Ave Maria, and to fish through the night. That which is caught will be brought with the morning into the straw-roofed sheds, but in the evening it will be registered and packed up, and by night it will be carried in carts to Rome. Evening brings with it an exciting scene. The clerks sit at a table with a lantern and register the fish; all around fishermen are occupied in bringing in fish in baskets, while others pound pieces of ice, and lay the fish upon this frozen surface. The variety and wonderful forms of these creatures of the sea is astonishing. There is the long *Grongo*, the great and handsome *Palombo*, the beautiful spotted *Murena*, the flounder-like prickly *Ray*, the great multitude of glittering *Triglie* and *Sardines*, and the well-tasting *Merluzzo*. Sometimes a Dolphin is brought up, and once I saw in a fish-basket two *Pesce-cane*, which had been found here. They were from eight to ten feet long, their black-steel blue colour had something uncanny about it.—*Gregorovius.*

To the left of the town, the cliffs are covered with Mesembryanthemum, hanging in huge festoons and making a grand mass of purple colour with their great sun-like flowers, like large sea anemonies. Aloes form the hedges of the cottage-gardens.

"Precious marbles of every kind are found here. One might fill carts with gleaming wave-polished marble, which is sprinkled over the shore, go as far as one will. One can pick up Verde Antico, Giallo Antico, the gorgeous oriental Alabaster, Porphyry, Pavonazzetto, Serpentino, and blue Smalt. Wherever these rare stones exist, a glance into the waves tells us where they come from. For out of the sea rise the foundations of ancient Roman water-palaces, and at a quarter of an hour's distance from Antium, the shore is nothing less than a ruin of continuous masonry. They look like masses of rock and the over-throwings of a cliff, and if one examines one finds that they are simply Roman walls of Peperino stone, and the imperishable Pozzolano, and delicate Roman reticulated work. Now the whole weird coast yawns with grottoes and halls of old baths and villas, and the foundations of temples and palaces crop up along the line of the shore. Here stood once the beautiful marble villas of the Emperors. Here Caligula besported himself, who particularly liked Antium, and had even formed a plan of making it his residence; here he celebrated his nuptials with the beautiful Lollia Paulina. Here Nero, who was born in Antium and planted

a colony there, held his Bacchanalia; here he made his triumphal entry with white horses after his return from his debut in Greece.

"Also in earlier days Antium was the beloved holiday resort of the Romans; Atticus, Lucullus, Cicero, Mecænas, and Augustus, had here their villas; and where, on what charming hill, on what lovely Italian shore, had not these lucky fellows their villas! How this shore must once have shone with all the stones, the historic fragments, which the waves have constantly been tossing to and fro for centuries. These ruins bring a singular elegiac-historical character into the delightful Idyll of Antium, and the voice full of memories which here everywhere accompanies the wanderer, heightens not a little the attractions of the shore. . . . In Italy one cannot give oneself up to the quiet influence of Nature, without a grave spirit of the classical past taking possession of the soul, and leading one to meditate upon the recollections of its great men. So that one can sit upon the ruined palaces of the Romans, and, the waves murmuring round, may exclaim with Horace :—

"O diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos!"

And again the sight of the beautiful Cape of Circe leads to the song of Homer, while the ever-conspicuous but distant Astura draws one to other associations and poems; so that three periods of the world's poetry and the world's culture surround one, Homer, Horace, and the Hohenstaufen poet Wolfram von Eschenbach."—*Gregorovius.*

The chief feature in the views from Porto d'Anzio is the wonderfully picturesque little town of Nettuno, which juts out into the sea about 1½ mile to the south. A broad road lined with trees leads to it from Porto d'Anzio, but the pleasantest way is to follow the shore as far as the sea allows, and then clamber up the winding path beneath the villa of Prince Borghese, which, since the change of government at Rome, has been the principal residence of his family.

"Porto d'Anzio possesses scarcely even a remnant of female beauty and no national costume, because it is made up of a growing and miscellaneous population. But both noble female beauty and unique

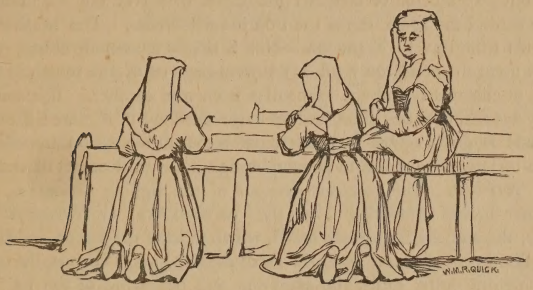
national character adorn the little town of Nettuno, which stands picturesquely upon the eastern shore, the black walls of its castle sinking down into the waves. One reaches it in three quarters of an hour, by a straight well-made road from Porto d'Anzio, one of the most beautiful on this coast. On the pleasantly wooded shore, half-way between the two villages, stands the handsome villa of Prince Borghese, who is the feudal lord of all the land in the district. In the far distance rise the Volscian hills, and the Cape of Circe soars up in its still shining form so enchantingly painted in light and shadow, that it would recall in its outline and appearance the most beautiful rocks in Europe—the island of Capri and the mountain of San Pellegrino near Palermo." —*Gregorovius.*

At the entrance of *Nettuno* is a machicolated but now decaying fortress begun by Alexander VI. and finished by Alexander VII. The town is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient Cæno mentioned by Dionysius as a dependency of Antium. Nettuno is surrounded with walls and Guelphic battlements, and is full of picturesque nooks and corners, and fragments, probably of the temple of Neptune, whence its name is derived. The number of women passing with brazen *conche* upon their heads guided us to a quaint well, near which is a beautiful old Gothic house, with twisted columns dividing its windows, and a pig on the coat of arms which adorns it. Beneath the town a wave-beaten terrace forms a wall only accessible in calm weather; in storms the waves beat furiously against the old houses themselves.

The magnificent Saracenic dress, described by Murray as still existing here, has long ceased to be worn. The people were persuaded that a great visitation of cholera was a judgment from Heaven for their barbaric costume, and it was left off by universal consent! Those who wear any costume here now, adopt that of the towns in the Volscian Hills.

It is a charming drive from hence to Astura, but for pedes-

trians the walk is somewhat dangerous owing to the vast herds of buffaloes and *bovi* which come down every day



In the Church at Nettuno.

through the forest, with the early morning, to the sea, and spend the day upon the shore. They are generally unattended by herdsmen, and lie in black battalions on the white sand between the forest and the waves. Some of the bulls are most magnificent, with horns three feet long. They are very fierce, and can only be kept in order by the *Guardia della Campagna*, who rides after them and manages them wonderfully with his long lance. But far more to be feared are the savage red-eyed buffaloes, which when they pursue a man, do not attempt to toss him, but knock him down, and tread upon him till they have beaten all the breath out of his body. They give the milk from which the *Provatura*, or buffalo-cheese much eaten by the peasantry, is derived. The flesh is coarse and hard, and is for the most part sold to the poor Jews in the Ghetto.

The shore is lined by the forest—arbutus, juniper, phillyrea, tall flowering heath, and myrtles which have grown into

great trees, and are all tangled together with garlands of smilax and honeysuckle.

"But now all sign of civilized life ceases with Nettuno, for immediately behind the town begins the Pontine wilderness. The brushwood extends from this to Terracina. Not a single human dwelling exists again upon the coast, only solitary towers rise out of the romantic solitude, at distances of about two miles from one another. The melancholy desolation of this shore and the impressiveness of its time-honoured solitude is great. One feels as if one were no longer on the classic shore of Italy, one seems to be wandering on the wild coasts of the Indian America. The constant murmur of the sighing sea-waves, the summer breeze breathing over the ever-smooth, ever-white-sanded shore, the endless deep green wood, which follows the sea on and on at a hundred paces distant, the shrill cry of the hawks and falcons, the quiet and high-hovering eagle, the stamping and bellowing of the herds of wild cattle, air, colour, sound, every existence and element is in unison with the most entire impression of an old-world wilderness."—*Gregorovius.*

It is seven miles from Nettuno to *Astura*, whose tall tower is visible from so great a distance. This and a little chapel are the only buildings which rise out of the vast solitude. Cicero, who had a favourite villa at Astura, describes it, in writing to Atticus, as "a pleasant place, standing in the sea itself, and visible both from Antium and Circeii." A marble pavement on the shore, and the massive foundations on which the tower is built, are remains of the villa of Cicero, but the latter is no longer an island, but connected with the mainland by a causeway of masonry. Nothing can be more picturesque or romantic than this utterly solitary wave-beaten castle; nothing more melancholy than its associations. Hither, in Nov. B.C. 44, Marcus Cicero fled from his Tusculan villa, upon hearing that his name was upon the proscription-list of the triumvirate, hoping to join Brutus in Macedonia. His brother Quintus accompanied

him. They were carried in litters, and conversed as they went. On the way they remembered that they had not taken sufficient money with them, and Quintus, as being the brother least in danger, returned to Rome to fetch it, and was there taken and put to death with his son. Marcus Cicero embarked at Astura in safety, but sea-sickness induced him to land for the night at Formiæ (Mola di Gaeta), where he had a villa, and he was murdered there, while endeavouring to escape, within a mile of his own house. Augustus Cæsar is said to have been first attacked at Astura by the illness—a dysentery—of which he died (August, A.D. 14) at Nola. Strange to say it was also at the fatal Astura that his successor Tiberius was stricken with his last illness.* Strangest of all, Caligula also received at Astura the fatal omen of his approaching end, when about to sail from thence to Antium.

But these ancient associations of Astura are less sad than those which cling around the octangular mediæval tower, which was built by the great family of the Frangipani upon the Roman foundations. Hither (1268), after the lost battle of Tagliacozzo, fled the brave young Conradin of Hohenstaufen, with his faithful friends Frederick of Austria, Count Lancia and his sons, and the two Counts of Gherardesca. The people of Astura gave Conradin a vessel in which his party embarked in safety for Pisa, when the Lord of Astura, Giovanni Frangipani,† returning to his castle, heard what had happened, and roused by the hope of a reward from Charles of Anjou, pursued them in a larger vessel and brought them back. Conradin implored Frangipani, who had received great benefits and even the honours of knighthood

* *Suetonius*, lxxii.

† Not Jacopo, as Murray says.

from his father, to save his life, and not to deliver him up to Charles. He even promised to give his hand to the daughter of Frangipani if he would permit him to escape.

But the Lord of Astura, unmoved by the misfortunes of the prince, began at once to propose terms for his surrender to Robert of Lavena, who had appeared before the walls to demand the prisoners for Charles, and only concealed them in a remote tower that he might make better terms. Conditions were soon after agreed upon with the Cardinal of Terracina, and Conradin and his companions, sold for large estates in the princedom of Benevento, were hurried through the hills to Palestrina, and thence to Naples, where they were cruelly executed, Conradin, with his last breath, saying: "I cite my judge before the highest tribunal, my blood shed on this spot shall cry to Heaven for vengeance."

The Frangipani did not long enjoy their ill-gotten gains, and the only son of Giovanni perished in the very castle of Astura, where he had betrayed his friend.

"In 1286, quatre ans après les Vêpres Siciliennes, un amiral de Jacques d'Arragon emporta Astura, qu'il réduisit en cendres. Les biens des Frangipani furent ravagés; Jacob, le fils de Jean, périt dans le combat. Sa postérité s'eteignit, et, de cette branche, dont le blason était taché du sang royal, il ne reste qu'un souvenir de déshonneur." *Cherrier*, iv. p. 212.

The castle afterwards became a fortress of the Gaetani, then of the Malabranca, the Orsini, and of the Colonna, whose arms still appear upon its walls, and who sold it to Clement VIII. in 1594. It now belongs to the Borghese, and its little garrison of eight men spend here a life of isolation like that of a desert island, while a single cannon stands upon the ramparts.

"Quand Cicéron disait d'Astura : *lieu agréable*, il montrait ce lieu tel que la civilisation et l'élégance romaine l'avaient fait. Aujourd'hui, en présence de la tour solitaire d'Astura, si notre regard se promène sur cette plage triste, inhabitée, funeste à Auguste, à Tibère, à Conradin, nous n'apercevons que la forêt, les sables et la mer. De nos jours cet endroit sinistre ressemble, mieux qu'au temps de Cicéron, à ce qu'il était avant la naissance du premier Romain."—*Ampère, Hist. Rom.* i. 51.

Near the castle the little river *Fiume Conca*, formerly called the Astura, flows into the sea. It rises in the Alban Hills. On its banks the last great battle between the Romans and Latins was fought in B. C. 338, when C. Mænius the consul totally defeated the united forces of Antium, Lanuvium, Aricia, and Velitræ.

Three miles inland from Astura is a curious Roman tomb now called *Il Toraccio*. It has been supposed, without the slightest foundation, to be the tomb of Tullia daughter of Cicero, who died at Astura.*

The shore beyond Astura is girt by the strip of forest which divides it from the Pontine Marshes. Three lakes break the inland expanse,—the Lago Fogliano, the Lago di Caprolace, and the Lago di San Paolo. They are much frequented by the peasants for the fishing they afford, but few strangers will venture into this plague-stricken region, and will rather go round by Velletri and Terracina to visit the grand Circean Promontory which rises so gloriously at the end of the flats, out of the blue waters.

We were at Porto d'Anzio on Good Friday, when, in the dark evening, the town was illuminated, every fisherman's hut along the pier lighting its rows of tiny earthenware lamps,

* Middleton (*Life of Cicero*, vol. ii. 365), on authority of Plutarch, says she died in the orator's house at Rome. Murray (*Handbook*, 453), on no authority at all, says she died at Astura. Drumann proves from Cicero's letters that she died at Tusculum.

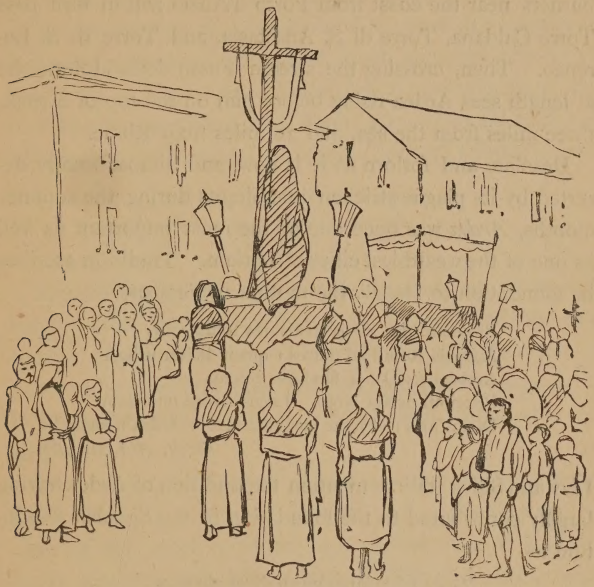
whose rays were reflected a thousand-fold in the water of the bay. Then, when all was ready, the church doors were

Good Friday, Porto d'Anzio.

thrown open, and amid a clash of music, and loud chanting of priests, the dead Christ was borne through the town, followed by the figure of "Our Lady of Sorrow" and the images of all the favourite local saints, surrounded by flashing torches. The streets were thronged, cannon fired, and all the people knelt as the procession passed, many praying, some weeping.

The coast between Porto d'Anzio and Ostia is very difficult to visit except on horseback, and then leave must be obtained to sleep in the old Chigi Palace of Castel Fusano.

The greater part of the way leads through the grand immemorial forest of Silva Laurentina, part of which was sacred to



Good Friday, Porto d'Anzio.

Picus and Faunus, where the spirit of Virgil still seems to pervade the silent depths of the wood, and where, while the buildings have passed away and the very sites of the towns whose foundation he describes are forgotten or disputed, Nature remains absolutely unchanged—the same pines raise their vast umbrella-like heads on the stars (*Æn.* xi. 361), the same thickets of brambles and impervious brushwood are ready to mislead the wanderer (ix. 381), the same springs sparkle in its deep recesses (vii. 85).

The easiest way of reaching Ardea is from Albano or Rome. The traveller who follows the track of the charcoal burners near the coast from Porto d'Anzio will in turn pass Torre Caldana, Torre di S. Anastasia, and Torre di S. Lorenzo. Then, crossing the stream Fosso della Moletta, he at length sees Ardea rising before him on the top of a rock, three miles from the sea, and 20 miles from Rome.

Desolate and forlorn as it is now, and almost totally deserted by its plague-stricken inhabitants during the summer months, *Ardea* was once one of the most important as well as one of the wealthiest cities of Latium. Tradition ascribes its foundation to Danaë, the mother of Perseus.

> "Protenus hinc fuscis tristis dea tollitur alis
> Audacis Rutuli ad muros: quam dicitur urbem
> Acrisioneïs Danaë fundasse colonis
> Præcipiti delata Noto. Locus Ardea quondam
> Dictus avis; et nunc magnum manet Ardea nomen."
>
> *Virgil, Æn.* vii. 408.

Livy and Silius Italicus mention the tradition of Ardea having largely contributed to the foundation of the Spanish Saguntum :—

> ". . . misit largo quam dives alumno,
> Magnanimis regnata vivis, nunc Ardea nomen."
>
> *Sil. Ital.* i. 291.

In the story of Æneas, Ardea appears as the capital of the Rutuli and the residence of their king Turnus, who was dependent on the Latin king, Latinus, though holding a sovereignty of his own. It was during the siege of Ardea by Tarquinius Superbus that the tragedy of Lucretia occurred, which led to the overthrow of the monarchy.

> "Cingitur interea Romanis Ardea signis,
> Et patitur lentas obsidione moras."
>
> *Ovid, Fast.* ii. 721.

It was at Ardea that Camillus took refuge in his exile; and its people are said to have contributed greatly to victories which the Romans gained over the Gauls. From this time Ardea lapsed into the condition of an ordinary Roman colony, and was one of the twelve which declared themselves unable (B. C. 209) to furnish supplies of provisions and men to Rome during the second Punic war. The unhealthiness of the situation hastened its decay. Martial alludes to it:—

> "Ardea solstitio, Castranaque rura petantur,
> Quique Cleonæo sidere fervet ager."
>
> iv. 60.

Many great Roman personages however had villas here, among them Atticus the friend of Cicero; and the town spoken of as "castellum Ardeæ," in the Middle Ages, has never quite ceased to exist, but has continued to occupy the rocky platform, which gained its name from Ardua—the cliff-girt.

The existing village and its castle, which belongs to the Duke Cesarini, occupy an isolated rock, evidently the ancient citadel, which is joined by a narrow neck of land to a larger platform, still called *Civita Vecchia*, and once covered by the ancient city, of which not a vestige remains. The citadel was surrounded by walls built of tufa in square blocks.

"The isthmus (uniting the citadel to the town), having been cut through in a very singular manner, has left three deep and broad ditches, separated by two piers of natural rock. This is the more curious, as it does not appear that these piers could have served as a bridge to the citadel, on account of their distance from each other; and though the ditch added to the strength of the fortress, yet this cannot be supposed to have been completely separated from the city. Moreover, the rock of the citadel is much higher than these two natural piers.

"Two streams, one of which is evidently derived from the Lake of Nemi, had, long before Ardea was built, worn valleys, which had left

an eminence between them as a site for the city. At the western side of the city, these valleys approach each other, leaving a narrow isthmus for the entrance to the city from the east; this isthmus is considerably strengthened by a high mound, or agger, extending from valley to valley, which supported, or rather backed, a wall, whence, in all probability, the idea of the Roman agger of Servius Tullius was originally taken. A gap or cut exists, through which was the ancient entrance to the city; and in this is the ruin of a tower, fixing the site of the gate towards Aricia. Still more distant from the city is another similar mound, stretching also from valley to valley. These mounds are so high that when the sun is over the Mediterranean they are distinguishable from Albano by the naked eye."—*Sir W. Gell.*

Half a mile from Ardea, in the direction of the sea, at a spot called *Rudera*, the rock is full of caverns, and is supposed to have been the necropolis of the ancient city. There are no remains of the temple of Juno mentioned by Pliny, who describes it as adorned with ancient paintings of great beauty, so much esteemed that the artist, a Greek,—"Marcus Ludius Elotas Œtolia oriundus"—was rewarded with the freedom of the city. Not far from Ardea, probably in the direction of Antium, was the Aphrodisium or shrine of Venus, mentioned by Strabo (v. 232) and Pliny (iii. 5). The site of the Castrum Inni, or of Pan, is supposed by Nibby to be somewhat identified by the name *Fosso dell' Incastro* applied to one of the streams which flow by Ardea. Martial mentions it, in the lines already quoted, and Silius Italicus :—

> "Sacra manus Rutuli, servant qui Daunia regna,
> Laurentique domo gaudent, et fonte Numici,
> Quos Castrum, Phrygibusque gravis quondam Ardea misit."
> viii. 359.

On leaving Ardea we pass through the country where Juvenal says that the Roman emperors used to breed their elephants.

"Elian gives an account of the elephants bred and disciplined in the Roman territory. 'They marched in troops into the amphitheatre, scattering flowers, and were, to the number of six of each sex, feasted in public on splendid triclinia, their food being spread on tables of cedar and ivory, in gold and silver dishes and goblets. Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* viii. 2) says, that four of them even carried on a litter a supposed sick companion, walking like a dancer upon a rope."—*Sir W. Gell.*

Four miles and a half from Ardea, at the church of *Santa Procula*, the road crosses the frequently dry bed of the *Rio Torto*, which has been identified with the Numicius, on the banks of which the great battle was fought between the Trojans and Rutulians, in which Æneas fell, and whose waves are supposed to have carried away his body, which was never found. The descriptions which the poets give answer to the present appearance of the river. In the *Metamorphoses*, Ovid says :—

> "Litus adit Laurens, ubi tectus arundine serpit
> In freta flumineis vicina Numicius undis."
>
> xiv. 598.

and Silius Italicus :—

> "Haud procul hinc parvo descendens fonte Numicus
> Labitur et leni per valles volvitur amne."
>
> viii. 179.

Near the coast the Numicius still spreads into a marsh—the Stagna Laurentia of Silius. On its banks Æneas was honoured in a temple under the name of Jupiter Indiges.

> "Impiger Ænea volitantis frater Amoris,
> Troia qui profugis sacra vehis ratibus,
> Jam tibi Laurentes assignat Jupiter agros,
> Jam vocat errantes hospita terra Lares.
> Illic Sanctus eris, cum te veneranda Numici
> Unda Deum cœlo miserit Indigetem."
>
> *Tibullus*, ii. *El.* 5.

The *Sugareto*, which flows into the Rio Torto, is believed to be the stream of Anna Perenna, in which Anna, the unhappy sister of Dido, is said to have been carried away, when flying from the palace of Æneas, and to have been borne into the "horned Numicius."*

> "Corniger hanc cupidis rapuisse Numicius undis
> Creditur, et stagnis occuluisse suis.
> . . . . . .
> Ipsa loqui visa est, 'Placidi sum Nympha Numici:
> Amne perenne latens Anna Perenna vocor."
> *Ovid, Fast.* iii. 646.

Eight miles from Ardea we reach *La Solfatara* (15 miles from Rome), with sulphur springs, identical with the "Fons in Ardeatino," which Vitruvius mentions as cold, sulphureous, and of an unpleasant smell. It is probably also the site of the oracle of Faunus consulted by Latinus, king of Laurentum, on the coming of Æneas, who is hardly likely to have gone so far as the Albunea near Tibur.

> "At rex sollicitus monstris, oracula Fauni,
> Fatidici genitoris, adit, lucosque sub altâ
> Consulit Albuneâ: nemorum quæ maxima sacro
> Fonte sonat, sævamque exhalat opaca mephitim."
> *Virgil, Æn.* vii. 81.

Hitherto we have followed the ancient *Via Ardeatina* from Ardea, the paving-blocks of the old road remaining in many places. From hence it turns off inland to Rome, by the Tor di Nona, Cicchignola (a mediæval tower added to and turned into a villa by Leo XII.), and Tor Narancia, till it joins the Via Appia near the church of Domine quo Vadis.

A road practicable for carriages leads from La Solfatara,

* From its windings.

passing the church of Sta. Petronilla and through a forest, to *Pratica*, the ancient Lavinium, 17 miles from Rome, and 3 from the sea-coast.

According to the tradition, the city of Lavinium was founded by Æneas, shortly after his landing in Italy, and was called by him after the name of his wife Lavinia, daughter of king Latinus. This, from a resemblance of names, has been confused with Lanuvium, now Città-Lavinia, where an absurd tradition, regardless of geographical possibilities, shows, fixed in a wall, the iron ring to which the vessel of Æneas was attached.

"The coast of Latium is a sandbank, where nothing grows but firs; and Æneas might well be sorry that his fate had brought him to so poor a country. But he was reminded of the oracle, that his colony should be guided, like those of the Sabellians, by an animal to its promised abode, when a pregnant sow designed for sacrifice broke loose, and escaped to the bushes on a more fruitful eminence. Here it farrowed thirty young ones, and thus not only signified the spot where Lavinium was to be built, but also the number of years that were to elapse before Alba became the capital in its stead, as well as the number of the Latin townships.

"At the founding of Lavinium the gods gave signs of their presence. The forest on the site of the future city caught fire of itself. A wolf was seen bringing dry sticks in his mouth to feed the flame: an eagle fanned it with his wings. But along with them came also a fox, that dipped its tail in water, and tried to extinguish the fire; and it was not till they had driven him away several times, that the other two were able to get rid of him. This indicated that the people, whose mother city was building, would have hard struggles to establish their power against its obstinate enemies. Bronze images of the three fated animals were set up in the market-place of Lavinium."—*Niebuhr's Hist. of Rome.*

"Aujourd'hui même les souvenirs locaux d'Énée n'ont pas entièrement péri. Aux environs de Lavinium une petite rivière s'appelle encore *rio di Turno*, ruisseau de Turnus, et une colline près d'Ardée a été indiquée à M. Abeken par un jeune garçon, qui confondait les Troyens et les Rutules, comme portant le nom de montagne de Troie, monte di Troja."—*Ampère, Hist. Rom.* I. 215.

When, thirty years after its foundation, Ascanius, the son of Æneas, removed the political capital of the Latins to Alba, the household gods persistently returned at night to their old dwellings, so that he was obliged to allow them to remain there, and to send back their priests to the number of six hundred. Thus Lavinium not only continued to exist, but grew to be regarded as a kind of religious metropolis, its gods, to a very late period, being regarded as equally the property of Rome and of all Latium.

"La culte des Pénates aurait pu nous offrir un rapprochement frappant entre une légende antique et une légende moderne. On raccontait que les Pénates ayant été transportés par Ascagne dans la ville d'Albe, quittèrent leur nouveau séjour et revinrent à Lavinium. C'est ainsi que le célèbre enfant Jésus de cire, si vénéré à Rome sous le nom de *Bambino*, ayant été enlevé, revint, le lendemain matin, frapper à la porte de l'église d'Ara-Cœli."—*Ampère, Hist. Rom.* I. 218.

Dionysius speaks of Lavinium as the "metropolis of the Latins." Tatius, the colleague of Romulus, was killed by the cooks with their spits during a solemn sacrifice at Lavinium, in revenge for depredations which his followers had made upon the Lavinium territory. Collatinus, the husband of Lucretia and the first Roman consul, retired with all his family to Lavinium, when he was banished from Rome on account of his parentage, because he was son of Aruns and brother of Tarquinius Priscus. Lavinium was besieged and taken by Coriolanus.

"Strabo speaks of Lavinium as presenting the mere vestiges of a city, but still retaining its sacred rites, which were believed to have been transmitted from the days of Æneas. Dionysius also tells us that the memory of the three sacred animals—the eagle, the wolf, and the fox—which were connected by a well-known legend with the foundation of Lavinium, was preserved by the figures of them still extant in his time in the forum of that town; while, according to Varro, not only was there a

similar bronze figure of the celebrated sow with her thirty young ones, but part of the flesh of the sow itself was still preserved in pickle and shown by the priests.* . . . . We learn from a letter of Symmachus that Lavinium was still existing as a municipal town as late as A.D. 391, and still retained its ancient religious character. Macrobius also informs us that in his time it was still customary for the Roman consuls and prætors, when entering on their office, to repair to Lavinium to offer certain sacrifices there to Vesta and the Penates,—a custom which appears to have been transmitted without interruption from a very early period. The final decay of Lavinium was probably produced by the fall of paganism, and the consequent extinction of that religious reverence which had apparently been the principal means of its preservation for a long while before."—*Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography.*

The town is situated, like Ardea, upon an almost isolated hill, united to the table-land by a little isthmus, and surrounded everywhere else by deep ravines. The natural fortifications of tufa rock appear to have been strengthened by artificial cutting away, and some remains of ancient walls may be traced. The area of the town must always have been very small, and its principal building is now a great castle of Prince Borghese, with a tall tower. There are no remains of the temple of Venus which is mentioned by many classical authors, but it is supposed to have occupied the corner of the platform at the end nearest the sea. The place is almost deserted owing to the malaria, and the description of Mrs. Eaton's visit to the neighbouring Ostia would now apply even better to this place.

"It presented the strange spectacle of a town without inhabitants. After some beating and hallooing at the shut-up door of one of the houses, a woman, unclosing the shutter of an upper window, presented her ghastly face; and having first carefully reconnoitred us, slowly and reluctantly admitted us into her wretched hovel.

* Compare the relic of S. Januarius at Naples.

"'Where are all the people of the town,' we inquired.
"'Dead,' was the brief reply."

Rome in the Nineteenth Century.

An inscription tells that the modern name of Pratica was given at the cessation of a pestilence, when the inhabitants were again admitted to communication (*pratica*) with the neighbouring towns. Other inscriptions, speaking of "Laurentes Lavinates," refer to a union which the inhabitants made with the people of Laurentum, after they had received a fresh colony in the time of Trajan.

The best way of reaching Pratica from Rome is by a road which branches off to the left from the Via Ostiensis beyond S. Paolo, and, ascending the hills, leaves the Tre Fontane on the left, and crossing another hill to the Ponte del Butero passes the valley of Velerano, and proceeds by Tor di Sasso, Schizzanello, and Monte Migliore to Solfatara.

A beautiful forest road of five miles leads from Pratica to *Tor Paterno*, a lonely tower, joining a farm-house half a mile from the coast, which is usually regarded as marking the site of the famous Laurentum, though Nibby (followed by Murray's Handbook) places it at Capo Cotto, three miles distant, and inland, in contradiction of Pliny and Pomponius Mela, who describe it as near the coast. There are no ruins at Capo-Cotto, those described by Murray being entirely fictitious, but plenty at Tor Paterno, though they are all of imperial date. Near Tor Paterno, also, are still remains of the marsh spoken of by Virgil :—

"Atque hinc vasta palus, hinc ardua mœnia cingunt."
Æn. xii. 745.

and whose frogs are celebrated by Martial :—

"An Laurentino turpes in littore ranas,
Et satiùs tenues ducere credis acos?"

Ep. x. 37.

The *Via Laurentina*, which leaves the Via Ostiensis to the left about three miles from the gates of Rome, leads almost direct to Tor Paterno, and may be traced in many places by its ancient pavement.

Laurentum was the ancient capital of King Latinus, and according to the legend was his residence when Æneas and his Trojan colony landed on this shore, though upon the death of Latinus the seat of government was transferred first to Lavinium and then to Alba. Laurentum was never afterwards a place of much importance, though, because it was the only Latin city which took no part against Rome in the great war of B. C. 340, the treaty which had previously existed with them was "renewed always from year to year on the 10th day of the Feriæ Latinæ."* But Lucan speaks of Laurentum as among the deserted cities—"vacuas urbes"—in his time.

For the seven miles which separate Tor Paterno from Castel Fusano, we wander through the depths of the great forest of the Silva Laurentina, which still covers the coast here as at the time when the Trojans landed and made a raid upon its timber:—

"Bis senos pepigere dies, et, pace sequestra,
Per sylvas Teucri mixtique impune Latini,
Errayere jugis. Ferro sonat icta bipenni
Fraxinus; evertunt actas ad sidera pinus;
Robora nec cuneis et olentem scindere cedrum,
Nec plaustris cessant vectare gementibus ornos."

Æn. xi. 133.

* *Livy*, viii. 2.

Amid the huge stone pines grow gigantic ilexes and bay-trees, descendants of the "laurels" which, says Aurelius Victor, gave its name to Laurentum, and whose scent was considered so salubrious that the Emperor Commodus was advised to retire to a villa in the wood during a pestilence at Rome.* Here Varro says that the orator Hortensius had a villa, and a park full of wild boars, deer, and other game;† and near the shore, where remains of buildings may be discovered here and there, was the favourite villa of the younger Pliny.‡ Still, as in ancient times, the forest is beloved by sportsmen, and famous for its wild boars.

> "Ac velut ille canum morsu de montibus altis
> Actus aper, multos Vesulus quem pinifer annos
> Defendit, multosve palus Laurentia, silvâ
> Pastus arundineâ, postquam inter retia ventum est,
> Substitit, infremuitque ferox, et inhorruit armos;
> Nec cuiquam irasci propiusve accedere virtus;
> Sed jaculis tutisque procul clamoribus instant:
> Ille autem impavidus partes cunctatur in omnes,
> Dentibus infrendens, et tergo decutit hastas."
>
> *Æn.* x. 707.

Here is still the thick pathless wood in which Virgil describes the tragic fate of the friends Nisus and Euryalus, the forest which:—

> "late dumis atque ilice nigrâ
> Horrida, quam densi complêrant undique sentes;
> Rara per occultos lucebat semita calles."
>
> *Æn.* ix. 381.

The most beautiful of forest-tracks leads from Tor Paterno to Porcigliano, passing at intervals the remains of an aqueduct which probably led to the villa of Commodus, and frequently

* *Herodian*, i. 12. † *Varro, R. R.* iii. 13. ‡ *Pliny, Ep.* ii. 17.

following the ancient *Via Laurentina*, of which some of the pavement remains.

At *Porcigliano* or *Castel Porciano* is a castle which lately belonged to the Duca di Magliano, but has been bought by Victor Emmanuel. *Campo Bufalaro*, near this, is supposed to mark the site of the station "Ad Helephantas." From Porcigliano two roads lead to Rome, falling into the Via Ostiensis, one by Decimo, the other by the Osteria di Mala Fede.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DESCENT OF THE TIBER—PORTO AND FIUMICINO.

(A steamer leaves the Ripa Grande every morning, and reaches Fiumicino in two hours: it leaves Fiumicino again at 3 P.M., and the return journey is very long and tedious. It is a drive of about 2½ hours from Rome to Fiumicino, and a carriage with two horses for the day ought not to cost more than 20 francs.)

THE road to Porto, after leaving the Porta Portese, passes for some distance through a hilly district, far more wooded and cultivated than is usual in the neighbourhood of Rome. The only point calling for attention is Magliana, seven miles from Rome, which is seen near the Tiber on the left of the road.

Those who wish to make a more intimate acquaintance with the Tiber itself should take the steamer to Fiumicino. The descent is flat and ugly, but it introduces one to a curious and new phase of country, and one which is filled with classical associations. Though melancholy and monotonous, this excursion is not one to be omitted.

The *Tiber* (Tevere) rises in the Apennines near Citta di Castello, and has a winding course of about 150 miles before reaching Rome, forming in ancient times the eastern boundary of Etruria.

"It receives numerous confluents or tributaries, of which the most important are—the Tinea, an inconsiderable stream which joins it from the E., a little below Perusia, bringing with it the waters of the more celebrated Clitumnus; the Clanis, which falls into it from the right bank, descending from the marsshy tract near Clusium; the Nar, a much more considerable stream, which is joined by the Velinus a few miles above Interamna, and discharges their combined waters into the Tiber, a few miles above Oriculum; and the Anio, which falls into the Tiber at Antemnæ, three miles above Rome. These are the only affluents of the Tiber of any geographical importance, but among its minor tributaries, the Allia on its left bank, a few miles above the Anio, and the Cremera on the right, are names of historical celebrity, though very trifling streams, the identification of which is by no means certain. Two other streams of less note, which descend from the land of the Sabines and fall into the Tiber between Oriculum and Eretum, are the Himela (Aia) and the Farfarus (Farfa)."—*Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Geography.*

There was a Roman tradition that the original name of the Tiber was Albula, and that it was changed because Tiberinus, one of the fabulous kings of Alba, was drowned in its waters. Hence the Latin poets frequently call it Albula.

. . . . "amisit rerum vetus Albula nomen."
Virgil, Æn. viii. 332.

The name Albula was applied to all sulphureous waters, but it does not apply to the Tiber, which is yellow, and is so called by Virgil in other places—

"Hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amœno,
Vorticibus rapidis, et multâ flavus arenâ,
In mare prorumpit."
Æn. vii. 30.

"suo cum gurgite flavo."
Æn. ix. 816.

and by Horace :–

"Vidimus flavum Tiberim."
1 *Car.* ii. 13.

"Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere."
1 *Car.* viii. 8.

"Flavus quam Tiberis lavit." 11 *Car.* iii. 18.

Virgil at one time flatters it as blue :—

"Cœruleus Thybris cœlo gratissimus amnis."
Æn. viii. 64.

The river-god or tutelary divinity of the Tiber was invoked by the augurs under the name of Tiberinus.

The distance between Rome and the mouth of the Tiber, 27 miles, was always navigable in imperial times for the largest rowing vessel and ships of war; but large merchant vessels discharged their cargoes at the mouth of the river, and sent them to Rome in barges.

After we emerge in the steamer from the walls of Rome, close to the Porta Portese on the right and passing on the left the Marmorata beneath the declivity of the Aventine, we pass under the Civita Vecchia railway. Before reaching S. Paolo, the Tiber receives, on the left, the Almo, the "cursu brevissimus Almo" of Ovid, at the spot where the famous statue of Cybele was landed, when it was brought from Pessinus in B. C. 204. The stream, a mere brooklet, is now generally called *Aquataccia*.

After leaving the ugly mass of buildings enclosing the grand basilica of San Paolo to the left, the Tiber receives (left) the stream of the *Acque Salvie*, which is supposed to be the Petronia, described by Festus as formed by the Fons Cati.

A little further, also on the left, a brook flows into the Tiber which has its source at the famous *Aqua Ferentina* in the Alban Hills.

On the right is *Magliana*, in a situation so dismal that one wonders how it could possibly have been the favourite

palace of Leo X. It is like the moated grange of Mariana, and has crumbling embattled walls. In its courtyard is a beautiful fountain. The rooms contain some decaying frescoes. Several have been removed. Those of the Annunciation and Visitation, the Martyrdom of S. Felicitas, and God the Father in benediction (a very grand work) were probably designed by Raphael, but executed by Lo Spagna.

"Leo X. was at his villa of Magliana, when he received intelligence that his party had triumphantly entered Milan; he abandoned himself to the exultation arising naturally from the successful completion of an important enterprise, and looked cheerfully at the festivities his people were preparing on the occasion.

"He paced backwards and forwards till deep in the night, between the window and a blazing hearth—it was in the month of November. Somewhat exhausted, but still in high spirits, he arrived in Rome, and the rejoicings there celebrated for his triumph were not yet concluded, when he was attacked by a mortal disease. 'Pray for me,' he said to his servants, 'that I may yet make you all happy.' We see that he loved life; but his hour was come, he had not time to receive the viaticum nor extreme unction. So suddenly, so prematurely, and surrounded by hopes so bright—he died—'as the poppy fadeth.'

"The Roman populace could not forgive their pontiff for dying without the sacraments—for having spent so much money and yet leaving large debts. They pursued his corpse to its grave with insult and reproach. 'Thou hast crept in like a fox,' they exclaimed; 'like a lion hast thou ruled us, and like a dog hast thou died.'"—*Ranke's Hist. of the Popes.*

The Tiber now winds sluggishly through a flat desert overgrown with thistles and asphodel, *porazzi* the Italians call them, on account of their abominable smell. On the left, near *Dragoncello*, where Nibby imagines the original mouth of the Tiber to have been, begin the chain of low hills called *Monte di Decima*, which extend in a slanting direction to the sea near Porto d'Anzio, and which he believes to have been once the coast-line of Latium. On the right is an open wilderness, where great herds of buffaloes graze undisturbed.

It is the country where the peasant-sufferings of the summer are described in the *Improvisatore*.

"The stranger from beyond the mountains, who, full of love for art and antiquity, approaches the city of the Tiber for the first time, sees a vast page of the world in this parched-up desert; the isolated mounds are all holy ciphers, entire chapters of the world's history. Painters sketch the solitary arch of a ruined aqueduct, and the shepherd who sits beneath it with his flock figures on the paper; they give the golden thistle in the foreground, and people say that it is a beautiful picture. With what an entirely different feeling my companion and I regarded the immense plain! The burnt-up grass; the unhealthy summer air, which always brings to the dwellers of the Campagna fevers and malignant sickness, were doubtless the shadow side of his passing observations. To me there is something novel in all; I rejoiced to see the beautiful mountains, which in every shade of violet-colour inclosed one side of the plain; the wild buffalo, and the yellow Tiber, on whose shore oxen with their long horns went bending under the yoke, and drawing the boat against the stream. Around us we saw only short yellow grass, and tall, half-withered thistles. We passed a crucifix, which had been raised as a sign that some one had been murdered there, and near to it hung a portion of the murderer's body, an arm and a foot; it was frightful to me, and all the more so as it stood not far from my new home. This was neither more nor less than one of the old decayed tombs, of which so many remain here from the most ancient times. Most of the shepherds of the Campagna dwell in these, because they find in them all that they require for shelter, nay, even for comfort. They excavate one of the vaults, open a few holes, lay on a roof of reeds, and the dwelling is ready. Ours stood upon a height, and consisted of two storeys. Two Corinthian pillars at the narrow doorway bore witness to the antiquity of the building, as well as the three broad buttresses to its after repairs. Perhaps it had been used in the Middle Ages as a fort; a hole in the wall above the door served as a window; one half of the roof was composed of a sort of reed and of twigs; the other half consisted of living bushes, from among which the honeysuckle hung down in rich masses over the broken wall. The house was, as has been already said, in the very ancient times, a family burial, place, which consisted of a large room, with many small niches, side by side, in two rows, one above the other, all covered over with the most artistical mosaic. Now each was put to very different purposes; the one was a store-room, another held pots and pans, and a third was the fire-place, where the beans were cooked.

"When rain began, it sometimes continued for a whole week, and imprisoned us in the narrow room, in which was a half twilight, although the door stood open when the wind blew the rain the other way. I had to rock the baby which lay in the cradle. Domenica spun with her spindle, told me tales of the robbers of the Campagna, who, however, did no harm; sang pious songs to me, taught me new prayers, and related to me new legends of saints which I had not heard before. Onions and bread were our customary food, and I thought them good; but I grew weary of myself shut up in that narrow room; and then Domenica just outside the door dug a little canal, a little winding Tiber, where the yellow water flowed slowly away. Little sticks and reeds were my boats, which I made to sail past Rome to Ostia; but, when the rain beat in too violently, the door was obliged to be shut, and we sate almost in the dark. Domenica spun, and I thought about the beautiful pictures in the convent church; seemed to see Jesus tossing past me in the boat; the Madonna on the cloud borne upwards by angels, and the tombstones with the garlanded heads.

"When the rainy season was over, the heavens showed for whole months their unchangeable blue. I then obtained leave to go out, but not too far, nor too near the river, because the soft ground might so easily fall in with me, said Domenica; many buffaloes also grazed there, which were wild and dangerous, but, nevertheless, these had for me a peculiar and strange interest. The something demon-like in the look of the buffalo—the strange, red fire which gleamed in its eyeballs, awoke in me a feeling like that which drives the bird into the fangs of the snake. Their wild running, swifter than the speed of a horse, their mutual combats, where force meets with force, attracted my whole attention.

"The sun burnt hotter day by day: its beams were like a sea of fire which streamed over the Campagna. The stagnant water infected the air. We could only go out in the morning and evening. I thought about the delicious green water-melons which lay one on another, divided in halves, and showed the purple-red flesh with the black seeds: my lips were doubly parched with thinking of these. The sun burned perpendicularly: my shadow seemed as if it would vanish under my feet. The buffaloes lay like dead masses upon the burnt-up grass, or, excited to madness, flew, with the speed of arrows, round in great circles. Thus my soul conceived an idea of the traveller's suffering in the burning deserts of Africa.

"During two months we lay there like a wreck in the world's sea. Not a single living creature visited us. All business was done in the night, or else in the early hours of morning. The unhealthy atmosphere and

the scorching heat excited fever-fire in my blood: not a single drop of anything cold could be had for refreshment; every marsh was dried up; warm, yellow water flowed sleepily in the bed of the Tiber; the juice of the melon was warm; even wine, although it lay hidden among stones and rubbish, tasted sour and half-boiled, and not a cloud, not a single cloud, was to be seen on the horizon,—day and night always the everlasting, never-changing blue. Every evening and morning we prayed for rain, or else a fresh breeze; every evening and morning Domenica looked to the mountains to see if no cloud raised itself, but night alone brought shade—the sultry shade of night; the sirocco alone blew through the hot atmosphere for two long, long months.

"At the sun's rise and setting alone was there a breath of fresh air; but a dulness, a death-like lethargy, produced by the heat, and the frightful weariness which it occasioned, oppressed my whole being. Flies and all kind of tormenting insects, which seemed destroyed by the heat, awoke at the first breath of air to redoubled life. They fell upon us in myriads with their poison-stings: the buffaloes often looked as if they were covered over with this buzzing swarm, which beset them as if they were carrion, until, tormented to madness, they betook themselves to the Tiber, and rolled themselves in the yellow water. The Roman, who in the hot summer days groans in the almost expiring streets, and crawls along by the house-sides, as if he would drink up the shadow which is cast down from the walls, has still no idea of the sufferings in the Campagna, where every breath which he draws is sulphurous, poisonous fire; where insects and crawling things, like demons, torment him who is condemned to live in this sea of flame."—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

This is perhaps the best word-picture of peasant life during a Campagna summer. It is a life of absolute solitude, so thin is the population, so widely scattered the huts of the peasantry. Yet the scenes amid which they live, and the picturesqueness of that part of religion which forms their sole idea of literature and art, make their life poetical in spite of all its misery, and the Italian peasant has a keen perception of the beauties of Nature, which would be quite incomprehensible to an English agriculturalist. This is seen in nothing so much as in the songs, which are for ever on

the lips of the people as they work. Here is a specimen given in the *Pilgrimage of the Tiber.*

"La prima volta che m' innamorai
Piantai lo dolce persico alla vigna,
E poi gli dissi, Persico benigno,
S' amor mi lassa, ti possi seccare!

A capo all' anno ritornai alla vigna;
Trovai lo dolce persico seccato;
Mi butto in terra e tutta scapiglio:
Questo è segno ch' amore m' ha lassato.

Albero che l'avevo tanto a caro,
E t' innacquavo co li miei sudori,
Si son seccate le cime e le rame
I frutti han perso lo dolce sapore.

Morte vieni da me quando ti pare,
Giacchè il mio bene ha mutato pensare.

When first the sweet pleasure of loving I knew,
I planted a peach in my vineyard one day,
And prayed, if my loved one should e'er prove untrue,
My beautiful peach-tree might wither away.

In the spring I returned to my vineyard, and found
My peach-tree was drooping, all faded and dried;
Then weeping, I threw myself down on the ground;
For this is a sign she is faithless, I cried.

My beautiful peach, that to me was so dear,
So anxiously tended and nourished with pain,
Its branches are withered, its leaves are grown sere,
Its fruits their sweet savour no longer retain.

Come, Death, when thou wilt; all my pleasures are o'er,
Since she who once loved me, now loves me no more."

As we approach the salt-marshes of Ostia

"Dove l' acqua di Tevere s'insala."

Dante, Purg. II. 101.

the river bends considerably to the right, leaving, three miles to the left, Ostia, which already in the days of Strabo

was called "a city without a port, on account of the alluvial deposits continually brought down by the Tiber." Julius Cæsar was the first to form a plan for a new artificial port,* but it was Claudius who carried out the work, and who, finding it hopeless to attempt to cleanse the original port of Ostia at the mouth of the Tiber, constructed an entirely new harbour two miles north of the old one, opening upon the sea, and protected by two moles, which had an insulated breakwater between them, supporting a lighthouse.

"Claudius formed the harbour at Ostia, by carrying out circular piers on the right and on the left, with a mole protecting, in deep water, the entrance of the port. To secure the foundation of this mole, he sunk the vessel in which the great obelisk † was brought from Egypt, and built upon piles a very lofty tower, in imitation of the Pharos at Alexandria, on which lights were burnt to direct mariners in the night."—*Suetonius, Claud.* xx.

This harbour is described by Juvenal:—

"Tandem intrat positas inclusa per æquora moles,
Tyrrhenamque Pharon; porrectaque brachia rursum
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longeque relinquunt
Italiam. Non sic igitur mirabere portus
Quos natura dedit."

Sat. xii. 75.

and by Valerius Flaccus:—

"Non ita Tyrrhenus stupet Ioniusque magister
Qui portus, Tiberine, tuos, claramque serena
Arce Pharon princeps linquens, nusquam Ostia, nusquam
Ausoniam videt."

Argon. vii. 83.

In course of years the port of Claudius was also choked up, and a new harbour was begun in A. D. 103, by Trajan,

* *Plutarch, Cæs.* 58. There is no authority for saying it was the plan of Augustus, as stated by Murray, &c.

† Now in front of S. Peter's.

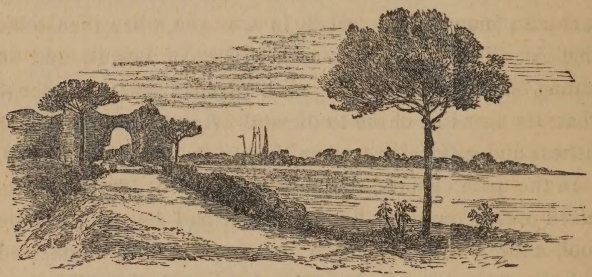
united with the port of Claudius on the W., and with the Tiber by a canal, Fossa Trajana, which, since the increasing filling up of the old bed of the river, has become the Tiber itself, and is now the only branch which is navigable. The port was surrounded by warehouses. The new harbour became known as Portus Ostiensis, Portus Urbis, or, more simply, Portus. It was chiefly used for the importation of corn for the supply of the capital, which was almost entirely dependent on foreign produce as its population increased. Its importance was realized when Rome was attacked by barbarian forces, and especially in A. D. 409, when the Gothic king Alaric, by making himself master of Portus, and so cutting off the supplies, obliged the Roman senate to accept whatever terms he chose to dictate. Rome was in similar distress under Belisarius, when Vitiges, in 537, seized Portus.

In the 10th century, the port of Trajan had been so neglected and allowed to fill up, that it had become a mere pool, entirely separated from the sea, and only connected with the Tiber by a ditch. This drove trade for a time into the older branch of the river, and gave a passing importance to mediæval Ostia, where a fortress had been built by Gregory IV., in the preceding century. In 1612 the canal of Trajan was once more cleared out by Paul V., and connected with Fiumicino, and has ever since been the only way by which vessels can ascend the Tiber, the other branch having been almost entirely closed up by sand near its mouth.

The port of Trajan, still called *Il Trajano*, is now a bason of still blue water, surrounded by low underwood; along its sides the quays and warehouses by which it was once surrounded may still be traced. Near it, by the road-side close

to the Villa Torlonia, is placed an inscription recording the cutting of the canals of Claudius in A. D. 49.

This inscription has generally been understood to convey that the work of Claudius was due to his anxiety to relieve the inundations of the Tiber; but Burn, in his *Rome and the Campagna*, explains that the words "operis portus caussa" would show that the primary object of the fossæ was to supply the port with water, and that the advantage of preventing inundations at Rome was only subordinate.



Arco di Nostra Signora, Porto.

Through a picturesque gateway, now called *Arco di Nostra Signora*, we reach the little group of buildings which is all that remains of the mediæval town of *Porto*, consisting of the Bishop's Palace, and the little Cathedral of Santa Rufina, with a 10th-century tower. The place was ruined at a very early period, owing to the Saracenic invasions, and though many popes have made attempts to recolonize it, they have always failed. As early as 1019 there were no inhabitants save a few guards in the tower of Porto, though it was the seat of a bishop, and though it has always continued to give a title to the sub-dean of the College of Cardinals.

The meadows near Porto, which are encircled by the two branches of the Tiber, form the *Isola Sacra*, a name first given to it by Procopius, who describes it :—

> "Tum demum ad naves gradior, qua fronte bicorni
> Dividuus Tiberis dexteriora secat.
> Lævus inaccessis fluvius vitatur arenis :
> Hospitis Æneæ gloria sola manet.
>
> i. 169.

The island is described by Aethicus, who wrote in the fifth century, as most beautiful and fertile—"Libanus Almæ Veneris;" now it is in great part overgrown with asphodel and mallow. The name of its church with the tall mediæval campanile—S. Ippolito—will recall the famous Bishop of Porto.

In the first half of the third century, during the troubled pontificates of Zephyrinus and Callistus, when various heresies on minute points of Christian doctrine were agitating and dividing the Church, the great defender of the faith, the author of *The Refutation of all the Heresies*, who did not hesitate to resist and condemn one Pope, and actually excommunicate another, was Hippolytus, Bishop of Porto, who was afterwards (under Maximin) banished to Sardinia, and eventually, according to the poetic legend in Prudentius, suffered martyrdom in the suburbs of Rome.

"The Roman Church comprehended, besides its Bishop, forty-six Presbyters, and seven Deacons, with their subordinate officers. Each Presbyter doubtless presided over a separate community, each with its basilica, scattered over the wide circuit of the city; they were the primary Parish Priests of Rome. But besides these were suburbican Bishops of the adjacent towns, Ostia, Tibur, Porto, and others (six or seven), who did not maintain their absolute independence on the metropolis, each in the seclusion of their own community; they held their synods in Rome, but as yet with Greek equality rather than Roman subordination; they were the initiatory College of Cardinals (who still

take some of their titles from these sees), but with the Pope as one of this co-equal college, rather than the dominant, certainly not the despotic, head.

"Of all these suburban districts at this time Portus was the most considerable, and most likely to be occupied by a distinguished prelate. Portus, from the reign of Trajan, had superseded Ostia as the haven of Rome. It was a commercial town of growing extent and opulence, at which most of the strangers from the last who came by sea landed or set sail. Through Portus, no doubt, most of the foreign Christians found their way to Rome. Of this city, Hippolytus was the bishop, Hippolytus who afterwards rose to the dignity of saint and martyr, and whose statue, discovered in the Laurentian cemetery, now stands in the Lateran. Conclusive internal evidence indicates Hippolytus as the author of the *Refutation of all Heresies*. If any one might dare to confront the Bishop of Rome, it was the Bishop of Portus."—*Milman's Hist. of Latin Christianity.*

Here Dante makes the rendezvous of the happy souls, whom the celestial pilot is presently to transport to Purgatory.

"sempre quivi si ricoglie,
Qual verso d'Acheronte non si cala."

Purg. ii. 104.

The mouth of the Tiber is very different now to that which Virgil describes :—

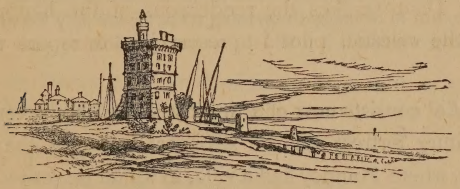
"Atque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore lucum
Prospicit. Hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amœno,
Vorticibus rapidis, et multâ flavus arenâ,
In mare prorumpit. Variæ circumque supraque
Assuetæ ripis volucres ex fluminis alveo
Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant.
Flectere iter sociis terræque advertere proras
Imperat ; et lætus fluvio succedit opaco."

Æn. vii. 29.

"Les tourbillons du fleuve, le sable qui le jaunit caractérisent aujourd'hui l'aspect du Tibre comme au siècle de Virgile ; mais on ne peut plus parler de son *cours gracieux*, le bois a disparu et les oiseaux se sont envolés ; on ne voit aux embouchures du Tibre qu'une plaine

sans arbres, comme sans habitants, où des buffles paisent parmi les marécages. Aux buffles près, qui sont modernes, ce lieu devait être ainsi avant que le voisinage d'Ostie y eût fait naître une végétation qui s'en est allée avec Ostie. Aujourd'hui c'est une plage stérile plus semblable qu'au temps de Virgile à ce qu'elle était au temps d'Enée."—*Ampère, Hist. Rome*, i. 193.

From Porto, two miles of road, or river, take one to *Fiumicino*, which derives its name from its situation on the smaller branch of the Tiber, and which stands at the present mouth of the river. A row of modern houses was erected by the late government, but have little view of the sea, owing to the sand-banks. The handsome castellated tower, with a lighthouse on the top, was built by Clement XIV. in 1773.



Fiumicino.

On the shore, half way between Fiumicino and Palo, the site of the ancient Fregellæ is marked by the tower and farm of *Maccarese*, at the mouth of the river Arrone. The marsh called "Stagno di Maccarese" answers to the description of Silius Italicus.

. . . "Obsessæ campo squalente Fregellæ."
viii. 477.

It was hence that Tarquinius Priscus summoned Turrianus, a native artist, to make a terra cotta statue of Jupiter for his temple on the Capitol.*

* *Pliny*, xxxv. 45.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CERVETRI.

(The best way of reaching this wonderful place is to go to Palo, on the Civita Vecchia line, by rail, and walk from thence. Sometimes it is possible to obtain a hired gig at Palo, especially if one can write beforehand to order it from Cervetri. Seven francs is the proper price, to which the *vetturini* agree for going and returning, but the bargain must be made before leaving Palo. The sights of Cervetri must be visited in time to return to Rome by the evening train, for the only inn at Cervetri is so utterly wretched, it would be scarcely possible to pass the night there.)

PALO consists now of a tiny hamlet, with a seventeenth-century fortress on the sea-coast, marking the site of Alsium, where Pompey had a villa, to which he retired in disgust when refused the dictatorship. Julius Cæsar possessed a villa here, where he landed on his return from Africa, and to which all the nobles of Rome hastened to greet him. The Emperor Marcus Aurelius also had a villa here, to which several of the epistles of Fronto are addressed, who speaks of the place as "maritimus et voluptarius locus." Nothing now remains of the ancient town but some foundations of the villas near the sea-shore. The origin of Alsium is ascribed by Silius Italicus to Halæsus :—

> "Necnon Argolico dilectum litus Halæso
> Alsium."
>
> viii. 476.

The Via Aurelia passed through Alsium.

Even from the station, the white walls of Cervetri may be discovered under the low-lying grey hills upon the right. The distance by the fields is about four miles, but by the high-road it is nearly six. The former path turns off to the right, just after the road has crossed the Vaccina rivulet, and is not difficult to find, but it is impervious in times of flood, as near Cervetri another brook has to be crossed upon stepping-stones. This is the "Cæretanus Amnis" of Pliny (iii. 15), which is mentioned by Virgil:—

> "Est ingens gelidum lucus prope Cæritis amnem,
> Religione patrum late sacer; undique colles
> Inclusere cavi et nigrâ nemus abiete cingunt.
> Silvano fama est veteres sacrasse Pelasgos."
>
> *Æn.* viii. 597.

"It is the Cæritis Amnis on whose banks Tarcho and his Etruscans pitched their camps, and Æneas received from his divine mother his god-wrought arms, and the prophetic shield eloquent of the future glories of Rome,

> '——— clypei non enarrabile textum.
> Illic res Italas, Romanorumque triumphos,
> Fecerat Ignipotens.'

The eye wanders up the shrub-fringed stream, over bare undulating downs, the *arva lata* of ancient song, to the hills swelling into peaks and girt with a broad belt of olive and ilex. There frowned the dark grove of Silvanus, of dread antiquity, and there, on yon red cliffs—the 'ancient heights' of Virgil—sat the once opulent and powerful city of Agylla, the Cære of the Etruscans, now represented, in name and site alone, by the miserable village of Cervetri. All this is hallowed ground —*religione patrum latè sacer*—hallowed, not by the traditions of evanescent creeds, nor even by the hoary antiquity of the site, so much as by the homage the heart ever pays to the undying creations of the fathers of song. The hillocks, which rise here and there on the wide downs, are so many sepulchres of princes and heroes of old, coëval, it may be, with those on the plains of Troy; and if not, like them, the standing records of traditional events, at least the mysterious memorials of a prior

age, which led the poet to select this spot as a fit scene for his verse. The large mound which rises close to the bridge may be the *celsus collis* whence Æneas gazed on the Etruscan camp. No warlike sights or sounds now disturb the rural quiet of the scene. Sword and spear are exchanged for crook and ploughshare; and the only sound likely to catch the ear is the lowing of cattle, the baying of sheep-dogs, or the cry of the *pecorajo* as he marches at the head of his flock, and calls them to follow him to their fold or to fresh pastures. Silvanus, 'the god of fields and cattle,' has still dominion in the land."—*Dennis' Cities of Etruria.*

The most conspicuous feature in distant views of the town is the ugly castle of Prince Ruspoli, who is Prince of Cervetri, and to whom most of the land in this neighbourhood belongs. The people all work in gangs, long lines of men and women in their bright costumes digging the land together. Most travellers who come upon them thus, will be struck with the rude songs with which they accompany their work, one often leading, and the rest taking up the chorus in melancholy cadences.

Cervetri was called Agylla by the Pelasgi, and Cære by the Etruscans. Tradition says that the latter name was given to it because when the Etruscan colonists were about to besiege it, they hailed it, demanding its name, and a soldier on the walls answered Χαῖρε—"hail!" which they afterwards chose, upon its capture, for the name of the city.

The earliest mention of Agylla is to be found in Herodotus (i. 166). Its Tyrrhenian inhabitants, having conquered the Phocæans in battle, cruelly stoned to death the prisoners they brought back with them. Afterwards every living creature who approached the spot where this tragedy had been enacted was seized with convulsions or paralysis. The oracle of Delphi was consulted how the wrath of the gods might be appeased, and the people of Cære were commanded

to celebrate the obsequies of the slain, and annually to hold games in their honour, which, says Herodotus, was done up to his time.

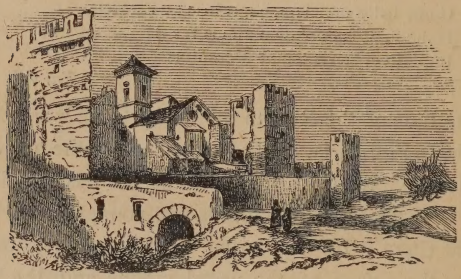
Virgil indicates the early importance of Agylla, by describing that its ruler Mezentius sent 1000 men to assist Turnus against Æneas.

> "Haud procul hinc saxo incolitur fundata vetusto
> Urbis Agyllinæ sedes; ubi Lydia quondam
> Gens, bello præclara, jugis insedit Etruscis.
> Hanc multos florentem annos rex deinde superbo
> Imperio et sævis tenuit Mezentius armis."
>
> *Æn.* viii. 478.

In the time of the Roman monarchy Cære was one of the chief places in Etruria, and it became one of the twelve cities of the league. When Tarquinius Superbus was expelled from Rome, Livy relates that, with his two younger sons, he took refuge at Cære. In 365, during the Gaulish invasion, Cære became the refuge of the vestal virgins and the Flamen Quirinalis, and its people are said to have successfully attacked the Gauls who were returning with the spoil of Rome, and to have taken it from them. From the belief that the Etruscan priests of Cære first instructed the Romans in their mystic religious rites has been deduced the word ceremony—"Cæremonia."

In the early times of the Empire the town is described by Strabo as having already lost all signs of its ancient splendour, but in the time of Trajan its medical waters—Aquæ Cæritanæ, the same which Livy mentions as flowing with blood—led to some return of its ancient prosperity. From the fourth to the eleventh century it possessed a cathedral and a bishop, but since then it has increasingly decayed, part of the inhabitants removing to a town on another

site—Ceri Nuova—and leaving to the old city the name of Cære Vetus—Cervetri. As we pass the ruined church of "La Madonna dei Canneti" in the reedy hollow, and ascend the hill of Cervetri, the walls built by its Orsini barons rise picturesquely along the crest of the hill, constructed with huge blocks of orange-coloured tufa taken from the Etruscan fortifications. They end in a picturesque mediæval gateway.

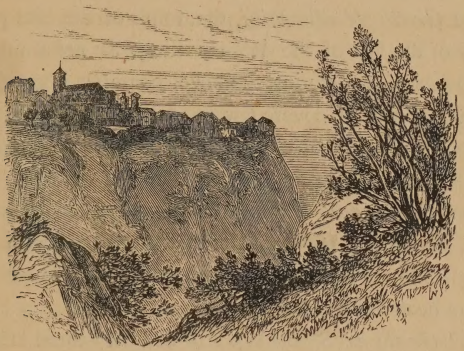


Gate of Cervetri.

Here we must enter the town to engage the custode of the tombs and insist upon his accompanying us, which, with true Italian love of '*far niente*,' he is not always very willing to do. Lights must also be taken. The ancient city, which was of oblong form, was nearly five miles in circuit, and filled the promontory, one small corner of which is occupied by the mediæval town. Of all this scarcely anything, except a few fragments of wall rising upon the tufa cliffs, can be discovered; but it is not so with the Necropolis.

One must descend the path which turns to the right outside the gateway, leading immediately under the walls over some waste ground covered with the Virgin's thistle, and down a steep path into the ravine of "*La Buffalareccia*,"

watered by the stream called "Ruscello della Madonna de' Canneti." Mounting the opposite hill, we find ourselves on high breezy downs overgrown with sweet basil and violets, and with a delightful view towards the sea, as well as to the mediæval city rising on its orange crags, half-buried



Cervetri.

in bay and ilex. This hill-side is now called *La Banditaccia*—from being *terra-bandita*, land set apart by the commune, while the final syllable of the name is due to its unproductive character—and this was the Necropolis of Cære. Many of the tombs were hollowed in the cliffs as in Northern Etruria, but the largest and most remarkable are burrowed out of the tufa beneath the upland turf, and are often quite unmarked externally, but in other cases indicated by a tumulus.

Many of the tombs are worth visiting, but that which is far the most striking is the furthest in the line, the *Grotta dei Bassi-Relievi*, which is often filled with water, and difficult of access. When we first visited Cervetri, we

considered this vast sepulchral chamber, adorned with huge shields and other weapons, sculptured in the boldest relief out of the solid rock, and casting long shadows in the glare of the torchlight, one of the most striking sights we ever looked upon. But during our last visit the tomb was quite inaccessible from the water with which it was filled.

The *Grotta de' Tarquinj*, the tomb of the Tarquins, the family of the last of the Roman kings, is most interesting. It consists of two stories, the lower chamber is reached from the upper, and is covered with inscriptions rudely cut and painted in red or black, in which the name of Tarchnas occurs at least thirty-five times.

The *Grotta deli' Architettura* is supported by two huge fluted columns. It is surrounded by a shelf, with divisions all round for two bodies in each, and has an inner chamber for the heads of the family.

The *Grotta de' Sarcophagi* still contains three large tombs of alabaster—"a kind from the Circean Promontory." Two of these support grand figures of warriors. One lies flat upon his back like a Templar, the other has turned away upon his side towards the wall. The third sarcophagus has no figure, and is beautifully transparent. It is so seldom that monumental effigies can still be seen *in situ* in the Etruscan sepulchres, that this tomb is most interesting, as well as wonderfully impressive and picturesque. It is often filled with water, but it is still possible to enter, by creeping round the couches upon which the sarcophagi are laid, and the reflection of the torches in the water adds to the effect of the scene.

The *Grotta del Triclinio* is covered with nearly-effaced paintings of a very archaic character, banquetting scenes,

repeated again and again, and animals. This tomb takes its name from the benches of rock, to support the dead, which surround it. Bas-reliefs of a boar and a panther are sculptured near the entrance. The paintings in this tomb are especially interesting, because Pliny mentions ancient paintings, believed to be of earlier date than the foundation of Rome, as existing in his time at Cære.*

These are the most remarkable of the tombs on "La Banditaccia," but there is another tomb on the other side of the road, leading up to Cervetri, which should be visited, not so much for what it is now, but as the place where the most remarkable of the Etruscan ornaments now in the Vatican were discovered. This tomb is called the *Grotta Regulini-Galassi* from its discoverers, the arch-priest Regulini of Cervetri and General Galassi. The opening to the tomb is a rude arch surmounted by a block of *nenfro*, under a low bank in a ploughed field. This gives entrance to two chambers.

"In the outer chamber, at the further end (when the tomb was opened), lay a bier of bronze, formed of narrow cross-bars, with an elevated place for the head. The corpse which had lain on it had long since fallen to dust. By its side stood a small four-wheeled car, or tray of bronze, with a basin-like cavity in the centre. On the other side of the bier lay some twenty or thirty little earthenware figures, probably the lares of the deceased. At the head and foot of the bier stood a small iron altar or tripod. At the foot lay also a bundle of darts, and a shield; and several more shields rested against the wall. All were of bronze, and beautifully embossed, but apparently for ornament alone. Nearer the door stood a four-wheeled car, which, from its size and form, seemed to have borne the bier to the sepulchre. And just within the entrance stood, on iron tripods, a couple of cauldrons, with a number of curious handles terminating in griffons' heads, together with a singular vessel,—a pair of bell-shaped vases, united by a couple of spheres.

* *Pliny*, xxxv. 3, s. 6.

Besides these articles of bronze, there was a series of vessels suspended by bronze nails from each side of the recess in the roof. The tomb had evidently contained the body of a warrior.

"The door of the inner chamber was closed with masonry to half its height, and in it stood two more pots of bronze, and against each door-post hung a vessel of pure silver. There were no urns in this chamber, but the vault was hung with bronze vessels, and others were suspended on each side of the entrance. Further in, stood two bronze cauldrons for perfumes, as in the outer chamber: and then, at the end of the tomb, on no couch, bier, or sarcophagus, not even on a rude bench of rock, but on the bare ground, lay—a corpse?—no, for it had ages since returned to dust, but a number of gold ornaments, whose position showed most clearly that, when placed in the tomb, they were upon a human body. The richness, beauty, and abundance of these articles, all of pure gold, were amazing. There were, a head-dress of singular character—a large breastplate, beautifully embossed, such as was worn by Egyptian priests—a finely-twisted chain, and a necklace of very long joints—earrings of great length—a pair of massive bracelets of exquisite filagree-work—no less than eighteen *fibulæ* or brooches, sundry rings, and fragments of gold fringes and laminæ, in such quantities, that there seemed to have been an entire garment of pure gold. Against the inner wall lay two vessels of silver with figures in relief."—*Dennis' Cities of Etruria.*

"Now comes the grand wonder,—this had been a woman! Whether a warrior queen or a priestess, none can tell. Greatly honoured and sovereign in power she had certainly been, and her name was 'Larthia,' which, as 'Lars' means 'sovereign or greatly exalted man,' probably means 'sovereign or greatly exalted woman.' A quantity of vases were in the tomb, some of them bearing the names of 'Larthia,' and others of 'Mi Larthia.' It is the opinion of Canina that this tomb was constructed many years before the Trojan war, and Troy fell in 1187 before the Christian era. We therefore read the language, and scan the dress and furniture, and see the very dust, of those who were contemporary with Jeptha and the older judges of Israel, long before the times of Saul and of David."—*Mrs Hamilton Gray's "Sepulchres of Etruria."*

On the edge of Monte Abatone, where Canina places the sacred wood of Silvanus mentioned by Virgil, is the tomb called *Grotta Campana*, a single chamber, divided into three parts by Doric columns. In the first division is a re-

markable fan-like ornament on the ceiling. On the walls are reliefs in stucco, and the number of curious vases found here are preserved in their places.

Three miles east of Cervetri is *Ceri Nuovo*, a mediæval town fortified by the Orsini.

(In the hilly country between Corneto and Civita Vecchia, picturesquely situated in a wild district, is *Tolfa*, much resorted to in summer on account of the mineral baths in its neighbourhood for the cure of rheumatism, gout, and neuralgia. A little to the west of this is *Aluminiera*, with very remunerative alum-mines.)

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CORNETO.

(Corneto may easily be seen in the day from Rome by taking the earliest train on the Leghorn railway, and returning by the latest: or it may be combined with an excursion to Ponte del Abbadia, by sleeping at Montalto, or Civita Vecchia. The inn at Corneto is filthy and most wretched.

A visit to the magnificent Etruscan collection in the Vatican ought both to precede and follow an excursion to Corneto, and will give it a double interest. In the Vatican are copies of the most important paintings in the Corneto tombs, which, having been taken when the originals were less injured than they are now, will explain much that is of necessity hastily and ill seen by the flickering torchlight. The careful study of *Dennis' Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria* will also add greatly to the pleasure of seeing the places he describes, and a reference to the *Sepulchres of Etruria* of Mrs Hamilton Gray, who gives coloured engravings from several of the more remarkable paintings, should not be omitted.

The first care of every one on arriving at Corneto, should be to secure the services of the custode of the tombs on the Monterozzi, who will also supply lights, though wax tapers—"cerini"—may with advantage be taken out from Rome.)

THE journey as far as Palo has already been described. Beyond Palo, passing on the left the square tower called *Torre Flavia*, we reach the station of *Santa Severa*, with a picturesque mediæval castle projecting into the sea, and built upon a foundation of irregular polygonal blocks of masonry, being a remnant of the Pelasgic walls which

may be traced for some distance enclosing a quadrangular space about half a mile in circuit, and which marks the site of Pyrgi, the "Pyrgi veteres" of Virgil (*Æn.* x. 184), and the port of Cære, from which it is six miles distant.

Pyrgi was famous for its temple of Eileithyia,* or Leucothea,† founded by the Pelasgians, and so exceedingly wealthy, that when in B. C. 384 Dionysius of Syracuse descended upon Pyrgi, he carried off treasure from it to the amount of 1000 talents. There are no remains of the temple existing. Strabo speaks of the town as a small one, and in the time of Rutilius it was only a large villa.

> "Alsia prælegitur tellus, Pyrgique recedunt;
> Nunc villæ grandes, oppida parva prius."
>
> *Itin.* i. 223.

We next reach the station of *Santa Marinella*, with a mediæval castle overhanging the sea, and a palm-tree in its garden. It is supposed to mark the site of the Roman station of Punicum. An ancient bridge remains, by which the Via Aurelia crossed a stream. A mile from hence in the direction of Civita Vecchia is the *Puntone del Castrato*, where some Etruscan tombs, lined and roofed by large slabs of stone, were opened by the Duchess of Sermoneta in 1840.

The tower called *Chiaruccia* now marks the site of Castrum Novum, another station on the Via Aurelia, and soon after *Civita Vecchia* comes in sight. This, the ancient Centumcellæ, is a place utterly devoid of interest, and in the eyes of those who arrive at Rome by sea, is only connected with much discomfort and an ardent desire to get away. The origin of the place was entirely due to the construction of its port by Trajan, of which Pliny has left an account.‡

* *Strabo*, l. c. † *Arist.* l. c. ‡ *Ep.* vi. 31.

"Ad Centumcellas forti deflexímus Austro;
Tranquillâ puppes in statione sedent.
Molibus æquoreum concluditur amphitheatrum,
Angustosque aditus insula facta tegit;
Attollit geminas turres, bifidoque meatu,
Faucibus arctatis pandit utrumque latus.
Nec posuisse satis laxo navalia portu,
Ne vaga vel tutas ventilet aura rates.
Interior medias sinus invitatus in ædes
Instabilem fixis aëra nescit aquis."

Rutilius, i. 237.

"Whoever has approached the Eternal City from the sea must admit the fidelity of the above picture. As Civita Vecchia was 1400 years since, so it is now. The artificial island, with its twin-towers at the mouth of the port; the long moles stretching out to meet it; the double passage, narrowed almost to a closing of the jaws; the amphitheatre of water within, overhung by the houses of the town, and sheltered from every wind—will be at once recognized. It would seem to have remained *in statu quo* ever since it was built by Trajan. Yet the original town was almost utterly destroyed by the Saracens in the ninth century; but when rebuilt, the disposition of the port was preserved, by raising the moles, quay, and fortress on the ancient foundations, which are still visible beneath them."—*Dennis' Cities of Etruria*, ii. 1.

Monotonous plains, covered with lentisc, cork, and myrtle, separate Civita Vecchia from Corneto. Half-way between the two the railway crosses the little river Mignone, anciently the Minio, mentioned by Virgil.

"Qui sunt Minionis in arvis."

Æn. x. 183.

At its mouth stands the solitary tower of *Bertaldo*, marking the site of the Roman station Rapinium. It is popularly called *S. Agostino* from the charming story of the Bishop of Hippo which is associated with this spot.

"While busied in writing his *Discourse on the Trinity*, S. Augustine wandered along the sea-shore lost in meditation. Suddenly he beheld a child, who, having dug a hole in the sand, appeared to be bringing

water from the sea to fill it. Augustine inquired what was the object of his task? He replied, that he intended to empty into this cavity all the waters of the great deep. 'Impossible!' exclaimed Augustine. 'Not more impossible,' replied the child, 'than for thee, O Augustine! to explain the mystery on which thou art now meditating."—*Jameson's Sacred Art.*

Soon, on the right, *Corneto*—"the Queen of the Maremma"—crowns a long ridge of hill with its towers, and, beyond it, rises another and barren ridge, which was the site of the ancient Tarquinii.

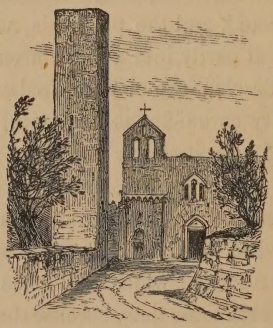
A winding road ascends from the station to Corneto, about 1½ mile distant.* As we near the town its battlemented walls are very picturesque. Close to the gate is the magnificent old Gothic palace of Cardinal Vitelleschi, whose splendid flamboyant windows are so little appreciated by the inhabitants of Corneto, that it has obtained the name of *Il Palazzaccio*—the great ugly palace. The court-yard has a beautiful cloister, with open galleries above, but it is lamentably neglected, and the palace is now turned partly into a barrack, and partly into a most miserable inn.

Cardinal Vitelleschi, who built this palace, is mentioned by a contemporary chronicler as "the most valorous captain of his time," and was strangely rewarded with a Cardinal's hat by Eugenius IV. (1431-47), for his services as General of the Papal armies. In his honour, also, an equestrian statue was erected in the Capitol by the Roman Senate, with the title of Pater Patriæ, which had been bestowed upon Augustus; and, at the same time, because they were his fellow-townsmen, the Roman citizenship was conferred upon all the inhabitants of Corneto. After rising to the highest point of prosperity, Cardinal Vitelleschi was suspected of treason

* There are seldom any carriages at the Corneto Station.

by Pope Eugenius, and he was arrested as he was passing the castle of S. Angelo, but received so many wounds in attempting to defend himself and escape, that he died in the fortress after only four days of imprisonment, in 1440. His shield of arms, with two heifers in allusion to his name, still hangs over his palace gate, and Corneto still possesses the great bells of Palestrina, which he carried off, when he took and totally destroyed that famous fortress of the Colonnas.

A lane, behind the palace, leads to the *Cathedral*, S. Maria di Castello—a good specimen of twelfth-century architecture. It contains a curious pulpit of 1209, with lions on its staircase, a beautiful opus-alexandrinum pavement, an altar with a baldacchino inscribed 1060, and some tombs of bishops. The baptistery is octagonal, surrounded with slabs of different-coloured marble. Separated from the church



Cathedral, Corneto.

stands its massive square campanile, shorn of one third of its original height, and of the statues of horses from Tar-

quinii, which are said once to have stood on the angles at the summit.

At the opposite end of the town is the *Palazzo Bruschi*, containing many Etruscan antiquities, and possessing a beautiful garden of cypresses, decorated with Etruscan vases and tombs, and with a glorious view over the sea and its islands and towards the promontory of Argentara.

In one of the convent churches in the town, of which they had been patrons in their lifetime, the body of Letitia Buonaparte—'Madame Mère'—(who died at Rome) with that of her brother, Cardinal Fesch, reposed for some years, but they are now removed to Corsica, to a church which the cardinal had founded.

The hill of Turchina, separated from that of Corneto by a deep valley through which flows the brook Sarriva, was the site of Tarquinii itself. It derives its name from Tarchon, a legendary companion of Æneas in two wars against Turnus and Mezentius, who is said to have founded the city 1200 B. C., and to have been possessed of such wonderful wisdom, even from childhood, that he was born with a hoary head.*

Silius Italicus (viii. 473) speaks of 'superbi Tarchontis domus;' and Virgil says :—

> "Ipse oratores ad me regnique coronam
> Cum sceptro misit, mandatque insignia Tarchon
> Succedam castris, Tyrrhenaque regna capessam."
>
> *Æn.* viii. 505.

Other authorities attribute the foundation of the city to Tages.

"Here, in the neighbourhood of Tarquinii, and about the period of its foundation, it came to pass, said the Etruscan tradition recorded

* *Strabo*, v. 219.

in the sacred books of the nation, that as a certain peasant was ploughing the land, and chanced to make a furrow deeper than usual, up sprang a wondrous being, a boy in appearance, but a patriarch in wisdom, Tages by name, the son of a Genius, and grandson of Jove. The peasant, amazed at this apparition, uttered a loud cry; a crowd gathered round; and, 'in a short time,' says Cicero, who relates the story, 'all Etruria was assembled on the spot.' The mysterious boy then made known to them the practice of divination by the inspiration of entrails and the flight of birds; they treasured up all he had said or sung, and committed it to writing; and these records formed the code of the sacred Discipline of the Etruscans, which regulated their entire polity, civil and religious, and was by them transmitted to the Romans." —*Dennis' Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria.*

> "Haud aliter stupuit, quam quum Tyrrhenus arator
> Fatalem glebam mediis aspexit in arvis,
> Sponte sua primum, nulloque agitante, moveri;
> Sumere mox hominis terræque amittere formam,
> Oraque venturis aperire recentia fatis—
> Indigenæ dixere Tagen; qui primus Etruscam
> Edocuit gentem casus aperire futuros."
>
> *Ovid, Met.* xv. 558.

From its connection with the legend of Tages and his mystic rites, Tarquinii became the religious metropolis of Etruria, and continued to be regarded as the city especially honoured by the gods.

In the first century of Rome, Demaratus, a rich Corinthian merchant, migrated to Etruria, owing to political dissensions in his own country, and settled at Tarquinii, where he married an Etruscan lady, by whom he had two sons. He first taught the Etruscans alphabetical writing, and he brought with him Cleophantus the painter, and Euchir and Eugrammus, workers in terra-cotta, who instructed the people in their respective arts. The younger son of Demaratus, Lucumo or Lucius, married a noble Etruscan lady named Tanaquil, but nevertheless found every avenue to distinction closed to strangers

amongst the Etruscans. Thus, after he had succeeded to his father's wealth, on his elder brother's death, his wife Tanaquil, who had the national gift of reading the future, urged him to emigrate to Rome. An augury confirmed her words; for when they reached the top of the Janiculan, an eagle swooped down, lifted the hat of Lucumo into the air, and, returning, replaced it on his head. He was welcomed to Rome, received the rights of Roman citizenship, changed his name into Lucius Tarquinius, was made guardian of the king's sons, and was eventually himself raised to the throne as Tarquinius Priscus.

The people of Tarquinii continued mindful of their consanguinity to the Tarquins, and joined with the people of Veii in attempting to re-instate the last king when he was exiled. After this they were frequently at war with Rome, success alternating pretty equally between the two cities. In the fifth century of Rome, Tarquinii fell completely under its dominion. In the eighth and ninth centuries of the Christian era it was devastated by the Saracens, and in 1307 it was entirely deserted and its buildings were utterly destroyed by the people of Corneto, then called Cortuessa, when the seat of the bishopric (founded in 465) was removed, under its fifth occupant, to the new town.

Behind and beyond Corneto stretch the barren rugged heights of the *Monterozzi*, the Necropolis of old Tarquinii. Nothing is to be seen above-ground but low mounds scattered over the table-land. The number of tombs it contains has, however, been computed at not less than two millions, and the Necropolis is considered to be sixteen miles in extent! Above 2000 tombs have been opened, but only a few can now be visited. Of these, the most remarkable are:

The *Grotta Querciola*, so called from its owner, surrounded by double frieze of frescoes, representing, in the upper series, a banquet with musicians and dancers, and, in the lower, a boar-hunt in a forest, with horses and dogs, and men brandishing spears for the attack and axes for cutting their way through the thickets. The latter fresco has sometimes given the name of "Grotta della Caccia del Cignale" to this beautiful tomb, which is much injured by damp. It was discovered in April, 1831.

The *Grotta del Triclinio*, or *Del Convito Funebre*, was discovered in 1830. Five figures at the upper end of the chamber are reclining at a banquet, attended by a boy with a wine jug, while a man is piping to them. Above, are vines, with men gathering the grapes. Along the walls are figures, male and female, violently dancing, in different attitudes, and separated by trees and flowers, with birds on their branches, and rabbits beneath, perhaps indicating that the feast took place *al fresco*. On either side of the entrance is a man on horse-back, and, above them, two panthers. The sloping sides of the ceiling are painted with chequers of colour, and its broad central beam is adorned with ivy and lotus leaves.

The *Grotta del Morto*, opened 1832, is one of the most interesting of the series of tombs, though one of the smallest. In its frescoes an aged Etruscan lies on his death-bed, while his daughter is about to give him a last kiss: other figures stand near in attitudes of grief. The word "Thanarsela" is written above the head of the lady, and "Thanaueil" over that of her father. On the opposite side of the chamber naked figures are dancing and drinking at a feast in honour of the dead. Funeral wreaths hang round the walls of the tomb.

In this, as in all the tombs, the flesh of the males is painted red, but that of the women left uncoloured. The paintings here are greatly effaced.

The *Grotta de' Pompei*, or *Grotta del Tifone*, discovered 1832, is deeper than the others, and of great size. The roof is supported by a great square pillar, like those at Cervetri, and a triple tier of stone seats surrounds the chamber. On these are a number of stone sarcophagi, once surmounted by recumbent figures, of which two only remain perfect. One of the paintings which decorate the walls, considered by Dennis to be "of much later date and higher style of art" than those in the other tombs, represents a miniature procession, in which the dead, a youth and a girl, are driven by demons to Hades. One of them has his claw upon the shoulder of the youth, and brandishes a hammer, the emblem of supernatural power, in the other hand. The heads of both are twined with serpents :—

> "Serpentelli e ceraste avean per crine
> Onde le fiere tempie eran avvinte."
>
> *Dante.*

There is something very attractive in this picture, with its lost story. Mrs Hamilton Gray thinks that Dante must have seen it before he wrote of Francesca da Rimini, and that in the agonized faces of those who are led away he read :—

> "Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria."
>
> *Inferno* v.

In front of the central pillar is a square mass of rock, which is supposed to have been an altar, on which sacrifices were

made to the Manes. The front of the pillar itself bears an Etruscan inscription of nine lines, almost obliterated. Three sides of the pillar also are painted, one with a female figure ending in foliage, the others with Typhons.

"One of these two figures is particularly fine. The attitude of the body—the outspread wings—the dark massy coils of the serpent-limbs—the wild twisting of the serpent-locks—the countenance uplifted with an expression of unutterable woe, as he supports the cornice with his hands—make this figure imposing, mysterious, sublime. In conception, the artist was the Michael Angelo of Etruria."—*Dennis.*

The *Grotta del Cardinale*, in a hollow which leads towards the site of the city, was discovered in 1699, and finally opened in 1780 by Cardinal Gerampi, Bishop of Corneto. This is the largest of the tombs, being fifty-four feet square, with a low flat ceiling, divided by concentric squares, and supported by four massy pillars of the natural rock.

The paintings in this tomb have been greatly injured by the shepherds, who used to light their fires here, before it was protected by the Papal government. Only the outlines can be traced, and that with difficulty. The figures represent, for the most part, a contest of good and evil spirits for the souls of the departed, like those which so long after were depicted by Orcagna at Pisa, and by Luca Signorelli at Orvieto. In one striking part of the series a soul is being wheeled in a car before the judge by good and evil genii, who try to draw different ways. The evil genii are all black.

"There is one scene from this tomb of very remarkable character, delineated by Byres,* which is not now to be verified, as it has too much perished. It represents two children, Cupid and Psyche, the latter with butterfly-wings, embracing each other; with a good genius on one side, and an evil one on the other. They appear to have the

* *Hypogæi*, or the *Sepulchral Caverns of Tarquinia*, by James Byres, 1842.

same symbolical meaning as the Cupid and Psyche of the Greeks, for the evil genius is drawing Cupid, i.e. the bodily appetites and passions, towards the things of this world, represented by a tree and a labourer hurrying along with a huge stone on his head, as if to intimate that man is born to trouble, and his lot below is all vexation of spirit; while, on the other hand, Psyche, or the more exalted part of human nature, draws him back, and her persuasions are seconded by the good genius, who, be it remarked, does not seize the soul, like the antagonist principle, but tries, with outstretched arms and gentle looks, to win it to herself. Behind her is a gate, through which a soul is calmly passing, as if to contrast the tranquil bliss of a future existence with the labour, unrest, and turmoil of this. It is a simple truth, eloquently and forcibly told." —*Dennis.*

These are the most important of the tombs. The next group of sepulchres is further on across the Montarozzi, two miles from Corneto.

The *Grotta delle Bighe* is covered with much-injured but once brilliant frescoes, representing on the end wall a banquet, on the side walls dances. The paintings are in a double frieze, the lower and larger of the two having a red ground. The smaller frieze is crowded with figures, and among them are several *bigæ*, or two-horse chariots, whence the name given to the tomb. In the pediment over the door are two leopards and two geese, in the pediment above the banquet is a large amphora with a small naked figure on either side, and, beyond these, seated figures crowned with myrtle and olive.

The *Grotta del Mare* consists of two small chambers measuring fifteen feet by ten, and derives its name from four sea-horses painted upon the pediment of the outer chamber.

The *Grotta del Barone*, so called from Baron Stachelberg, by whom it was discovered in 1827, is decorated by a single narrow frieze, with a border of coloured stripes. The subject seems to be a race and the distribution of prizes.

The *Grotta Francesca*, discovered by Chevalier Kestner in 1833, is decorated with representations of a funeral dance, with pipes and castanets.

The *Grotta delle Iscrizioni*, discovered in 1828, is unlike the others. It is not situated in flat table-land, but is entered from the face of the cliff opposite the hill of Turchina. It is sometimes called the "Grotta delle Camere Finte" from the false doors, which form part of its decorations, one in each wall. Between these are different pictures, games and dances being the subjects. Two figures seem to be playing at dice, two naked men are boxing, two others are wrestling. In another compartment is a horse-race, in another a Bacchic dance. On the right of the entrance is a boy sacrificing a fish upon an altar, before which stands the divinity with a rod in his hand. Over his head is written "Welthur." Above the entrance are two panthers, and beyond them, on either side, a recumbent fawn and a goose. On the opposite pediment are panthers, lions, and stags.

"The inscriptions in this tomb give us some insight into its history. The first is a long semicircular line of letters, and may be translated—'The Priestess Caesanna Matuessa calls these games in honour of the Lar deceased, the glory of his age, the protector of our temples and our commerce.' Following this comes the funeral procession. First, the newly-elected Lar Matuesius, perhaps brother to the priestess,—then the families of the Lucumones, who are his nearest of kin, or whose offices oblige them to bear a part in his funeral train. One individual only is given of each family, on account of the confined space in which they are represented. Here we see (identified by the names inscribed on the walls) the Lenea and the Pompey, both very noble houses of Tarquinii. Following them, the Prince Aruns Athvinacna representing the younger branches of the ruling house. Aruns means a cadet prince. After this come the Laris Phanuris or sacred mourners for the king, and the Velthuri or presidents of the various games and sacrifices. The races are contested by the royal guard, here called 'Laris Larthia' or

'Guardia Nobile.' The wrestling is between Nucertetes, or Nicotetes, and 'the Greek' perhaps some celebrated freedman or slave. The boxing is between Anthasi and Verenes the son of Mea. This at least is a probable version of the story, and satisfied us after a very long and careful study of this tomb. The deceased Lar himself is not mentioned amongst the inscriptions, for his name and simple epitaph would be deeply engraved upon his ponderous coffin, which lay, with his likeness in full length upon the lid of it, on one side of this painted chamber."—*Mrs Hamilton Gray.*

"To recapitulate these painted tombs in the order of their antiquity. First, I should place the Grotta delle Iscrizioni. Second—the Grotta del Barone, as partaking of the same archaic character, yet with advancement in certain of the figures. Third—the Camera del Morto, as being of very similar style, yet with less rigidity. Fourth—Grotta del Triclinio, which, though retaining certain archaicisms in attitude and design, shows much of Greek feeling. Fifth—Grotta Francesca, which, though of inferior merit to the last-named tomb, shows more freedom, its defects being rather the result of carelessness than of incompetence. Sixth—Grotta della Scrofa Nera (almost impervious to visitors), which, though of less pure Greek feeling than the Grotta Triclinio, betrays more masterly design, and less of that conventionality which in various degrees characterizes all the preceding. Seventh—Grotta Querciola, which displays great advancement in correctness and elegance, and much of the spirit of Hellenic art. Eighth—Grotta delle Bighe, whose upper band shows an improvement even upon the Querciola. All these must be referred to the time of Etruscan independence, for not one arrives at the perfection of the later painted vases, which date as far back as the fifth century of Rome. To a subsequent period belong—Ninth—the Grotta Cardinale; and, tenth—the Grotta Pompei, which can hardly be earlier than the latter days of the Roman Republic.

"It is worthy of remark, that all the painted tombs now open are beneath the level surface; not one has a super-incumbent tumulus, though such monuments abound on that site. More than six hundred, it is said, are to be counted on the Montarozzi alone; and they may be considered to have been originally much more numerous. They seem to have been all circular, surrounded at the base with masonry, on which the earth was piled up into a cone, and surmounted probably by a lion or sphinx in stone, or by a *cippus*, inscribed with the name of the family beneath. After the lapse of so many ages, not one retains its original form, the cones of earth having crumbled down into shapeless mounds, though several have remains of masonry at their base. One (popularly known as "Il Mausoleo") is nearly perfect in this re-

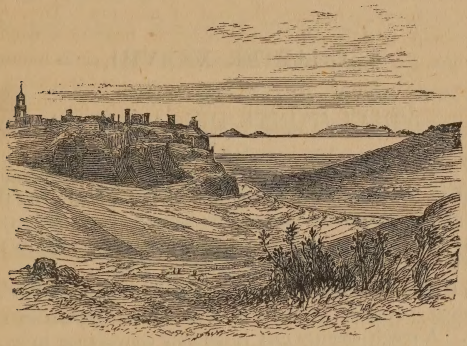
spect. It is walled round with travertine blocks, about two feet in length, neatly fitted together, but without cement; forming an architectural decoration which, from its similarity to the mouldings of Norchia and Castel d'Asso, attests its Etruscan origin. It rises to the height of five or six feet, and on it rests a shapeless mound, overgrown with broom and lentiscus. The entrance is by a steep passage, leading down to a doorway beneath the belt of masonry. The sepulchral chamber is not in this case remarkable; but beneath a neighbouring tumulus is one of very peculiar character. The rock is hollowed into the shape of a Gothic vault, but the converging sides, instead of meeting in a point, are suddenly carried up perpendicularly, and terminated by a horizontal course of masonry. The form is very primitive, for it is precisely that of the celebrated Regulini tomb at Cervetri, one of the most ancient sepulchres of Etruria, and also bears much resemblance to the Cyclopean gallery of Tiryns in Argolis."—*Dennis.*

Beneath one of the tumuli of the Montarozzi, the Gonfaloniere of Corneto, Signor Carlo Avvolta, opened, in 1823, the wonderful virgin tomb, whose discovery led to all the other excavations near Corneto. He was digging for stones for road mending, when he came upon a large slab of *nenfro.* Gazing through a crevice beneath it, he says :—

"I saw a warrior stretched on a bed of rock, and in a few minutes I saw him vanish, as it were, under my eyes; for, as the atmosphere entered the tomb, the armour, entirely oxydized, crumbled away into the most minute particles; so that in a short time scarcely a vestige of what I had seen was left on the couch. . . Such was my astonishment, that it would be impossible to express the effect produced upon my mind by this sight; but I may safely affirm that it was the happiest moment of my existence.'

Turning down from the Montarozzi by the Grotta del Cardinale into the valley, the tourist should not fail to mount the opposite heights of *Turchina*, or *Piano di Civita*, for, though there are no remains of the city except a few blocks of the masonry which formed the foundations of its walls, the view is most beautiful of the orange-coloured cliffs

which are crowned by the towers of Corneto, and, beyond, of the wide expanse of blue sea with the beautiful headland of Monte Argentaro, its neighbouring islets of Giglio and Giannuti, and, in the distance, Elba, and even Monte Cristo.



Corneto.

Some extraordinary caverned tombs, once adorned with bas-reliefs, which may still be traced here and there, exist at the spot called *La Mercareccia*, about a mile from Corneto, reached by a lane which turns off to the left above the road to Civita Vecchia.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

VOLCI (PONTE DEL ABBADIA).

(It is possible for those who wish to visit Volci to find rooms at Montalto, not in the miserable inn, but in a private house. But those who are not greatly pressed for time will do better to return from Corneto to sleep at Civita Vecchia, and go by the first morning train to Montalto, whence it is a drive or walk of five miles to Volci.

Volci (Ponte del Abbadia) should only be visited in the winter or early spring. It is one of the most fever-stricken places in the whole country. A rough country cart is the only conveyance to be obtained at Montalto.)

SOON after leaving Corneto the railway crosses the little river Marta, close to the mouth of which, on its northern side, are some remains of Roman buildings, and a large arch of Etruscan masonry, with traces of a quay and port, which have been identified by Dennis* with Graviscæ, the port of Tarquinii. The place is still as fraught with fever as in classical times, but its pine trees have disappeared.

"Inde Graviscarum fastigia rara videmus,
Quas premit æstivæ sæpe paludis odor.
Sed nemorosa viret densis vicinia lucis,
Pineaque extremis fluctuat umbra fretis."
Rutilius, Itin. i. 279.

A little south of this is the little malaria-stricken port of

* *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, ii 393.

San Clementino, whence corn and salt are exported in large quantities. Here Gregory XI., brought from Avignon by the remonstrances of S. Catherine of Siena, landed Oct. 18, 1376, thus ending what was termed "the Babylonish captivity of the popedom."

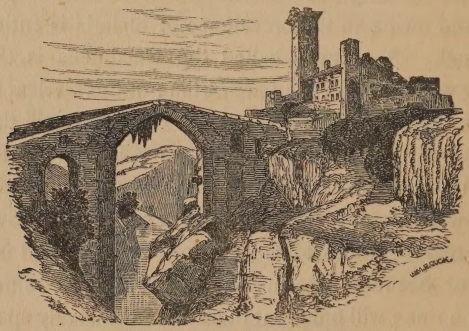
At *Montalto* there is nothing to be seen. The dismal town stands on a hill around its castle about 1½ mile from the station, and is only remarkable as having given a Cardinal's title to Sixtus V., whose father, Peretto Peretti, a gardener, had lived there in the utmost poverty, till driven by his debts to Fermo, shortly before the birth of the future Pope.

A most desolate track leads from Montalto to Ponte del Abbadia, exposed to every wind, and, when we visited it in March, to driving snow storms. The country is piteously bare, and owing to the prevalence of malaria is entirely uninhabited. A tumulus called the Cucumella is the only feature which breaks the bare outline of the treeless moors.

This dismal prelude makes the transition all the more striking, when a path, turning down a hollow to the right, leads one into the beautiful ravine of the sparkling river *Fiora*, which forces its way through a rocky chasm overhung with a perfect wealth of ilex, arbutus, and bay, and is one of the most beautiful streams in Italy. The views near the bridge no one will omit, but there is a most lovely spot about a mile lower down the river called "Il Pelago" (where an Etruscan bridge is said once to have existed), at which the river forms a deep rocky pool overhung by rocks and evergreens, which should also be visited, and, if possible, be painted.

Hence an ill-defined path along the edge of the cliffs

leads to the *Ponte del Abbadia*, which is one of the most glorious scenes in this land of beauty. A gigantic bridge spans the river at a height of ninety-six feet, striding from one great orange-coloured cliff to another by a single mighty arch, while on the other side, close to the bridge, rises a most picturesque mediæval castle with a tall square * tower. From bridge and rocks alike, hang stupendous masses of stalactites, often twenty feet in length, giving a most weird character to the scene, and formed by many centuries of dripping water, "charged with tartaric matter." The whole view is filled with colour; the smoke of the large fires which the guards at the castle burn to keep off the malaria adds to the effect, and the utter desolation of the surrounding country only renders it more impressive.



Ponte del Abbadia, Volci.

"The bridge is of different dates. It has three projecting piers of red tufo, much weather-worn, which are obviously of earlier construction than the neat and harder *nenfro* masonry which encases them. Both are in the same *emplecton* style, like the walls of Sutri, Nepi, and Fal-

* Not round, as in the engraving in Dennis' book.

leri; and the *nenfro* portion is, in part, rusticated. The return-facing of the arch, however, is of travertine, and may with certainty be referred to that people, as it possesses features in common with bridges of undoubted Roman origin—the Ponte d'Augusto at Narni, and the celebrated Pont du Gard. The aqueduct, also (which occupied the parapet of the bridge), I take to be Roman, simply because it passes over arches of that construction; for the skill of the Etruscans in hydraulics is so well attested, as to make it highly probable that to them were the Romans indebted for that description of structure. The tufo buttresses are very probably Etruscan, for they are evidently the piers of the original bridge. The *nenfro* and travertine portions are, in any case, of Roman times, whatever be the antiquity of the tufo piers."—*Dennis.*

Scarcely anything is known of the history of *Volci*, beyond the fact of the defeat and conquest of its people, together with those of Volsinii, in B. C. 280, by the Roman Consul Titus Coruncanius. The city, however, was not destroyed then, and continued to exist in imperial times, as is proved by inscriptions which have been found there, including even some early Christian epitaphs. Now, however, scarcely a trace of the ancient city remains, and only a few fragments of wall, of imperial date, stand here and there above-ground on the table-land which it once occupied upon the right bank of the Fiora, and which is still known as the "Pian di Voce."

Comparatively little also is now to be seen in the famous Necropolis of Volci, which occupied the summits of the cliffs on both sides of the Fiora about a mile below the Ponte del Abbadia, for though they are absolutely inexhaustible in the treasures they have afforded and continue to afford, the proprietors of the soil are so greedy of space, that a sepulchre is no sooner rifled of its contents, than it is filled up again. The tombs were first discovered by the earth falling in when some men were ploughing, in 1828. After that, Lucien Bonaparte, who had bought the Principality of Canino on

the advice of Pius VII., made considerable *scavi*, appropriating the riches they afforded, and these excavations were afterwards continued by his family.

The points best worth visiting are on the left bank of the Fiora. Here is the great sepulchral mound of *La Cucumella*, 200 feet in diameter and above 40 feet high, once encircled by a wall of masonry. It was opened in 1829, but has been closed again. Two towers, one round and the other square, have been disclosed in the upper part of the mound, and it is supposed that there may have been once five of these towers on cones, as in the tomb of Aruns at Albano. Beneath the towers were found two chambers approached by long passages, guarded by the sphinxes which are now at Musignano.

Very near this is a walled tumulus called *La Rotonda;* and beyond it, near the Fiora, another smaller mound, called *La Cucumelletta*, which was opened in 1832. Near these an enormous tomb was discovered in 1857, consisting of a principal chamber with a pyramidal roof, surrounded by a series of smaller crypts, and approached by a passage 100 feet long. The principal tomb is surrounded by paintings: —Achilles sacrificing to the Manes of Patroclus: Ajax and Cassandra at the altar of Minerva: Masarna releasing Cæles Vibenna from his bonds, and other subjects, in good preservation. A tomb, opened in 1840, and reclosed, called the "Grotta d' Iside," was very curious, as containing painted ostrich-eggs, vases, and ointment pots decorated with figures of Isis, all evidently of Egyptian origin, as well as the effigies of the two ladies in whose honour it was constructed, one a miniature full-length marble figure, the other a bronze bust. On the opposite side of the Fiora, a tumulus, opened by

Campanari in 1835, contained the skeleton of a warrior, with helm on his head, ring on his finger, and a confused mass of broken and rusted weapons at his feet. The "Grotta del Sole e della Luna," opened in 1830, consists of eight chambers, with walls and ceilings carved in regular patterns.

Beyond that part of the Necropolis known as *La Polledrara*, the little river Timone flows under a natural arch called the Ponte Sodo, a miniature of that at Veii.

"On the painted pottery, found at Volci, it were needless to expatiate. Every museum in Europe proclaims its beauty, and, through it, the name of Volci, never much noised in classic times, and well-nigh forgotten for two thousand years, has become immortal, and acquired a wider renown than it ever possessed during the period of the cities' existence. Volci has none of the tall black ware with figures in relief, which is peculiar to Chiusi and its neighbourhood; but of painted vases there is every variety—from the earliest, quaintest efforts, through every grade in excellence, to the highest triumphs of Hellenic ceramographic art. Of the early, so-called Doric, pottery, little is found at Volci; nor of the Perfect style, which is predominant at Nola, is there so great an abundance here; the great mass of Volcian vases being of the Attic style—of that severe and archaic design, which is always connected with black figures on a yellow ground. The best vases of Volci, in the chaste simplicity of their style, closely resemble those of Nola and Sicily; yet there are characteristic shades of difference, in form and design, which can be detected by a practised eye. On this site, more than on any in Etruria, have been found those singular vases painted with eyes, so common also in Sicily, the meaning of which continues to perplex antiquaries.

"Although thousands on thousands of painted vases have been redeemed from oblivion, this cemetery still yields a richer harvest than any other in Etruria. No site has been so well worked by the excavator—none has so well repaid him; yet it seems far from exhausted. Nor is it rich in vases alone. Bronzes of various descriptions, mirrors with beautiful designs, vessels, tripods, *candelabra*, weapons—are proportionally abundant, and maintain the same relative excellence to the pottery. That exquisite *cista*, or casket, now in the Gregorian Museum, and which yields not in beauty to any one of those very rare relics of ancient taste and genius, was found at Volci. No site yields more superb and

delicate articles in gold and jewellery—as the Cabinets of the Vatican and of Cavaliere Campana (now in the Louvre) can testify; none more numerous relics in bone—spoons, needles, dice, to wit—or more beautiful specimens of variegated glass."—*Dennis.*

A visit to Volci finds its natural sequel at the *Palace of Musignano*, five miles distant, the property of Prince Torlonia, who bought it in 1854 from the Roman Bonapartes, with whom it was a favourite residence. It is an ordinary villa built on the site of the Franciscan Abbey ("Abbadia") which gave a name to the bridge at Volci. The gate and court-yard are adorned with griffins and lions from La Cucumella, but the collections of antiquities within, formed by Lucien Bonaparte and his widow, has been long since dispersed. The gardens and shrubberies, which are of great extent, are now overgrown and neglected. There is a lake with an island planted with willows from the grave at S. Helena.

The little town of *Canino*, which gives a princely title to the descendants of Lucien Bonaparte, is about two miles from the villa, at the foot of the hill called *Monte di Canino.* In the church is a monument by Pampaloni to Prince Lucien, who died at Viterbo and is buried here, with his second wife. The Monte de Canino is 1380 feet in height, and, in its lonely position and lime-stone formation, greatly resembles Soracte. It is possible to proceed in a carriage from Canino to Toscanella, about nine miles distant, but as it is difficult to sleep there, and impossible to pass the night in the wretched locanda of Canino, it will be better to return to the inn at Civita Vecchia, or to a lodging at Corneto, and make the excursion from the latter place.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TOSCANELLA AND CENTRAL ETRURIA.

(Toscanella is most easily reached, either from Viterbo, 18 miles by a good road; or from Corneto, 17 miles distant. There is a very humble inn, but if possible the visitor should take an introduction to some private family in the town. The Etruscan sites beyond Toscanella are seldom visited, and can only in some instances be approached on horseback or on foot. The accommodation is of the humblest description.)

TOSCANELLA is visible from a great distance, on a height above the valley of the Marta.

> "Vedemo Toscanela tanto anticha
> Quanto alcun altra de questo paese."
> *Fazio degli Uberti.*

Toscanella was the Etruscan Tascania, mentioned by Pliny as amongst the municipal communities of Etruria, but otherwise unknown to history. Its early importance has probably been much exaggerated, owing to the discovery of a single tomb of great magnificence, which ought rather to be considered to attest the wealth and importance of an individual family. There are scarcely any traces of the Etruscan city, and only small vestiges of reticulated walling to mark the Roman settlement which followed it. The mediæval remains of Toscanella are far more important. The hill of *San Pietro*, which is outside the later town, was probably the arx of the

Etruscan city. It is surrounded by a band of square mediæval towers, which are double,—"a tall, slender tower being encased, with no intervening space, in an outer shell of masonry." On this height also is the Cathedral (S. Pietro), a most interesting building, partly of the seventh, partly of the eleventh century. The wonderfully rich central division of the façade is covered in its upper story with figures of men, devils, and beasts, possible and impossible, in high relief. Within, the church is a museum of pagan relics, the columns which divide the nave from the aisles are evidently Roman, the font rests on a pagan altar, and the crypt beneath the high-altar, said to have been a Roman bath, has twenty-eight ancient pillars.

"The date of the interior is known. It forms part of a church which was built, about the middle of the seventh century, when the bodies of the saints Secundiano, Marcellino, and Veriano, were discovered (at Celli in 628) and brought to Toscanella. A splendid crypt was, as usual, prepared for their reception beneath the sanctuary.

"The front must have been rebuilt at much later times. The style is very peculiar. In the works of the Lombards we find an abundance of dragons and serpents, but we do not find them coursing down the front, from the eaves to the portal, as in the present instance. At Viterbo, however, which is at the distance of only a few miles from Toscanella, traces of the same peculiarity exist. The same extraordinary animals, though injured by time, and half-concealed by whitewash, may still be perceived on the front of the Church of San Giovanni in Zoccoli in that city. That church is known to have been complete in 1037. It may therefore be safely assumed that the existing front of San Pietro of Toscanella was built in the first half of the eleventh century.

"The ruined building, which adjoins the church, is the remains of the episcopal palace. The bishop's chair, which had been removed from Santa Maria to San Pietro in the seventh century, was again removed to the church of S. James in the sixteenth century, when Toscanella had shrunk to its present limits."—*H. Gally Knight.*

Very near S. Pietro is the still older and exceedingly

curious church of *Sta. Maria*, whose front of the tenth century is also decorated with monsters. The church ends in an apse which has a fresco of the Last Judgment, and over the high-altar is a baldacchino. The richly-decorated pulpit is a beautiful work of the 13th century. Ughelli (*Italia Sacra*) mentions that the episcopal chair was removed from Sta. Maria to S. Pietro in the middle of the seventh century, which proves that at least in the early part of the seventh century this church must have been in existence, and it is almost certain to have been in existence in the sixth century also, as the signature of a bishop of Toscanella occurs in 595.

The church was reconsecrated in 1206.

"We may conclude that Santa Maria was a finished building at the close of the sixth century: and the style of the interior of the church corresponds with that time. It is a studious, and not an unsuccessful, imitation of the Roman. All the pillars have foliage capitals, with no admixture of imagery; but, in the cornice, are seen a few of the symbolical figures which, at that period, began to make their appearance in churches."—*Gally Knight.*

After the churches, the chief attraction at Toscanella is the Etruscan museum and garden of the brothers Carlo and Secondiano Campanari, to whom the excavations of Tuscania are due, and who have largely contributed by the sale of their antiquities to all the important Etruscan collections of Europe. In the garden is a facsimile of an Etruscan tomb, opened by the Campanari, and inscribed "Ecasuthinesl" over the entrance. It contains the ten sarcophagi found in the original tomb. On each lies the owner, half reclining as if at a banquet, and each seems to be pledging his neighbour with the goblet in his hand. The flower-beds are fringed by sarcophagi, with Etruscans, male and female, reclining on the

lids, leaning upon their left arms, and looking at the spectator, and most strange is the effect! In the tomb called Il Calcarello, opened by the Campanari in 1839, no less than twenty-seven sarcophagi were found, those of the women forming an inner circle, outside which lay their husbands. All the sarcophagi are of *nenfro*.

The tombs of Tuscania are chiefly hewn out of the cliffs in the neighbouring ravines. They have no architectural decorations. The most remarkable is that called *Grotta della Regina*, half a mile from the town, beneath the Madonna dell' Olivo. A long passage opens upon a square chamber supported by two columns, and behind it winds a labyrinthine passage, which leaves the tomb on one side, and, after many twists and turns, returns to it on the other. To visit this, lights are necessary.

Few travellers will penetrate beyond Toscanella, yet, beyond it, lie a collection of Etruscan sites, one at least of which, Sovana, is well worth seeing, though it is 30 miles distant.

Fourteen miles north of Toscanella is *Ischia*, an Etruscan site, with ravines full of ordinary tombs. Two miles west of this is *Farnese*, also of Etruscan origin. Two or three miles further is *Castro*, where the hill-side is covered with the ruins of a flourishing city, utterly destroyed by Pope Innocent X. in 1647, because its bishop had been murdered by Farnese, Lord of Castro! The see was at the same time removed to Acquapendente. Castro is a beautiful place with ravines overhung with ilexes, two ruined bridges, and tombs and columbaria hewn in the cliffs.

Five miles west of Ischia is *Valentano*, looking down upon the lake of Bolsena, whence a bridle-path leads 12 miles to

Pitigliano, passing on the way the little *Lake of Mezzano*, supposed to have been the Lacus Statoniensis, mentioned by Pliny and Seneca. Pitigliano is a large place, picturesquely situated like Civita Castellana on a tongue of land, surrounded by ravines. Close outside the city gate, called Porta di Sotto, is a fine fragment of the ancient wall in eight courses of huge tufa blocks. The neighbouring ravines are exceedingly beautiful, especially near the little waterfall called "La Cascatella." The height called Poggio Strozzoni was once occupied by a castle of the Counts Orsini, said to have been ruined after the last count, in a fit of jealousy, flung his wife into the ravine from the bridge above the Cascatella. Two strange figures lie here hewn out of the rock. The people call them "Orlando and his wife." Unfortunately they are only of cinque-cento origin, colossal ornaments of the Orsini villa.

Five miles N. E. of Pitigliano is *Sorano*, also an Etruscan site, and a most picturesque place.

"In the centre of the town rises a precipitous mass of rock, whose summit commands one of the most romantic scenes in this part of Italy. The town clustering round the base of the height—the grand old feudal castle, with its hoary battlements, crowning the cliffs behind—the fearful precipices and profound chasms at your feet—and the ranges of mountains in front, rising in grades of altitude and majesty, to the sublime icy crest of Monte Amiata."—*Dennis.*

Only $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Pitigliano is *Sovana*, one of the most interesting spots in Etruria, and possessing a greater variety of sculptured tombs than any other place. The site was afterwards occupied by the Roman colony of Suana mentioned by Ptolemy and Pliny. The existing village stands on a tongue of land, ending on one side in the square tower of the

cathedral, for it is still the see of a bishop; and, on the other, in a picturesque mediæval castle. It was the birthplace of Hildebrand—Gregory VII., and in 1240 sustained a siege from Frederick II.

Sovana can only be visited with safety in the winter or early spring: it is ruined by the malaria.

"Such is the summer scourge of 'ariaccia,' that even the wretched hamlet to which the city has dwindled is well-nigh depopulated, and most of its houses are ruined and tenantless. It may well be called, as Repetti observes, 'The city of Jeremiah.' It is but the skeleton, though a still living skeleton, of its former greatness. Pestilence, year after year, stalks through its long, silent street. The visit of a stranger is an epoch in the annals of the hamlet."—*Dennis.*

The finest of the tombs at Sovana is that called *La Fontana*, discovered by Mr Ainsley in 1843, till which time Sovana was utterly unknown to Englishmen. It is on the opposite side of the ravine which is reached by the western gate of the town. Above an arched recess, is a Doric frieze, and then a pediment sculptured in bold relief with figures of a mermaid and a winged genius. The tomb is about 17 feet wide and 17 high, the pediment occupying seven feet. A long line of tombs, of Egyptian character, occupies the face of the cliff (Poggio Prisca) beyond La Fontana, but they are almost concealed by the brushwood. On the opposite side of the valley is the *Grotta Pola*, with a front cut in the tufo like the portico of a temple, having once had apparently four columns, of which only one now remains. In the same cliff (Poggio Stanziale) are many more Egyptian-like tombs, and some "house-tombs" with ribbed and ridged roofs, one of them decorated with a colossal head on its pediment.

Sovana may be reached from Acquapendente or Orbetello as well as from Toscanella.*

Eight miles west from Sovana is *Saturnia*, reached by a bridle-path which fords the Fiora. It occupies a striking position above the valley of the Albegna, and is surrounded by fortifications of the fifteenth century. The present city however only covers a small part of the ancient area, of which fragments of the walls, of polygonal masonry, may still be seen. Near the Porta Romana, by which the Via Clodia passed through the town to Rome, is a curious mass of travertine in which steps have been cut to the top, where are three graves or sarcophagi sunk in the level summit.

The Necropolis of Saturnia is 10 miles distant from the city, on the opposite bank of the Albegna, at the spot called by the people Pian di Palma. The tombs here, for which the native appellation is not *sepolchri* or *grotte*, but *depositi*, differ from all others in Etruria, being more like the cromlechs of Cornwall, and are supposed to be the work of the Aborigines, to whom Dionysius attributes the foundation of Saturnia.

"They are quadrangular chambers, sunk a few feet below the surface, lined with rough slabs of rock, set upright, one on each side, and roofed over with two large slabs resting against each other so as to form a rude pent-house; or else with a single one of enormous size, covering the whole, and laid at a slight inclination, apparently for the same purpose of carrying off the rain. Not a chisel has touched these rugged masses, which are just as broken off from their native rock, with their edges all shapeless and irregular; and if their faces are somewhat smooth, it is

* The Author has never been able in person to visit Pitigliano, Sovana, or Saturnia. He is indebted entirely for his information to the same source from which the account in Murray's Handbook is evidently copied—*Dennis's Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*—to which all-important work he refers the reader for details, if he has any idea of penetrating into Central Etruria.

owing to the tendency of the travertine to split in laminar forms. They are the most rude and primitive structures conceivable; such as the savage would make on inhaling his first breath of civilization, or emerging from his cave or den in the rock. Their dimensions vary from about sixteen feet square to half that size, though few are strictly of that form. Many are divided into two chambers or compartments for bodies, by an upright slab, on which the cover-stones rest. In most there is a passage, about three feet wide, and ten or twelve feet long, leading to the sepulchral chamber, and lined with slabs of inferior size and thickness

"These tombs are sunk but little below the surface, because each is enclosed in a tumulus; the earth being piled around so as to conceal all but the cover-stones, which may have been also originally buried. In many instances the earth has been removed or washed away, so as to leave the structure standing above the surface."—*Dennis.*

CHAPTER XL.

THE ETRUSCAN SHORE.

(Few, except thorough-going Etruscan antiquarians, will care to examine the shore of Etruria, owing to the difficulties which beset such an excursion; partly from the risks of fever, partly from the miserable accommodation for travellers in this part of Italy. There have been tolerable inns at Orbetello, Grosseto, and Campiglia, but they frequently change hands, so that it is not safe to give any definite recommendations.)

TRAVELLERS from Rome to Leghorn are generally quite oppressed by the ugliness of the country through which they travel. The malaria, which drives away the inhabitants, naturally causes the greater part of the country to be left untilled and neglected, and it is for the most part covered with low brushwood, or left to the dank grass and thistles, which grow where they will over the windstricken uplands.

The wood which covers other districts is such as Dante describes:

> "Noi ci mettemmo per un bosco
> Che da nessun sentiero era segnato.
> Non frondi verdi, ma di color fosco,
> Non rami schietti, ma nodosi e involti,
> Non pomi v'eran, ma stecchi con tosco.
> Non han sì aspri sterpi nè sì folti
> Quelle fiere selvagge che in odio hanno
> Tra Cecina e Corneto i luoghi colti."
>
> *Dante, Inf.* xiii. 3.

In summer, when the country is less ugly, few see it, for it is more dangerous. Then it is :—

> "The green Maremma !—
> A sunbright waste of beauty—yet an air
> Of brooding sadness o'er the scene is shed ;
> No human footstep tracks the lone domain—
> The desert of luxuriance glows in vain."
>
> *Hemans.*

Once, before the mysterious pestilence was known, this dismal country was thickly populated, and those who have patience, in the safe winter months, to search for its hidden cities, and endurance to undergo a certain amount of hardship while seeking for them, will not be unrewarded. Yet while many excursions are made to seek strange ruins in Persia and Arabia, or to lay bare the buried cities of Bashan, the lost cities of the Maremma, so much nearer at hand, remain unheeded and unthought of.

"'In the Maremma,' saith the proverb, 'you get rich in a year, but—you die in six months'—*in Maremma s'arricchisce in un anno, si muore in sei mesi.* The peculiar circumstances of the Maremma are made the universal excuse for every inferiority of quantity, quality, or workmanship. You complain of the food or accommodation. My host shrugs his shoulders, and cries, '*Ma che—cosa vuole, signor? siamo in Maremma?*' —what would you have, sir? we are in the Maremma. A bungling smith well-nigh lamed the horse I had hired ; to my complaints he replied, '*Cosa vuole, signor? è roba di Maremma.*' 'Maremma-stuff' is a proverbial expression of inferiority. These lower regions of Italy, in truth, are scarcely deemed worthy of a place in a Tuscan's geography. '*Nel mondo, o in Maremma,*' has for ages been a current saying. Thus Boccaccio's Madonna Lisetta tells her gossip that the angel Gabriel had called her the handsomest woman 'in the world or in the Maremma.'"—*Dennis.*

While the country is a desert, even the later cities are half deserted and ruined.

"Guarda, mi disse, al mare ; e vidi piana
Cogli altri colli la Marema tutta,
Dilectivole molto, e poco sana.
Ivi è Massa, Grossetto, e la distructa
Civita vechia, e ivi Populonia,
Che a penna pare tanto è mal conduta.
Ivi è ancor ove fue la Sendonia.
Questa città e altre chio non dico,
Sono per la Marema en verso Roma,
Famose e grande per lo tempo antico."

Fazio degli Uberti.

The one picturesque point between Leghorn and Rome is where the salt lake of *Orbetello* opens upon the right of the railway, reaching in a shimmering expanse of still water, studded with fishing-boats, to the abrupt purple cliffs of Monte Argentaro. On either side it is enclosed by sand-banks. Strabo (v. 225) mentions this lagoon as the "sea-mark," and it adds greatly to the unhealthiness of the country, which it abundantly supplies with fish. Orbetello is surrounded by walls built in the 17th century by the Spaniards. On the side towards the sea they rest upon huge Pelasgic blocks of polygonal masonry. Several Etruscan tombs have also been found, but to what lost city these remains belonged has never been discovered.

At the point where the Feniglia, the southern sand-bank extending from Monte Argentaro, joins the mainland, stand the ruins of *Ansedonia*, the ancient Cosa. It is a drive of five miles from Orbetello to the foot of the hill which is crowned by the ruins, and here, in a lane on the right of the high road, is the house called "La Selciatella," where a guide may be procured.

The conical hill which is occupied by the remains of Cosa

rises 600 feet above the sea. The ancient road may be traced all the way up the ascent.

"The form of the ancient city is a rude quadrangle, scarcely a mile in circuit. The walls vary from 12 to 30 feet in height, and are relieved, at intervals, by square towers, projecting from 11 to 15 feet, and of more horizontal masonry than the rest of the fortifications. Fourteen of these towers, square and external, and two internal and circular, are now standing, or to be traced; but there were probably more, for in several places are immense heaps of ruins, though whether of towers, or of the wall itself fallen outwards, it is difficult to determine.

"Of gates there is the orthodox number of three; one in the centre of the northern, southern, and eastern walls of the city respectively. They are well worthy of attention, all of them being double, like the two celebrated gateways of Volterra, though without even the vestige of an arch. The most perfect is that in the eastern wall. It is evident that it was never arched, for the door-post, still standing, rises to the height of nearly 20 feet in a perfectly upright surface; and as in the Porta di Diana of Volterra, it seems to have been spanned by a lintel of wood, for at the height of 12 or 14 feet is a square hole as if for its insertion." —*Dennis.*

The interior of the walls of Cosa is now a mere thicket of thorns and brambles. The view from the ramparts is most beautiful—Elba is visible, and, in the near distance, the island of Giannutri, the ancient Artemisia. Cosa is believed to have become a Roman colony B. C. 280; afterwards the fidelity of its people to the Romans, during the second Punic war, is spoken of by Livy (xxvii. 10). Rutilius mentions the tradition that the inhabitants were finally hunted away from the town by an army of mice:—

"Cernimus antiquas nullo custode ruinas,
Et desolatæ mœnia fœda Cosæ.
Ridiculam cladis pudet inter seria causam
Promere; sed risum dissimulare piget.
Dicuntur cives quondam migrare coacti,
Muribus infestos deseruisse lares.

Credere maluerim Pygmeæ damna cohortis,
Et conjuratas in sua bella grues."

I. 285.

A delightful excursion may be made from Orbetello to *Monte Argentaro*, the ancient Mons Argentarius. On the summit of one of its two peaks is the Passionist Convent called *Il Retiro*.

"Necdum decessis pelago permittimur umbris,
Natus vicino vertice ventus adest.
Tenditur in medias Mons Argentarius undas,
Ancipitique jugo cærula rura premit.
Transversos colles bis ternis millibus arctat,
Circuitu ponti ter duodena patet.
Qualis per geminos fluctus Ephyreïus isthmus
Ionias bimari litore findit aquas."

Rutilius, i.

At the base of the mountain on its south-eastern shore is *Porto a'Ercole*, the ancient Portus Herculis, in a most beautiful situation.

"Haud procul hinc petitur signatus ab Hercule portus;
Vergentem sequitur mollior aura diem."

Rut. i.

This was the port of Cosa (Portus Cosanus), in the territory of which town the whole of the Mons Argentarius was included. Thus Tacitus (*Ann.* 11) speaks of—"Cosa, a promontory of Etruria." Hence Lepidus embarked for Sardinia, when driven from Italy by Catulus in B. C. 78.

It is about eight miles inland from Orbetello to *Magliano*, a miserable village with an old castle, lying between the Osa and the Albegna. Near this place, Dennis was led by the descriptions of Tommaso Pasquinelli, an engineer, to make researches, which have resulted in the identification of an undoubted Etruscan site (round which the circuit of walls,

4½ miles in circumference, may with difficulty be traced), with the long-lost and much-sought city of *Vetulonia*, a place of first-rate magnitude, one of the five cities which undertook to assist the Latins against Tarquinius Priscus, one of the twelve great towns of Etruria,* and the place whence Rome derived its lictors and fasces and the use of brazen trumpets in war.

> "Mœoniæque decus quondam Vetulonia gentis.
> Bissenos hæc prima dedit præcedere fasces,
> Et junxit totidem tacito terrore secures;
> Hæc altas eboris decoravit honore curules,
> Et princeps Tyrio vestem prætexuit ostro;
> Hæc eadem pugnas accendere protulit ære."
>
> *Sil. Ital.* viii. 485.

Several painted tombs have been opened near this, though they have been reclosed; and many small Etruscan ornaments have been found.

"To those who know Italy, it will be no matter of surprise that the existence of this city should have been so long forgotten. Had there even been ruins of walls or temples on the site, such things are too abundant in that land to excite particular attention; and generation after generation of peasants might fold their flocks or stall their cattle amid the crumbling ruins, and the world at large remain in ignorance of their existence. Thus it was with Pœstum; though its ruins are so stupendous and prominent, it was unknown to the antiquary till the last century. Can we wonder, then, that in the Tuscan Maremma, not better populated or more frequented, because not more healthy, than the Campanian shore, a city should have been lost sight of, which had no walls or ruins above-ground, and no vestige but broken pottery, which tells no tale to the simple peasant?"—*Dennis.*

After leaving Orbetello, the railway crosses the river Albegna, and four miles further, the Osa, where there are remains of the ancient bridge by which the Via Aurelia crossed

* *Dion. Hal.* iii. 51. *Plin.* iii. 5.

the river. At the point of the headland beyond this is another Etruscan site, in a village with a castle still bearing the old name—*Telamone,* which tradition says was derived from Telamon, the Argonaut. This is supposed to have been the port of Vetulonia. It was here that Marius landed on his return from Africa in B. C. 87. The few ruins remaining are all of Roman times, and not worth seeing. The *Torre della Bella Marsilia* records, in its name, the legend that a beautiful girl of the Marsilj family was carried off thence by pirates and taken to Constantinople, where she was raised by her charms to the dignity of Sultana.

This story is the subject of one of the most popular of the refrains, with whose melancholy cadences the Maremma peasants make the shores re-echo. It begins :—

> "I Turchi son venuti nella Maremma,
> E hanno preso via la bella Marsilia."

Eighteen miles north of Telamone is (on the railway) the fortified cathedral town of *Grosseto,* five miles from which are the ruins of *Rusellæ.* A guide should be taken from the hot-springs called I Bagni di Roselle. Nothing remains except the walls, which enclose a space two miles in circumference, and which are for the most part "composed of enormous masses piled up without regard to form, and differing only from the rudest style of Cyclopean, in having the outer surfaces smoothed." The ruins are almost inaccessible from the growth of the thorny shrub "*marruca,*" with which they are surrounded.

Rusellæ is believed to have been one of the twelve great cities of Etruria, and was one of those which united against Tarquinius Priscus. Livy mentions that in B. C. 300 the

consul, M. Valerius Maximus, led an army into the territory of Rusellæ, and there broke the might of the Etruscans; and in B. C. 293 Rusellæ was again attacked by Postumius Megellus, the consul, who took 2000 prisoners, and slew almost as many around the walls of the city. Rusellæ continued to exist after the fall of the Empire, and had a cathedral till 1138, when, owing to the number of brigands who infested the country, the bishopric was transferred to Grosseto.

West of Grosseto, the river *Ombrone* enters the sea. Pliny represents it as navigable.

> "Tangimus Umbronem! non est ignobile flumen,
> Quod toto trepidas excipit ore rates;
> Tam facilis pronus semper patet alveus undis,
> In pontum quoties sæva procella ruit."
>
> *Rutilius, Itin.* i. 337.

North of Grosseto, the high road runs inland, passing the fever-bringing fens of the *Lago di Castiglione*, the Lacus Prilis of Pliny. On the left, it passes under the wooded hill of *Colonna*, supposed to have been the ancient Colonia, near which in B. C. 224 the "battle of Telamon" took place, when the Cisalpine Gauls were defeated by an unexpected juncture of two Roman armies under the Consuls Emilius Paulus and C. Attilius, and the latter consul was slain.

On the coast beyond this is *Porta di Troja*, the ancient Portus Trajanus, and, near it, the little *Lake of Caldano* and *Porto Falese*, the Portus Faleria.

> "Laxatum cohibet vicina Faleria cursum,
> Quanquam vix medium Phœbus haberet iter.
> Et tum forte hilares per compita rustica pagis
> Mulcebant sacris pectora fessa jocis.
> Illo quippe die tandem renovatus Osiris
> Excitat in fruges germina læta novas.

Egressi villam petimus, lucoque vagamur;
Stagna placent septo deliciosa vado.
Ludere lascivos inter vivaria pisces
Gurgitis inclusi laxior unda sinit."

Rutilius, i. 371.

On the right of the road is *Massa*, occupying a hill-summit, with a small 13th-century cathedral dedicated to S. Cerbone. The place has so bad a reputation for malaria as to give rise to the proverb,

"Massa, massa,
Salute passa."

The high road rejoins the coast at *La Fallonica*, where there are extensive iron works, founded by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Fallonica occupies the centre of the bay of Piombino, in front of which lies Elba, and, nearer, the islets of Palmajola and Cerboli. The bay is closed by the peninsula of *Piombino*, the Ποπλώνιον ἄκρον of Ptolemy, which gives the title of Prince to the Buoncompagni family. The small town of Piombino is quite without interest, but, five miles distant, on the other side of the peninsula, is *Populonia*, with a picturesque mediæval castle.

"The ancient family of the Desiderj have been the hereditary lords of Populonia for centuries; and they still dwell within the castle walls, in the midst of their dependents, retaining all the patriarchal dignity and simplicity of the olden time, and with hospitality in no age surpassed, welcoming the traveller with open doors."—*Dennis.*

The walls of the Etruscan town Pupluna remain, and are about a mile and a half in circumference. They consist of rude masses of stone in horizontal layers. This is supposed to have been the most important maritime city of Etruria, and was the only Etruscan town which had a silver coinage of its own. It probably derived its importance from its near-

ness to the island of Elba (Ilva), the iron found there being taken to Populonia to be smelted, and exported to other places. In B. C. 205, when Scipio was preparing his fleet for Africa, and the Etruscan cities brought him contributions, Populonia supplied the iron.* The town never recovered a siege from Sylla, and in the time of Strabo only the temples and a few houses remained in the old city on the height, though the port was still used, and a new town had grown up around it. In the time of Rutilius the place was nothing but ruins, though he mentions a beacon-tower for ships on the highest point of the hill.

"Proxima securum reserat Populonia litus
Qua naturalem ducit in arva sinum.
Non illic positas extollit in æthera moles,
Lumine nocturno conspicienda Pharos,
Sed speculam validæ rupis sortita vetustas,
Qua fluctas domitos arduus urget apex.
Castellum geminos hominum fundavit in usus,
Præsidium terris, indiciumque fretis,
Agnosci nequeunt ævi monumenta prioris;
Grandia consumpsit mœnia tempus edax.
Sola manent interceptis vestigia muris;
Ruderibus latis tecta, sepulta jacent.
Non indignemur, mortalia corpora solvi;
Cernimus exemplis, oppida posse mori."

Rut. i. 401.

Gregory the Great, in the sixth century, describes the complete decay of the place, though it continued to be an episcopal see. The view is beautiful from the hill of

"sea-girt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky."

Macaulay.

* *Livy*, xxviii. 45.

The hot-springs, which were known as Aqua Populonia, are those now called *Le Caldane*, at the foot of the hill of Campiglia, which is capped by some mediæval ruins.

North of this, and far beyond the limits of any possible excursions from Rome, are the great Etruscan Volterra (Volaterræ), and, upon the far sea-coast, Luni (Luna), the most northerly city of Etruria.

THE END

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